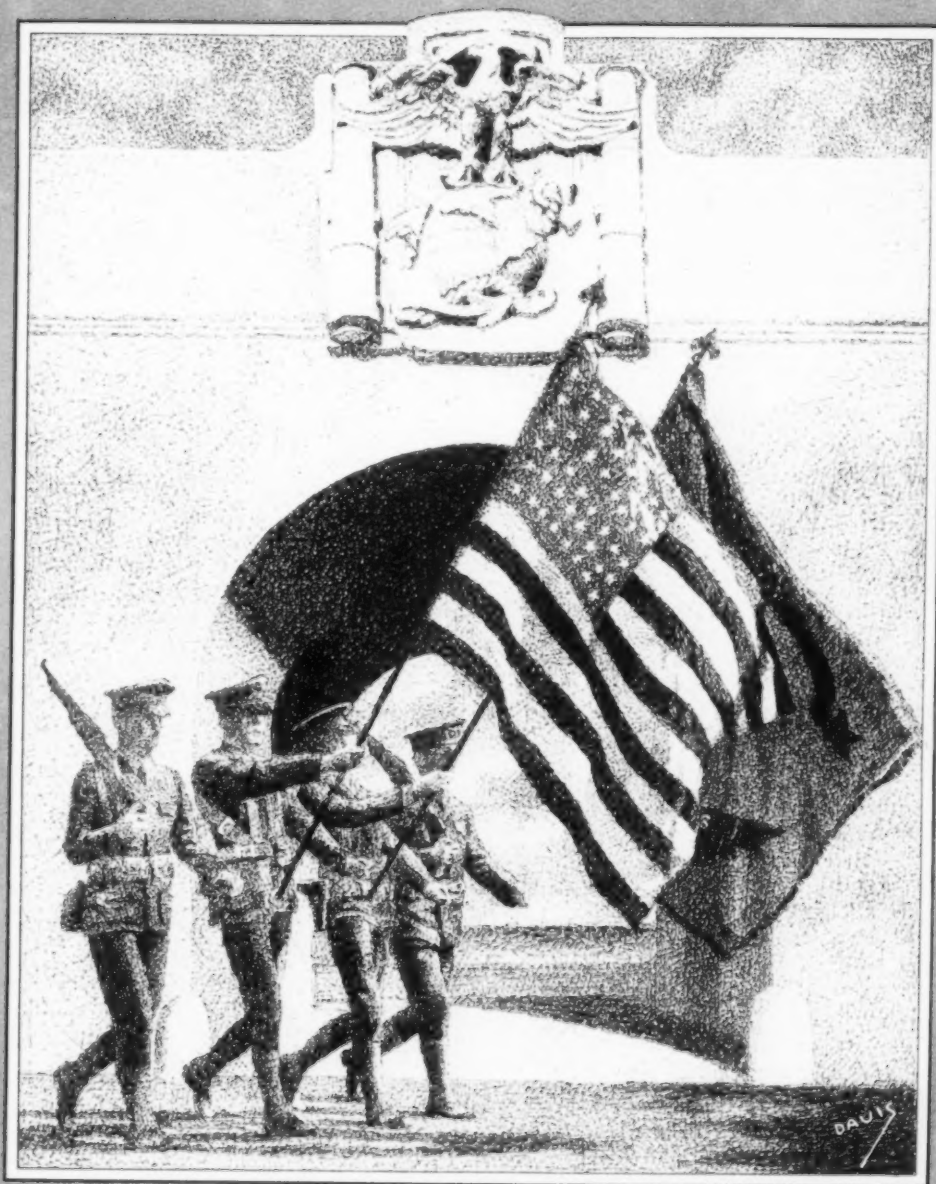


SEMPER FIDELIS

THE LEATHERNECK

February, 1937

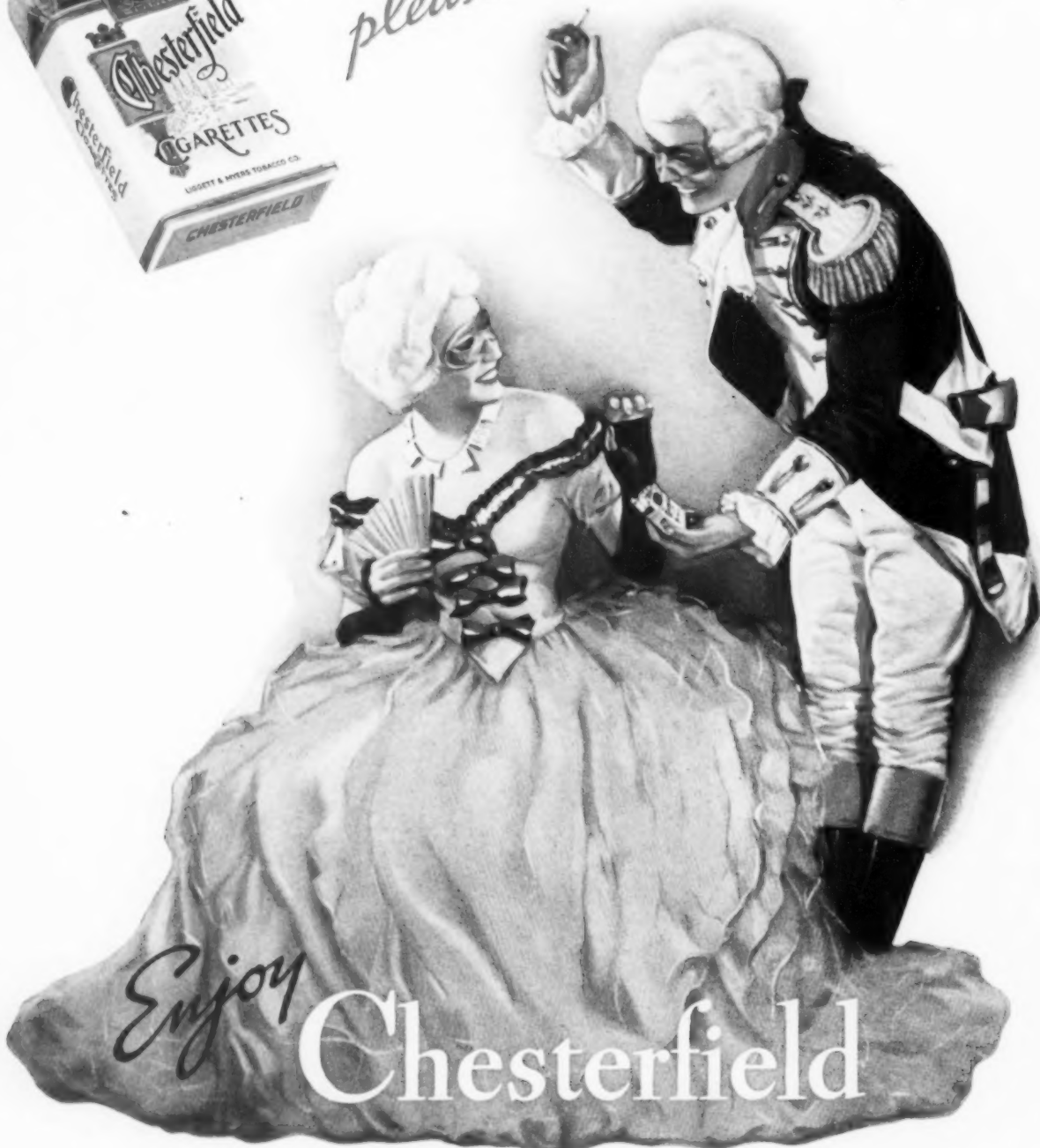
Single Copy, 25c



MARINE CORPS BASE
San Diego, California



*...one of the first
pleasures of 1937*

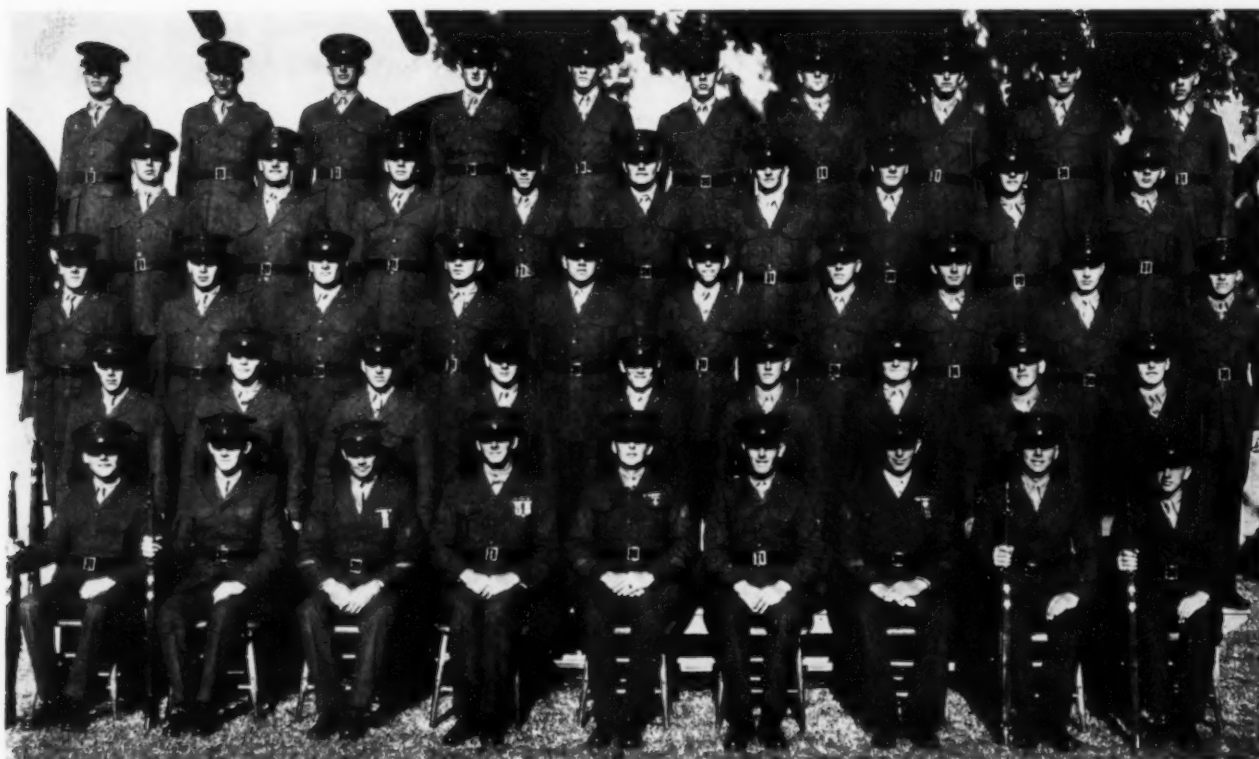


*-for the good things
smoking can give you*

WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES

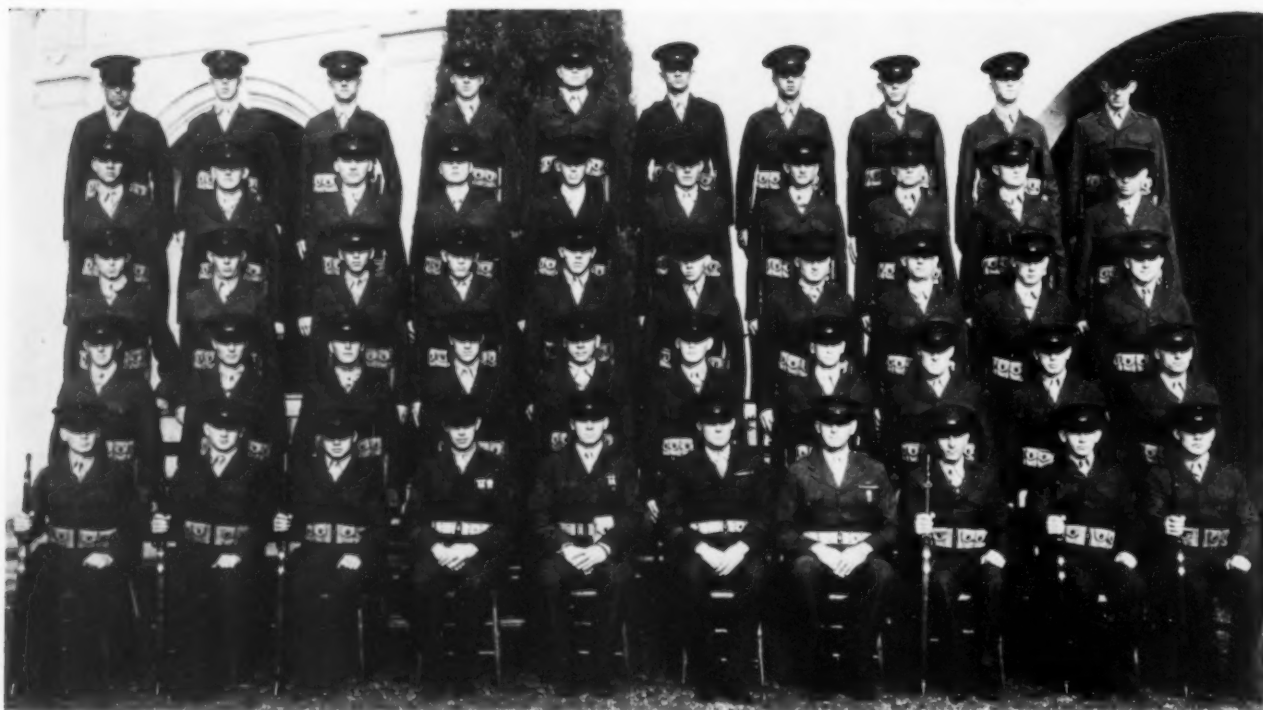


Platoon 25, San Diego. Instructed by Pl-Sgt. A. B. Hudson, Corporals R. O. DeLaHunt, A. W. Everts, and L. W. Voss.

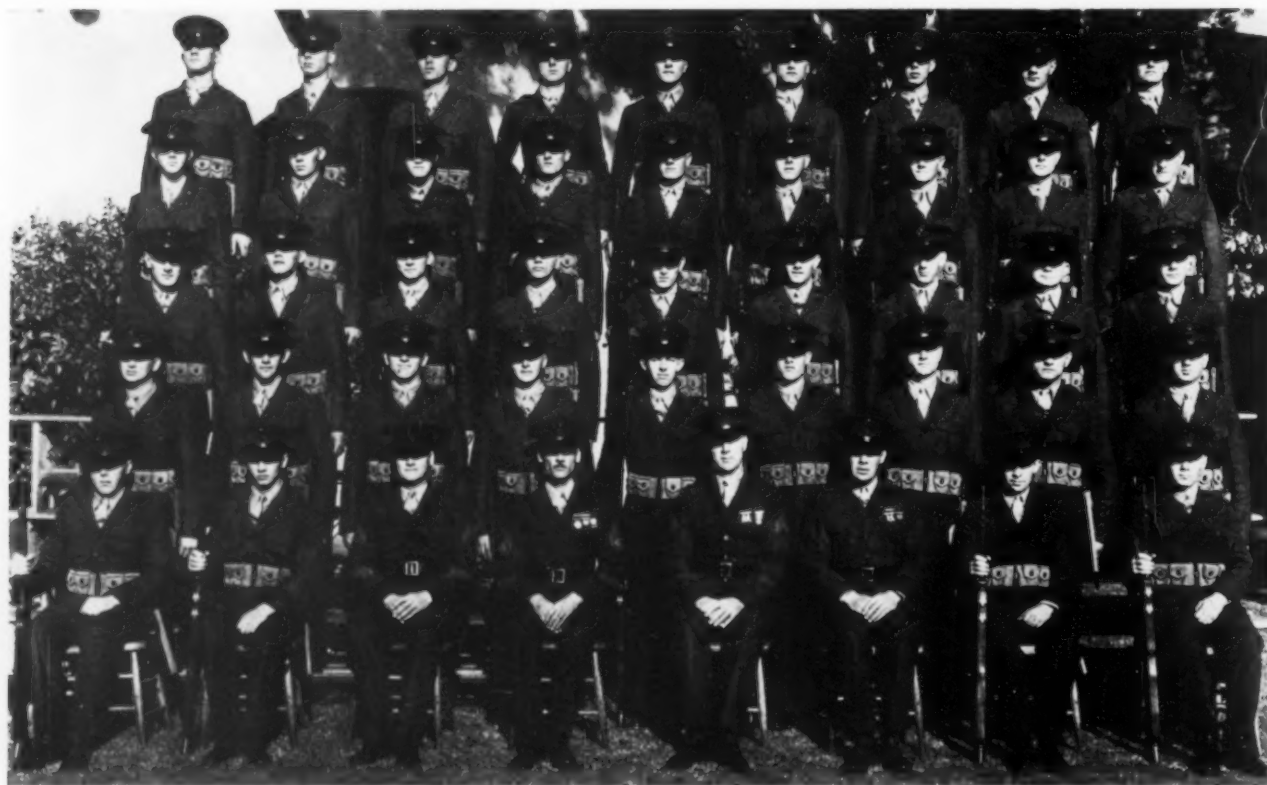


Platoon 27, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. G. R. Ingersoll, Corporals R. L. Tyson, R. M. Newman, A. C. Ware, and W. Gordon.

WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



Platoon 26, San Diego. Instructed by Sergeants R. H. Gilb, G. A. Shaffer, D. S. Staley and Cpl. E. J. Jessen.



Platoon 28, San Diego. Instructed by Pl-Sgt. R. Thompson, Sgt. H. F. Billingsley, Sgt. F. J. Iversen, Cpl. M. H. Craig.

The LEATHERNECK

Published each month by The United States Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C., for the advancement of education. Copy closes on the 8th of month preceding date of issue.

Editor and Publisher: Lieut. Lewis C. Hudson, Jr., U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Tech. Sgt. Frank H. Rentfrow; Cpl. D. R. Dingwall; Cpl. S. L. Shemwell; Pvt. L. F. Metz, Pvt. E. M. Walter, Pvt. William A. Walsh.

Contents

	Page
Storming the Forts of Canton	5
By LT.-COL. C. H. METCALF	
Nuts About Something	6
By HAROLD TITUS	
Skimmed from the Scuttle-Butt	8
Books—Passing in Review	10
Gyngles of a Gyrene	11
Broadcast	15
Sports	38
Marine Corps Reserve	40
Marine Corps League	44
Gazette	67
Marine Oddities	72

Sketched by D. L. DICKSON

Cover Designed by HERNDON DAVIS

Broadcast Writers

DURING the past year we have received heartfelt cooperation from our various scribes scattered throughout the Service. We take this opportunity to thank you. If your Detachment or station is not represented each month in our Broadcast section, we invite any one of you to send us the news.

For full cooperation, copy should be DOUBLE SPACED and typed on only one side of the paper. It is difficult for the printer to set up single-spaced material and our staff is too limited to re-type it. If you have sports activities of interest to report, compile into a separate story. We are trying to build up the Sports Section.

But most important of all is the dead-line. Too frequently we are forced to omit good yarns because they arrived too late. Among those that arrived after this month's dead-line are USS *Mississippi*, USS *Astoria*, and the 13th Battalion, FMCR. To ensure publication, copy must reach us before the 8th of the month preceding date of issue. Thus, Broadcast intended for the March LEATHERNECK must be in the hands of the editors before February 8.

Sincerity

WE are often reminded that a man must rely upon himself for success. This may be true in one respect but it is impossible for a man to become successful without the cooperation of others.

Men who desire to become successful cannot ignore others, they cannot ride roughshod over the feelings of others. They must be considerate, fair, courteous and honorable, they must not judge hastily nor jump at conclusions.

No better example of this can be had than in our gun-firing. The successful guns' crew must maintain almost perfect cooperation. The falling down of even one individual in a turret crew, of from sixty to a hundred men, would greatly jeopardize the chances of that turret making a good score.

Of course, there are some who have become seemingly successful without having developed these qualities. They have merely acquired a superficial smoothness, with which they are able to impress people for a short time, until their true qualifications for success are found out and they lose what they have gained. These people, it will be found, have tried to lubricate their way to success with "banana oil," not realizing that all might go smoothly until they will surely falter and slip backward as easily, if not more easily, than they slid forward before.

Be considerate of others, be honorable in all your dealings with your fellowmen, be courteous, and be just.

The only two words that can completely describe all of this is—be sincere. If you are really sincere, you will be honest, fair, kind and considerate.

All truly successful men are sincere. Success built on insincerity is not success—it cannot last, nor is it complete and satisfying. Only merited success is complete and satisfying.

Whether it be in sports, in the financial world, or the arts, when success has been attained, it is wholesome and complete if we can sit back with a sense of satisfaction that we had been fair and sincere in attaining it—without sincerity—well, it's just not success.

Education

THE word education is derived from a Latin word meaning "to lead out." Properly speaking, to educate a man is to lead him out and away from the narrow limits of thoughtless and unreasoning habit.

The word is often misunderstood and frequently misused. Education does not necessarily imply an acquaintance with several languages, a grasp of the mysteries of higher mathematics, a comprehension of the laws of science, nor a knowledge of the details of a profession. It may involve any or all of them, it generally includes at least one of them, but may mean none of them. Education in the strictest and best meaning of the word means simply the development, the leading forth, of the qualities or talents which lie within. The most backward individual possess some talent along some line. It is the duty of every individual to search for his talent and to permit it to be led forth to be educated.

Why not awaken those inspirations within you which will force you to make your own opportunities? After all, those opportunities made by yourself are the ones most likely to be made the most of.

Come on, Marines, let the Marine Corps Institute aid you!

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Washington, D. C. Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 27, 1915. Price \$2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the Business Manager.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

THE DISCOVERY OF TOBACCO

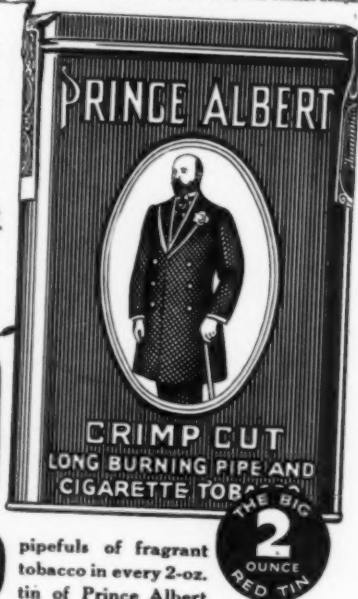


Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.
(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

THE LEATHERNECK

PUBLISHED
Once a month
by
The Marine Corps
Institute
Address:
8th and Eye Sts.
Southeast
Washington, D. C.

Honorary Editor
The Major General
Commandant

Editor-in-Chief
The Director,
The Marine Corps
Institute

Editor and Publisher
1st Lt. Lewis C.
Hudson, Jr.
U. S. M. C.

THE LEATHERNECK

VOLUME 20

WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY, 1937

NUMBER 2

STORMING THE FORTS OF CANTON

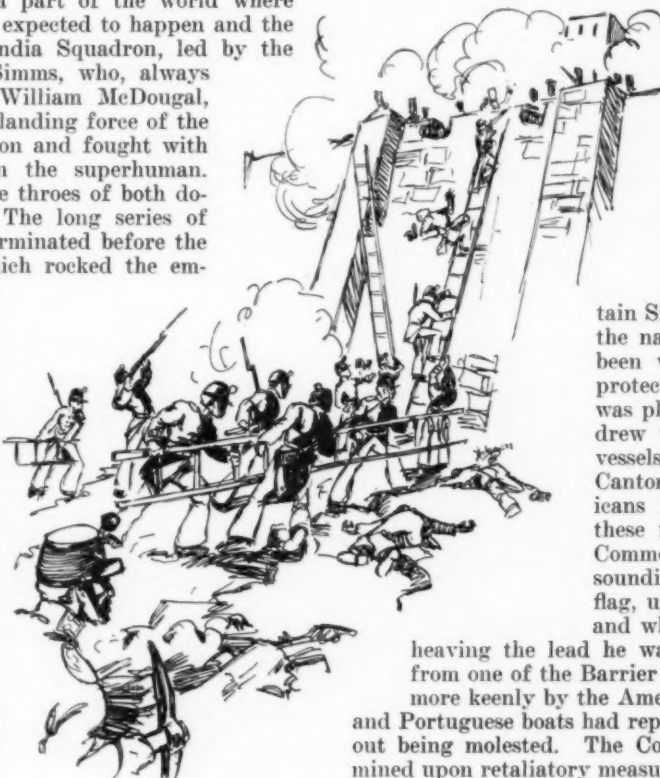
By LIEUTENANT COLONEL C. H. METCALF, U. S. M. C.

THE annals of the Marine Corps contain no more stirring story, perhaps, than that of the capture and destruction of the Barrier Forts of Canton. China in 1856 was a part of the world where astonishing events might be expected to happen and the Marines of the old East India Squadron, led by the daring Captain John D. Simms, who, always accompanied by Corporal William McDougal, the standard bearer for the landing force of the squadron, rose to the occasion and fought with the dash that bordered on the superhuman. China at the time was in the throes of both domestic and foreign wars. The long series of opium wars had not been terminated before the great Taiping rebellion, which rocked the empire to its foundation for fourteen bloody years, swept through the southern provinces. At the same time the coast near Canton was being ravaged by as warlike a force of pirates as ever had infested the turbulent celestial empire. The stage was being set for the dramatic exploits of the Ever-Victorious Army under the daring leadership of "Chinese" Gordon. In spite of all this turbulent condition in China the foreign powers insisted on proper respect for their flags and full protection for their merchants at Canton and stood ready to back up their demands

with armed forces. Before the curtain was rung down after the last scene of our dramatic story the Cantonese soldiers had been taught that an insult to "Old Glory" was an offense that could be atoned for only by the infliction of great punishment. But let us be on with the story.

The Marine detachments from the *Portsmouth*, *Levant* and the new steam frigate *San Jacinto* had just returned from several days landing force operations protecting the American factories at Canton. Captain Simms had been in command of the navy landing forces which had been withdrawn upon promises of protection for the Americans. It was planned that the *Levant*, which drew the least water of the three vessels, should lie in the river at Canton as a ready refuge for Americans in case of trouble. While these movements were being made Commodore Armstrong sent a sounding boat, flying an American flag, up the river to make a survey and while a sailor was in the act of

heaving the lead he was instantly killed by a shot from one of the Barrier Forts. The incident was felt more keenly by the American forces since the French and Portuguese boats had repeatedly passed the forts without being molested. The Commodore immediately determined upon retaliatory measures, (Continued on page 61)





NUTS

YOU see, I said to Red: "I'm glad it's boats with me. If you've got to be nuts about something," I said, "take it out on things with sense to 'em."

He gave me a look and swelled up. "What a sympathetic soul *you* are!" he said. "Why, Emily's got more intelligence——"

"Yeah!" I said before he could say more intelligence than what. "She gives you the run-around for this stranger Devine. Intelligence!" I said, quite scornful.

It certainly made me hot having Emily treat a grand boy like Red Larabee that way. But almost everybody's got to be nuts about something, and I guess it's human to guess wrong on what you're going to be nuts about sometimes. Emily's human.

Matter of fact, I might even have been wrong about my boat. I knew that, and it's what made me so jumpy that I said as much as I did and got Red on his ear. I'd gone nutty on a new wrinkle in design and what with being all ready to see how right or wrong I was and not getting a chance, I didn't have much time for other folks' troubles.

You'll get that way, understand, about boats. This boat, now, I'd built myself; every inch of her; with my own hands. I'd put every dime I could scrape into her along with every hour I could take off from winter work, and every minute I could steal during resort season for almost two years and there she lay, ready to prove something, and me all tied up!

I'd put her in the water Sunday, see, and figured I'd take her for a run right away but before she floated clear they telephoned that Commings had rammed the piers. Steering gear let go when he was making harbor and they jammed that boat up plenty.

Well, resorters come up here to resort and they don't like to waste time and repairing boats is my job; so we got her over and went to work.

It was one o'clock Tuesday morning when we finished and all that time folks were dropping in and looking at

my boat and asking questions about her that I couldn't answer and was all in a rash to.

I was too tired to do anything else but turn in, then. I set the alarm for five so nobody could catch me before I got away, but darned if Gresham didn't telephone just as that clock let go.

The gas line in his cruiser was plugged, he said, and he wanted to get in a little trolling for Mackinaw trout before the sky did what it said it would. Gresham's nuts about Mackinaw trolling and, figuring it wouldn't take long and I could be on my way, I said I'd come over.

That was the first time I'd sat at the wheel of my boat and the way she felt on that little run made me ready to do anything for a chance to make her do her stuff. Boy, she was like something alive! I hadn't sacrificed much speed if any with that stern construction but of course I couldn't tell in flat water whether I'd done what I set out to do or not. But with the sky what it was, I'd have a chance, I knew.

Chance? Huh! . . . It wasn't much of a job to get Gresham's gas line open, but I was just wiping the grease off my hand and figuring that in five minutes I'd be out in Lake Michigan when this Barret kid shows up.

"Oh, Alec," he says, "I saw you coming across and brought my motor down to see if you can get her started."


I told him to bring it over to the shop in an hour or so and his chin went right down to his belt.

"It's this way," he said. "They're running prelims for the hotel cup at Missionary Lake this forenoon. If I can't get this bug started I'll have to default."

Well, the kid was just balmy about outboard racing, so I told him to trundle it over to the shop where my tools were.

I cut a couple of loops going back but in a quarter-mile harbor a forty-mile boat don't have much chance.

I ran close to the Sea Maid lying to her buoy and this guy Blackman in her gives me a dirty look. He was



polishing brass. We didn't care for each other, it seemed. He'd been here a week, see, waiting for his owner, or so we thought then. He'd been around just enough for me to know that we'd never get too thick. I just mention this because it came up then. There'll be a lot about the Sea Maid before I get to where I'm going.

She's a honey, though. An Urchin make, you know, special sedan model, three hundred horse motor that'll put her to forty-five and a wow for looks. Oh, they build boats at the Urchin plant! Only thing wrong with that model's the vibration you get in the cabin when the windows 're shut. They've fixed that this year.

Well, I gave this Blackman—though I didn't know his name, then—a grin for his dirty look because the way my boat felt under me and opened her wide for the last little run to my dock. I could see the kid luggin' his motor in from his car and wanted to have that over with and be on my way.

Before I got that thing working it was after eight and I hadn't had much supper night before and so I beat it up to the lunch room for coffee. I saw these two

tors give because he might get tempted to buy one some time. Does he listen? He don't! He just sits back and folds his arms and shuts his mouth tight like a guy will, having a lot of patience.

"Go on and shoot," I said, idling her down.

"Nev' mind," he says, high and mighty. "Nev' mind."

Now, Red and I've been like planks in a hull since we were kids. His folks are old residents among the cottagers and we grew up together summers and wrote our first letters to each other, and even if he is starting out to be hot stuff as a lawyer—He's an assistant attorney-general—and I'm only a boat builder, we've kept it up.

"Have it your own way, then," I says, bein' friendly enough to get sore when he does.

A step boat pulling a surf board came along just then. The boat was red and the board was blue and Emily, who has yellow hair, was on it in a green bathing suit. Pretty, I mean. Could I build a boat as graceful as boats go as Emily is as graceful as girls go, I'd do something, all right! But she sees us and turns her head away and right then I guessed part of what ailed Red.

ABOUT SOMETHING

detectives there then—they'd just got in—but of course I didn't know who they were. By the time I got back there was a guy here wanting to rent my cat boat and before I got him fixed up a fussy woman drove up who wanted a row boat that wouldn't capsize or sink or wouldn't let kids take it into deep water and that go home alone at meal times or if the wind came up offshore. I had kind of a stomach ache wanting to get rid of her but you've got to handle women careful.

I'd noticed Red come in and figured I'd take him with me on the trial run. Kind of appropriate, takin' an old friend along when something means so much to you. But just as the woman leaves McCann comes in and says there's something flooey with his motor and will I try it out while he goes up town?

"And Alec," he says, "if you can rush it out for me, we'll all be grateful. We've got to go home Friday and each hour's a pearl."

I know how these resorters feel. Just crazy to have all the fun they can and the McCanns are specially nuts about their boat, so I said to Red to hop in while I located the trouble.

"Except for this," I said to him, "I'd give you a ride in a good boat." But he don't answer. "I put mine in the water Sunday," I said, and he just said, "Oh." Then I told him that I hadn't even had a chance to warm it up and he said, "That so?" as if he wasn't all there.

"What ails you?" I asks. "You got the pip? Or 'd they rob you last night?" (There'd been five-six robberies in the last ten days, see.)

He nods his head and smiles funny.

"They've robbed me, all right," he said. "Yeah; they robbed me."

He gave me a look like a hand will when he's ready to jettison trouble, but just then I'd got McCann's runabout straightened away and opened her and she planed up and then began to choke up and when Red started to talk I told him about the trouble these Gold Medal mo-

"So that's it!" I said, and he forgot his mad and unloaded.

That was it, all right. Emily had him down. They'd known each other always, too, and ever since Red was in college they'd figured on bein' married as soon as he'd made his start. They'd planned on it for his vacation this summer but along comes this Devine and swamps the plan.

Devine 'd gotten in here two weeks before Red. It was his first time at the hotel and he didn't know much of anybody to start but he had a way with folks. Manner, Red called it. In no time he was the fair-haired boy all along the beach. There wasn't a swimming party or a picnic or a dance or anything that *was* anything unless he was along.

This was news to me, see. All I knew about Devine was hearing it said he was the second one to get took by the gang that was pulling the robberies. They'd prowled his room for two hundred bucks the night before they got old Mrs. Bennett's ear rings. Diamonds.

Red told me all about how Emily 'd fallen for this Devine and won't listen to him or her folks, and how she's said that if they don't stop nagging her she'll elope with Devine and have it over with right now. She's young and hot headed. That kind goes nuts about things easy.

"Why, the world's full of girls," I said when he had it off his chest. "Look at 'em!" I said. We were passing the hotel float, then. "Loads of 'em," I said. "You can find a girl most anywheres," I said. "How'd you like to be jammed up like I am?" I asked him. "With the work of over two years done and not a chance to find out how good it is?"

(Continued on page 62)

By Harold Titus

Illustrated by D. L. Dickson



PERSPECTIVE

A Jew was negotiating a loan from his brother, and the latter was willing to make the advance, but demanded nine per cent, interest.

"Well," said the borrower, "I ain't complaining, you understand, but what will our poor dead father say when he looks down and sees you taking nine per cent, from his own flesh and blood?"

"Don't worry about that," replied the lender; "from where he is it'll look like six per cent."—*Embassy Guard News.*

A nagging wife attended a lecture on "The Face with a Smile Always Wins." She was very much impressed and decided to change her sour temperament and try experiment with a smile. The next morning when her husband came down for breakfast she greeted him with a beaming smile.

In utter amazement he collapsed. "Great guns!" he exclaimed faintly. "Now she's got lockjaw!"—*Illinois Guardsman.*

The troops weren't so attentive during the MCO 41 lecture. The old gunnery sergeant who was endeavoring to explain the problems of bush warfare finally got disgusted. "You birds can shove off now," he growled; "and don't flap your ears as you leave the room."

Excellent definition of a woman: A woman, my dears, is a thing who can hurry down the crowded, 18-inch aisle of a dime store and never brush the side, and then drives home to knock the doors off a twelve foot garage.—*Fourney News.*

Joe: Sorry to keep you waiting, old man, but I've been setting a trap for my wife.
Ed: Good heavens! What do you suspect?

Joe: A mouse in the pantry.—*Goose Hill News.*

"See that man over there? He's the top-kick."

"Yuh!"

"See that cigaret in his mouth?"

"Yuh!"

"See the smoke comin' out of it?"

"Yuh!"

"Well he did that with my match and my cigaret."—*Lost Dutchman.*

NEVER MISSED ANY

A sailor who received a "medical" after the World War, met a pal on Broadway and stopped to exchange greetings. After recounting his adventures, he wound up with the statement: "I've been in every darn hospital in this town."

"Bet you haven't been in the women's hospital," said his shipmate, with a wink in his eye.

"That's where you lose," said the old-timer. "I was born there."—*Our Navy.*



Skipper: "Are you the oldest in your family?"

Private: "No, sir. Pa and Ma are a little older."

Dill: I've got skin trouble.

Dion: What are you taking for it?

Dill: What will you give for it?

MIKE—"That's a queer pair of stockings you have on, Pat,—one red and the other green."

PAT—"Yes, and I've another pair like it at home."—*Chelsea Record.*

"No," said the millionaire, gently, "I haven't the slightest objection to your asking my daughter to marry you."

"Thank you," exclaimed the young man with a tittle but no cash.

"You go and ask her," the millionaire proceeded, thoughtfully. "I won't interfere. I've given her a good education and taught her to read the newspapers, and if she doesn't know enough to say 'No'—why, she doesn't deserve any better luck."

—*Argonaut.*

DOUBLE PAY

He had got a job as collector for a gas company.

"Take this master key and go round and empty all the coin-boxes; get all the pennies and shillings," said the manager.

Three weeks later he walked into the office. "Can I have another key? I've lost t'other one."

"Certainly," replied the manager. "But where have you been all this time? The cashier has stopped late every Friday night, expecting you to come for your wages."

"Great guns!" exclaimed the collector, beaming broadly. "Do I get wages as well?"—*Montreal Daily Star.*

The old BMle had been around a bit and had heard more than his share of cock and bull stories. So when he retired he opened up a gasoline service station on the Boston Post Road.

A car with four old geezers in it drove up one day and asked for gasoline.

"That's a good old car," said the ex-BMle, patting the hood, "after all is said and done, dollar for dollar, there's nuthin' tops a good old Ford."

"That's," said the fellow at the wheel, "for the compliment. I happen to be Henry Ford."

"Oh yeah!" cracked the BMle, "so you're Henry Ford. Well, Henry, one of your headlights needs replacing. We have some fine Edison bulbs, the best made."

At that the other fellow in the front seat remarked: "Thanks for that compliment, too. I'm Thomas Edison."

"One of your tires is going flat," said the ex-BMle, "we have the best tires on the market, Firestones."

"You bet they are," said one of the fellows in the back seat. "I make 'em. I'm Harvey Firestone."

Just about that time George Bernard Shaw, who was the fourth occupant of the car, poked his head over the aide and the ex-BMle cracked: "Lissen, this has gone far enough. Now, if you, you be-whiskered old son of a music, tell me you're Santa Claus, I'm gonna slap you right in the puss with this monkey wrench."

—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

1st Farmer—"That new farm hand is terribly dumb."

2d Farmer—"How's that?"

1st Farmer—"He found some milk bottles in the grass and insisted he had found a cow's nest."—*Norfolk N.T.S.*

THE LEATHERNECK

STILL AT IT

Young Golf Player (pressing): "Please get a move on. Try to be a little quicker, if you won't let us through."

Elderly Player (teeing up): "Young man, we don't want any advice from you. I expect we were playing this game before you were born."

Young Player: "That's quite probable, but please try to finish before lunch."

—Embassy Guard News.



Doctor: "This is the fifth time you've answered sick call this week and there's absolutely nothing wrong with you. What are you—a hypochondriac?"

Marine: "No, sir, electrician, first class."

Ever heard the one about the bed nine feet long? Well, that's a lot of bunk... then there was Riley, who was reading a history of the U. S., and Noonan, who was reading Gen. Grant's life. Riley turned to Noonan and said, "Who the hell is buried in Grant's tomb, anyways?"

—The Sixty-Niner.

Pharmacist's Mate: "I can't issue anything poisonous without an order from the doctor."

Patient: "Why, do I look like a guy who'd commit suicide?"

PhM: "I don't know; but if I looked like you, I'd be tempted."

—Saratoga Plane Talk.

Professor's wife (on phone): Hello. Is this the police station?

"Yes, what's the matter?"

"I just wanted to tell you that you need not search for my husband any longer. I found him myself. He had forgotten to take off his overcoats and I hung him in the closet by mistake."

Tramp: I ain't got no friend or relative in the world, mum.

Housewife: Well, I'm glad there's no one to worry over you in case you get hurt. Sic 'im, Fido!"

—Pearie Press.

Al: I guess I'll be an aviator; I've been air-minded for years.

Bert: I think I'll be a garage man; I've been tow-headed all my life.

—Peavie Press.

MAX: Wasn't that girl short you were out with the other night?

JOE: Why she was five feet four with heels.

MAX: How tall is she with regular guys?—Happy Days, C.C.C.

PROPS

Cole Porter, song writer, was inspecting a script of Eleanor Powell's "Born to Dance" and found the following on one page:

"Props needed: The U. S. Navy, one Pekingese dog and one stand-in for Pekingese dog."—Saratoga Plane Talk.

DUTCH: What is the difference between you and the cook at the Grand Central Hotel?

ARCHIE: The cook at the hotel beats the steak tender and I try to beat the bartender.—Poc Valley Ravin'.

She—"Is there much graft in the Army?"

He—"Oh, sure. Even the bayonets are fixed."—Pointer.

Movie Actress: I'll endorse your cigarets for no less than \$50,000.

Advertiser: I'll see you inhale first.

—Coffey County Camper.

The only time you'll see a blushing bride these days is when the groom doesn't show up.—Dirt Daubler.



Gyrene: "Honey, I've bought something for the one I love best. Guess what!"

Girl Friend: "A box of cigars."

CLERK: Williams seems to think he's one of the big guns in the office.

SARGE: How so?

CLERK: He says he's been fired six times.—From Hamlin Special.

With a grinding of brakes the officer pulled up his motor-car and shouted to a little boy playing in the field: "I say, sonny, have you seen an airplane come down anywhere near here?"

"No, sir!" replied the boy, trying to hide his sling-shot. "I've only been shooting at a bottle."—Galt Reporter.

Doctor: "What are you going to do with those dental instruments?"

PhM3c: "I am going to clean the barber's teeth."

Doctor: "But you are not a dental technician."

PhM3c: "I know that but the barber doesn't."—W. Va. Mountaineer.

"You've already had leave, Ferguson, to see your wife off on a journey—for your mother-in-law's funeral—for your little girl's measles—your boy's christening—what is it now?"

"I'm going to get married, sir."

—Montreal Star.

NO HURRY

The bluejacket stepped up to the door. He knocked. No answer. He knocked again. The door was opened by a beautiful blonde.

"Good morning," she smiled. "Did you knock?"

"Indeed I did. May I see your husband for a moment?"

The gorgeous blonde shook her head.

"I'm sorry but my husband is out of town on business. He won't be back for at least a month."

The sailor took another look at the lovely damsel.

"That's all right," he murmured. "I'll wait."—Saratoga Plane Talk.

"My husband won a thousand dollars at poker the other night and he split with me."

"He gave you half?"

"No, he took his thousand and left!"

—Graphic.

Customer: Say, you're giving me a lot of bones.

Butcher: No, I'm not, you are paying for them.—Sea Gull Times.

Agent: You make a small deposit, then you make no more payments for six months.

Bill: Who told you about me?

—Mountain Music.

The sailor carefully examined the tiny ration of steak on his plate. Turning to the messcook, he said: "Yep, that's exactly what I want. Bring me some of it."

—Christian Union Herald.

Teacher: "Name a French general."

Willie: "General Foch."

Teacher: "Correct. And now, a German general."

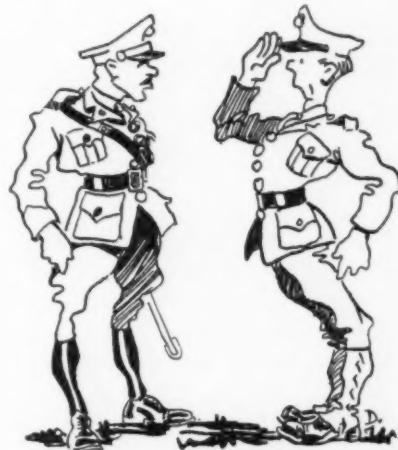
Willie: "General Hindenburg."

Teacher: "Right. And an American general..."

Willie (after much thought): "General Motors."—Calif. Guardsman.

BUCKLER: Honest, Lieutenant, I was sitting up with a sick friend.

LIEUTENANT: How many did you set up before he got sick?—Strictly Poisonal.



Captain: "What's your name?"

Boot: "John Curtis Standing, sir."

Captain: "What is it sitting?"



BLADENSBURG

MR. MADISON'S WAR. By Henry Barnard Safford (Messner). \$2.00.

In 1812 we went to war with England. The principal reason was England's practice of boarding American ships and impressing seamen into service on the pretext that they were deserters. The story revolves around Red Ford, who was seized by the British while he was returning to America.

Red made the best of it. Strongly muscled, well educated, the Yankee didn't remain ordinary seaman long after they had fallen in with a French vessel. A shell mowed down all the gun crew but Red. Leaping to the breech, he "aquinted along the top of the gun, bringin the so-called 'line of metal' to centre upon the foremast . . . range about six hundred yards—three seconds—point blank it would drop about a hundred and fifty feet . . ."

Simple calculations for him; the shot brought down the Frenchie's foremast, and Red was rated as able seaman.

For more than two years he served aboard various ships. He became the best gunner in the service; but when he was called upon to blow a Yankee craft out of the water, he rebelled. "Death could have been the penalty, but good gunners were at a premium, so the sentence was fifty lashes.

He escaped at length by swimming to an American whaler. He assisted in putting down a mutiny, fell in love with the skipper's daughter, adventured on a whaling expedition, and ultimately ran the blockade to land at Newport.

The war was in full blast. Red left the ship and followed the fortunes of a sort of free-lance soldier. It was his marksmanship that kept off the landing parties at Passamaquoddy Bay; he was at Lake Champlain and at Bladensburg. Good Marines are going to resent that part of the story, for Mr. Safford fails to mention that handful of Leathernecks that fought a futile but gallant rear guard action.

The historical novels of Mr. Safford evince exacting research. His story of the Green Mountain Boys, **THAT BENNINGTON MOB**, reviewed in these columns in the spring of 1935, met with much favor by Service readers.

1917-1918

WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, Vol. V (Little, Brown). \$3.00

In this, the fifth volume of these outstanding memoirs, the war-time Prime Minister carries the conflict through the dark days of 1917 and into the spring of 1918.

The days of 1917 were more than dark. Both belligerent federations were exhausted, but the struggle "was kept going by that stubborn determination not to turn tail which keeps brave animals fighting as long as they can stand."

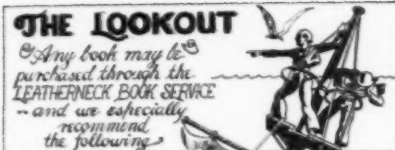
Supported by documents, personal letters and recollections, the British statesman makes vividly real to us the desperate situation confronting the Allies. The British, war-weary, were being driven back by comparatively fresh German soldiers who had been brought into action from the Russian front. Russia had toppled, and the French were not far from mutiny.

Then came the advent of our own entrance into the war. The idea of any prosecution of a campaign by the Americans was scarcely entertained at first. But our "financial and economic assistance was from the outset invaluable."

Several of our own officers, including General Pershing, have recounted the incidents relative to the Allied attempt to absorb the American forces into the various armies. Mr. Lloyd George goes into considerable detail, repeatedly comparing the slowness of the Americans to the speed in which England fashioned a much larger army. But he does concede that "Before ever the Americans had fired a shot in battle, their coming turned the scale of confidence and hope in favour of the Allies."

The Prime Minister takes us soundly to task because of industrial faults, lack of coordination and a general muddling of everything. But he does say, "There were no braver or more fearless men in any army, but the organisation at home and behind the lines was not worthy of the reputation which American business men have deservedly won for smartness, promptitude and efficiency."

Volume VI, to be published in February, will be reviewed in an early issue.



DEATH STOPS THE MANUSCRIPT. By Richard M. Baker (Scribners). The murder of Doctor Carson appears to have no solution until Franklin Russell, school-master and amateur sleuth, solves the mystery. \$2.00

AND CALL IT ACCIDENT. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes (Longmans, Green). Terror stalks an American heiress in the old castle on the Cornish coast. Grim, yet debonaire Captain Tremane furnishes the menace. \$2.00

JOHN L. LEWIS. By Cecil Carnes (Speller). A biography of Labor's stormy petrel. Of especial interest because of current conditions. \$2.50

CIMARRON BEND. By L. W. Emerson (Macaulay). Romance and gunsmoke blend in the picture of bloody Kansas border war. The hero is given a murder warrant to serve on his friend. \$2.00

WIND RIVER OUTLAW. By Will Ermine (Green Circle Books). Reb Santee, driven to banditry because of conditions rather than inclinations, finds himself leading an outlaw band. \$2.00

BRONCHO APACHE. By Paul I. Wellman (Macmillan). Massasi, an Apache, escapes from his military captors to weave a bloody thread through the tapestry of our western frontier history. \$2.00

THE KIDNAP MURDER CASE. By S. S. Van Dine (Scribners). Philo Vance solves murders and abductions, and indulges in a gunfight in a Chinese dive. More menace and action than usual. \$2.00

NOT MADE IN HEAVEN. By Rian James (Messner). A novel of love, marriage and divorce; with strange characters on parade. \$2.00

KHYBER CARAVAN. By Gordon Sinclair (Farrar & Rinehart). The smell of India's burning ghats, and the romance and thrills of the mountain feuds; the fighting in Khyber Pass, are all made real to us through the pen of traveler Sinclair. \$3.00

COWBOY LINGO. By Ramon F. Adams (Houghton, Mifflin). An interesting study of the cowboy, his work and play. An explanation of brands and other details, written in an entertaining fashion. \$2.50

MEN IN SUN HELMETS. By Vic Hurley (Dutton). Sketches of persons and events in the Philippines, from the jungles to the cities. \$2.50

THE DARK WATERS. By William Corcoran (Appleton-Century). One of the better mob stories, involving kidnappings, smuggling and gun-running. Fast action, and plenty of it. \$2.00

SOUTHERN CROSSING. By Philip Rigg (Dutton). The log of a small vessel that crossed the broad Atlantic from Greece to Florida, beset by storms and shipwrecks. \$2.50

MODERN CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION. By Dr. Harry Sodderman and Deputy Chief Inspector John B. O'Connell (Funk & Wagnalls). A text-book of unbelievable criminology. You Marines with ambitions for the various police forces would do well to study this one. \$3.00

ORDER BLANK

1937

THE LEATHERNECK.
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Enclosed please find for Dollars.

Please forward to the address below the books checked on this sheet.

Address

WRITE ADDRESS
PLAINLY



QUATRAIN Anonymous

BLACK Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise
And shows your laughing lips and rougish eyes;
But when, unmasked, gay Comedy appears,
How wan her cheeks are, and what heavy tears!

DISTINCTION Author Unknown

The village sleeps, a name unknown, till men
With life-blood stain its soil, and pay the due
That lifts it to eternal fame,—for then
'Tis grown a Gettysburg or Waterloo.

THE OLD "LEATHERNECK" By Damon Runyon

Many a year my Uncle Joe
Served as a Private of Marines.
Got cut down by a bolo blow
On Waller's hike in the Philippines.
Little old brittle, old pappy guy,
With one flat wheel and a gray goatee.
Nights I read him the news of the war
And he sets and smokes and listens to me.

Sets and smokes, and rocks his chair,
And chews on his pipe, and rumples his hair,
When I read of a row, and begins to swear,
And says, "I bet the leathernecks was there!"
If I say "no" to Uncle Joe, "this fight
was in the air,"
Says, "Don't care where!" and rocks
his chair—
"I bet the leathernecks was there!"

I read him the tale of Vimy Ridge,
The tale of the brave Canucks;
And he scrambled his nose along the bridge,
And says: "Them's wonderful ducks!"
He says: "Them soldiers is doughboys, see?
And they's nothin' much they can't do—
But read me some more about this war—
What did the leathernecks do?"

"Yes," he says, "that's fine!" when I
read of a fight,
And his eyes lights up with a singular light.
Then he chuckles and says, "Well, hell's
delight!
The leathernecks sure was there!"
If I say "no" to Uncle Joe, "it don't say
so nowhere,"
Says: "Don't give a damn, if they was a
jam,
The leathernecks must a-been there!"

I read him about the *Mongolia's* crew,
And their scrap with subsea sneak.
I read him about the *Silvershell*, too,
Which he says was a narrer squeak.
He says: "Them's flatfeet behind them
guns,
And a mighty good gang, that's true.
But read me some more about this war—
What did the leathernecks do?"

He says "by gosh!" as he listens to me,
And bites at his pipe with a singular glee
When I read of a fight, and he says, says he,
"I bet the leathernecks was there!"
If I say "no" to Uncle Joe, "this fight
was under the sea,"
Says "I don't care, if the fight was there,
That's where the leathernecks'd be!"

"WHOM THE GODS LOVE"

"Whom the gods love die young;"—if
gods ye be,
Then generously might ye have spared
to us
One from your vast unnumbered overplus,
One youth we loved as tenderly as ye.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN By Margaret E. Sangster

Washington and Lincoln, they march
ahead today,
Hewing out a trail for us, showing us the
way—
Showing us that valor lives, and courage
never dies;
And that hope may dawn again in sad, lack-
lustre eyes!

Washington and Lincoln—straight and tall
and grave—
What a legacy they left, what a gift they
gave!
What a gift, transcending all little doubts
and hates—
For they gave, by sacrifice, these United
States!

Lincoln and Washington—today they march
ahead,
Carrying a banner that is white and blue
and red;
Telling us that lips will smile, and hearts
once more will sing,
When the nation learns to join in love and
neighboring!

Lincoln and Washington—pioneers are they,
Hewing out a trail for us, showing us the
way;
Telling us of brave ideals on which the
nation stands,
Blessing us, across the years, with dim, up-
lifted hands!

—The Christian Herald.

GOSSIP TOWN

Anonymous

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,
On the shore to Falsehood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumor, with rusting gown,
Is going the life long day?
It isn't so far to Gossip Town
For people who want to go.
The Idleness train will take you down,
In just an hour or so.
The Thoughtless Road is a popular route,
And most folks start that way.
But it's steep down grade; if you don't
look out,
You'll land in Falsehood Bay.
You glide through the valley of Vicious
Folk,
And into the tune of Hate,
Then crossing the Add To Bridge, you
Walk right into the city gate.
The principal street is called They-Say,
And I've Heard is the public well,
And the breezes that blow from Falsehood
Bay
Are laden with Don't You Tell.
In the midst of the town is Telltale Park,
You're never safe while there,
For its owner is Madame Suspicious Re-
mark,
Who lives on the street Don't Care.
Just back of the park is Slander's Row,
'Twas there Good Name died,
Pierced by a dart from Jealousy's bow,
In the hands of Envious Pride.
From Gossip Town Peace long since fled,
But Trouble, Grief, and Woe,
And Sorrow and Care you'll meet instead
If you ever chance to go.

FLAMING COFFINS

By R. E. "Doc" Jackson, USN

Screaming wires, a blinding flash,
A siren shrieks, another crash;
A pilot fighting awful death
From flames which take his very breath.

Side slipping, stalling, all in vain,
To save his life and a burning plane;
While down below the ground crews start
Toward the flaming wreck with fearful hearts.

They know the story, oft retold,
Of men who fly, with heart of gold;
They watch the scene with bated breath
As the man above fights flaming death.

Then they see a dark form hurtle clear,
As the chute streams out, the ground
crews cheer;
They know the pilot now is saved
From a flaming coffin, an airman's grave.

The fire crews reach the burning wreck,
And strive its roaring flames to check;
As the pilot is whirled aloft again
To ease his nerves from the awful strain.

A flaming coffin, called by those,
Who know the air, its joy and woes;
Who know the sky and its every trick
And the thrill which comes from a "Joy-
Stick."

But a fiery coffin holds no fear,
For men who fly, whose eyes are clear;
Whose nerves of steel, whose iron hand
Make them the toast of Freedom's land.

We rise in salute when the motors roar,
As the men on wings go thund'ring o'er;
"Happy Landings" are the words we bring
To those who wear the pilot's wings.

CAMERA RECORDS OF MARINE ACTIVITIES



Santa Claus makes a fast hop from the North Pole to the Virgin Islands. See page 36.



General Meade and Admiral Brown watch the demonstration of Aircraft One. See page 53.



LEATHERNECK
He won by three lengths.
See page 36.



Marines Visit the Tombs, Peking, China, 1928



Bandmen of the Fourth Marines, Shanghai, and their British colleagues.



A GREAT FEATURE
THROAT PROTECTION!—You can yell
 yourself hoarse—you won't smoke your-
 self hoarse! For Luckies, a light smoke,
 are "Toasted." This is your guard against
 throat irritation. So reach for a Lucky...
 They're kind to your throat!

Luckies—a light smoke
 OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Company

February, 1937

SAN DIEGO

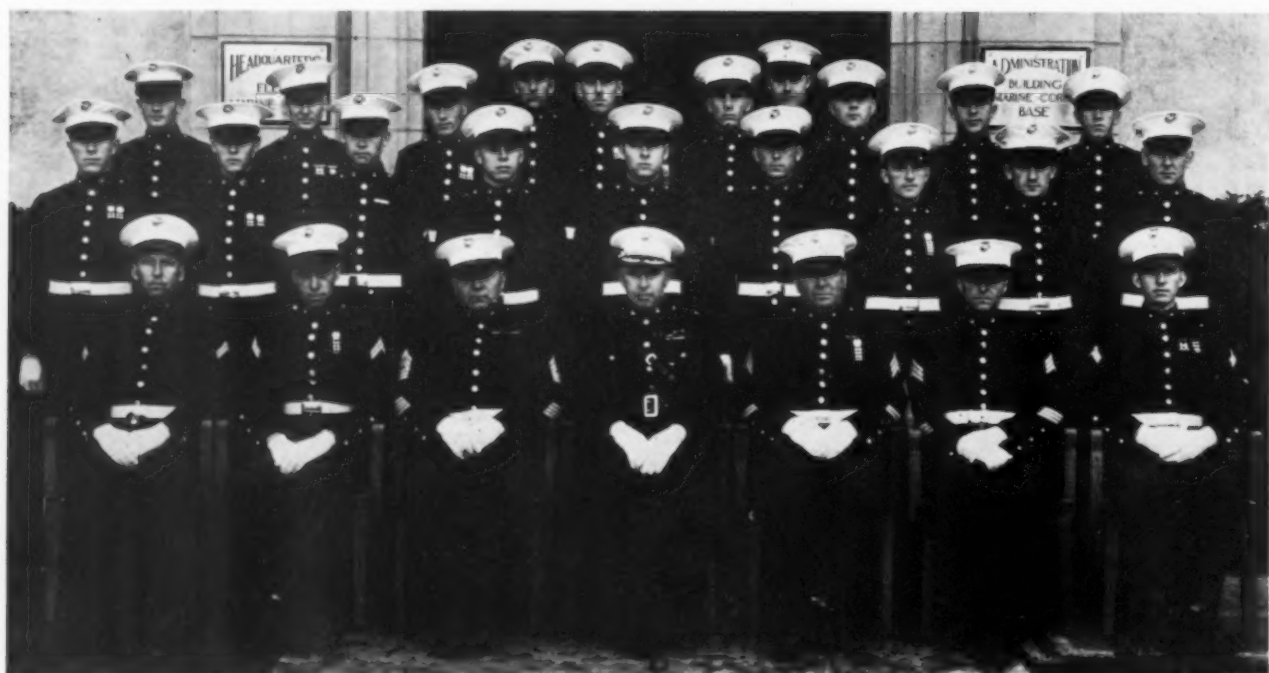
SNAP SHOTS



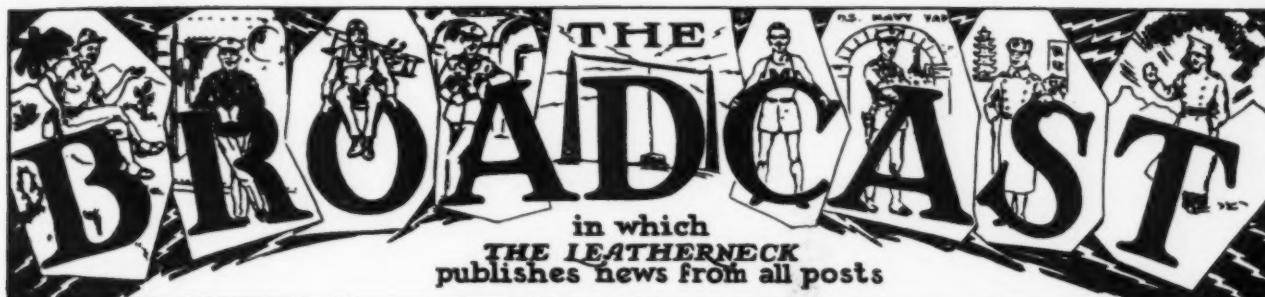
BRIGADE COMMANDER AND STAFF, 2ND MARINE BRIGADE, FMF
Seated, left to right: Major E. A. Craig, Lt-Col. O. Floyd, Col. E. P. Moses, Brigade Commander, Commander L. D. Arbuckle USN, Major R. R. Robinson. Middle row: Capt. E. W. Snedeker, Capt. G. H. Potter, Capt. C. McLott, Capt. L. Sullivan, Capt. W. F. Coleman, Capt. R. P. Coffman. Top row: Lt. W. D. Sargeant USN, Lt. W. R. Wendt, Ch. Q-M Clerk J. R. Morris; Ch. Pay Clerk F. R. Powers, Pay Clerk E. M. Jones.



Colonel Emile P. Moses,
Commanding 2nd Brigade.



Communications Platoon, Headquarters, FMF, San Diego



HEADQUARTERS, FLEET MARINE FORCE, MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

OF THE original Force Clerical Staff, Headquarters, Fleet Marine Force, which came from Quantico to San Diego in September, 1935, only three remain: Quartermaster Sergeant Thomas H. Dougan, Corporal Edgar B. Stock, and Sergeant Richard P. Brezinski, the latter being in Minnesota on furlough, enjoying the comforts of home and 14-degree below zero weather.

Quartermaster Sergeant Dougan, serene and smiling, keeps us supplied with everything from thumbtacks to boat ramps. Corporal Stock is the Force paper hider, but knows just where each and every paper is hidden.

Of the later arrivals, Sergeant Major Harvey S. Newgarde is the chief paper shuffler, and at times is almost buried in papers and statistics. Corporal Glover L. Daniel is now the chief clerk, as well as stenographer to the Commanding General. Privates First Class Ivan C. Hill and James C. Whiddon are company clerk and stenographer, respectively, but have various and sundry "additional duties," as has also Private Cleburne J. Helton, our latest addition to the Clerical Force, fresh from the Clerical School at Philadelphia. Last but not least, is Private Gordon P. ("Barney Oldfield") Peterson, our Staff chauffeur, who, when not driving Staff car No. 4, doubles for almost anyone in the office.

HEADQUARTERS COMMUNICATION PLATOON

The Commanding General and his Staff, during maneuvers, must communicate with the Units of the Fleet Marine Force. To accomplish this without calling for assistance and the loan of equipment from other units of the Fleet Marine Force, Headquarters Marine Corps has authorized a temporary Communication Platoon, consisting of thirty-seven enlisted, to be organized. On the morning of October 1, 1936, the organization of this platoon started with the transfer of fifteen enlisted from the Second Marine Brigade (the Force Communication Officer, Major R. H. Schubert, to take charge).

A storeroom for signal equipment was provided here on the Base, and about two weeks devoted to painting boxes and shelving, and the building of tables, benches, and cabinets, getting the storeroom ready. When the storeroom was ready, the equipment started to come in.

Upon completion of the storeroom, the majority of time was taken up with the training schedule in all the different phases of military communication. The Platoon endeavors to develop into a highly efficient working unit with teamwork playing a major part. The high light of our training is the Command-Post Exercises, one day each week. The Platoon, in conjunction with communication units of the Second Marine Brigade, simulates a landing problem as if under actual landing conditions. Forward moves and set-ups are made, until the final objective is gained, maintaining communication by all the various agencies.

Master Technical Sergeant C. M. Petrillo (Communication Chief) is directly in charge. He states he organized a similar unit in the Boxer Rebellion and can make a comparison of every situation that arises with some occasion of that memorial event.

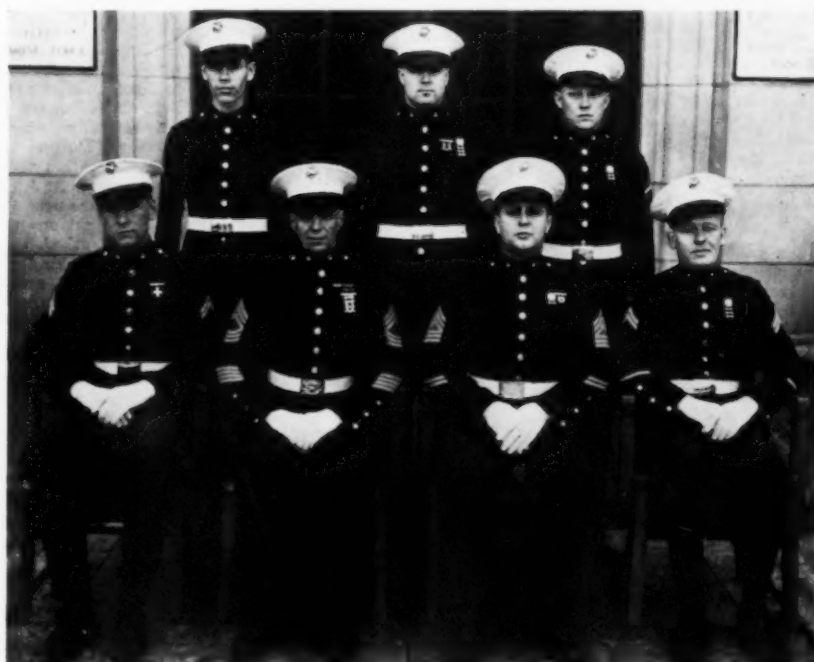
Radio and Visual is in the charge of Ser-

geants J. J. Gillette (Section Chief) and J. W. C. McIntosh. Both of these men are veterans in radio and both have seen quite a bit of service in Asiatic stations. Radio material is aptly handled by Corporal W. H. Atkins. Atkins was radio operator aboard the USS *West Virginia* before coming to this Platoon. Corporal R. C. Harmon, in charge of number one radio set, came to this Platoon from the Second Signal Company. Number two set is captained by Private First Class W. H. Bell, former radio operator on the USS *Indianapolis*. Private First Class H. Ibbetson, coming from the USS *Louisville*, is another first-line radio operator. Private C. F. Betts is a radio operator and can handle a circuit without assistance.

Private First Class P. F. Brandenburg, our storeroom keeper, also manages the Visual and Air Ground communications. He has had service with the First Signal Company and also in China. He is helped in his department by Private H. C. Reifel, who is from the Radio School, Quantico, Virginia.

The Message Center work is handled by Private First Class J. C. Olson, and Privates H. S. Helms and J. R. Courtney. Olson has had duty in China. A great deal of praise is due him in the way he handles his department.

Corporal J. L. Garner, in charge of the



Force Clerical Staff, FMF, San Diego



Grandstand at Parade and Review, M. C. B., San Diego.

telephone section, has done some excellent work in designing and building two portable switchboards which are a great improvement over the standard issue type. The telephone linemen really do the work. They are to be commended highly for the way they string out wire, keeping up telephone communications. The switchboard operators are Privates F. H. Keys, L. J. Williams and W. Varnado. All three are East Coast men from the First Signal Company. Varnado attended the Automatic Telephone School, Bellevue, D. C. Private First Class J. C. Hill is a telegraph operator. He has had duty at Radio Station NPL and at Quantico. Private First Class T. N. McNeil is from Radio Station NAV, Parris Island, S. C. Private First Class L. R. Hingle is another good radio operator and he has also been on Asiatic duty. Private R. S. Leach, formerly of Radio Central, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., is another telegraph operator. Private W. A. Dilworth, from Quantico Radio School and recently from the Second Signal Company, is an assistant operator on one of the field sets. Private S. C. Langille is another telegraph operator and is also from the Quantico Radio School. Privates J. E. Mensch, L. L. Nicholson, J. M. Peacock, and T. E. Belch are telephone linemen. All three are from the East Coast. Private Nicholson also attended the Automobile Telephone School at Bellevue, D. C.

FIRST BATTALION, SIXTH MARINES

Headquarters Company, 1st Bn.
By R. A. Waage

SINCE our return from Camp Kearney Combat Area, Pfc. G. S. Bursell's smile has been much broader, proving that the galley force is doing all right by our Bursell.

Too much Lohengrin put Pvt. Waage's radio off the bunk, to the great pleasure of Pfc. John "Ike" Henderson and Pvt. A. A. Johnson. Robert "Bob-Slug-Mac-Mule" Marvin, who lately disrupted whale boat practice by breaking the oar, is cutting the line pretty close these mornings, but as long as his dogs hold out he'll make it on time.

Pfes. A. B. "Woody" Woodruff, Lyle "Al" Alcumbrack, and Pvt. A. A. Johnson have been playing Rugby as she should be

played, it took lots of energy and they used it to the limit. Pvt. S. J. "Chippy" Chiappetta is getting the ditty-dum-dum-ditty down pat, all this with the able assistance of Cpl. G. W. Johnson and Privs. J. P. Walters, and Roy T. Hill. "Chippy" will be wearing sparks yet.

Pvt. Harvey Hartman has been transferred to the Reserve after sixteen years of service. From all of us good luck to you. Taking his place easy is Cpl. R. H. Courson, late of D Company. Pfc. Edward W. "Frenchy" Laperriere is making more formations every day. Looks like he'll soon be crossing all fingers and wishing mighty hard for the depot by the Frisco waters and bridges. Pvt. G. A. Little might snap in for the job of holding the radio antennae. The idea is that it might speed up the work of the radio gang on those Thursdays.

We understand that Cpl. M. O. "Swede" Lindquist is looking for a new type of dent for his jollipie. But it runs okay because he is still able to return Marvin to the base, and that's what counts. Cpl. Clarence Gentileore is separated from his watch most of the time so don't ask him the time of day, but, like Lloyds of London, he can give you the odds on anything. Pvt. A. V. Dorgan's popularity increases automatically when there is ice cream for dinner. Dorgan is the only one of the younger generation who doesn't crave sweets, but others do. Just look at the gang fighting for a place next to him on the table; there'll be a fight one of these days as to who it was that asked him first. Pvt. C. F. Klugg smokes any kind of cigarette, the only way you can get away from him is to give smoking up yourself and take up Copenhagen.

Cargo nets suspended from the upper deck of the barracks did some shrinking. They reach only half-way to the ground and our tallest being only six feet we can't make both ends meet. The recent rain was the cause of it all and are we glad. The weather man says not to laugh too much or too loud. The very next day it was too hot for comfort . . .

The bunk of Pvt. Charlie Morse will be padded by the Q. M. The medical department will station a corpsmen in the vicinity. He thinks a rubber bunk would be ideal IF we had one in stock. Waage and Dorgan wonder what would happen if a cigar butt were thrown into a bucket of gasoline? Just suppose the Sgt. Maj. couldn't find his office on Monday morning? Just suppose, oh, heck.

COMPANY A, 1ST BATTALION

By Two Bits

After a successful "season" at the Camp Kearney Combat Range, the company returned to the base. Thanksgiving was celebrated on 6 December with Mess Sgt. T. W. Wallace, Jr., supplying all the good things. He and his men excelled themselves both as to quantity and quality. The tables filled to breaking point were in need of extra center supports. The pressure was soon relieved.

The last game of the season was Marines vs. College of Pacific, the latter are the Far West Conference Champions of 1936. The game was held at the City Stadium and for once sport writers were wrong, last year's history did not repeat itself. The Marines held the champs scoreless. "Rountree at the center of the line made five yards"; at another time "Amey made the tackle" would come over the loud speaker. Miller and Harris displaying their wares as never before which kept the A rooters on their feet throughout the last quarter, cheering themselves hoarse. The Marines have the ball, looks like we're going to score but time is against us—if they could have only one more minute, just sixty seconds; but it wasn't to be—there goes the gun, it's all over. Four company players were honored, winning letters of participation. Amongst the 28 "BIG M" winners announced by the team coach were: Lt. Herbert Amey, Jr., Privs. Ross L. Rountree, Rex R. Harris and Gordon R. Miller.

By the way, what does the big M on the red sweater stand for? This was "explained" by Rountree to the complete satisfaction of the inquiring CPO.

After football what next? Why Rugby and nothing else but. A call has been sounded and from the number of former Fourth Marines here material is plentiful. Pfc. E. B. Dunkle, Privs. L. L. Longino, F. J. Misisis, and R. L. Rountree are company candidates for this, the roughest game as played on the Shanghai Race Course.

Cpl. W. H. Johnson now commutes via personal motor car. Pvt. G. H. Rose would like to know how to make one run, most people put gas in the tank and it works. Pfc. D. J. Pitzel transferred himself to the 2nd battalion to get away from Kohs' whistle, now he gets up earlier than he used to; joke's on somebody here. Pvt. W. H. Brogan has at last been titled, and is now known as Sir Menace to Navigation. The title holds good only during boat drill on the bay. No name mentioned but we have a man who requested permission to have his rifle boresighted. He's all at "sea" about it.

Posted: Letter of commendation from Battalion Commander for the splendid appearance and fine performance of the 1st battalion in parade. Credit to whom credit is due. The builders of the handball court evidently failed to secure same sufficiently, it moved unexpectedly, causing Pvt. W. B. Whitney LD status and the MD was credited with one plaster cast now worn on his wrist. In Whitney's place a new guidon bearer had to be appointed, this duty is being performed with distinction by Pvt. L. L. Longino, one of the oldest infers in point of service; he is a charter member you know.

Thought is not father of invention in this case. Pvt. R. G. Mattson insisted that H. M. order was obsolete but the very next day he did the displaying on the field, not once but twice.

Plat. Sgt. Andrew Bertko, Jr., completed the N.C.O. Correspondence Course of the

(Continued on page 57)

SECOND BATTALION, SIXTH MARINES

By G. H. B.

Your Battalion Correspondent having gorged himself on Holiday turkeys over a period of two weeks on furlough, words come but not as thick and fast as past installments have proven. Remember I said eat and drink, but not the bottled variety that almost everyone indulges in on a small scale on New Year's Eve. The spirit was willing but the flesh was very, very weak.

The Battalion's various recreation rooms took on a very "homey" appearance on Christmas Eve, being decorated in Yuletide colors, those colors that remind one of a stop and go signal. A huge Christmas tree filled one corner of the room to overflowing. I half expected, had I not been on furlough, and if I had returned on the Eve to see an immense line of regulation socks hung in neat rows on and around the tree in hopes that Saint Nick, that jolly fellow who comes from away over there, wouldn't forget a gang of hard working Marines. By the weight of the various packages that came both before and after Christmas, not everyone had forgotten the "boys in blue." A sweet consolation, even if the "old man" did you wrong and forgot to stop off at the Base. All in all, I think it was one of the finest holidays that life has been generous enough to offer. Ouch, some one just said turkey!

The whole Battalion is back in full force on this the sixth day of January in the year of Our Lord 1937. Training has resumed from the place it left off before the Holidays called an abrupt halt. The subjects that were being stressed at that time were the Marine Corps Orders No. 113 which deal exclusively with weapons and equipment. Now that we have found out how to use the various implements, we're getting into the depth of them and finding out just why we can use them in each specified fashion. Interesting to say the least. Who ever thought the chamber pressure of a B. A. R. was that high? We all did! Or did we? Quit stalling. The ordinary lay rifleman knows why he can shoot a good score, with position and all taken into consideration, but he doesn't know what makes it possible for him to do it. If he does he's probably a ballistic expert working for a city police force, or maybe he's a G-man! So look at the education you're getting for absolutely nothing at all! So, knuckle down; the soon-

er you "savvy" the better you remember and maybe it will come in handy sometime, especially if you're taking an NCO examination.

Being a one cylinder-brain type of a Pennsylvania "Dutchman," I made it an issue to see this Washington University football team from Seattle, known to all as the "Huskies," tear that celebrated "Panther" from Pittsburgh to shreds. Oh, I beg your pardon, it was just exactly opposite. Not wanting to belittle anybody's football team, but in the Rose Bowl, the Minnesota "Gopher" wouldn't have been safe in his underground retreat. Which only goes to prove, quoting that famed master of gridiron technique, "That a team that won't be beaten, can't be beaten." The boys from the Smoky City were feeling just that way. No, don't throw it, I'll quit. Ouch! If I get out of the sick-bay in time I'll be seeing you next month. Oh, my head!



Maj. Gen. J. H. Pendleton, Retired, and Brig. Gen. D. C. McDougal review the Base troops.

SECOND BATTALION, TENTH MARINES

Headquarters and Service Bty.

WELL, here we come with a grand old feeling of becoming a great big battery. Since the last writing by the scribe, our battery has grown to the almost unbelievable size of twenty-three enlisted and five officers. The scandal hunter thinks it appropriate at this time to introduce and welcome a number of new men who have recently joined our ranks, and in their respective corners, or should we say bunks (by the

way, it's all bunk anyway), we have Corporals Gibson, Godwin, Krebsbach; Field Cooks Butler, Faulkner; Privates First Class Peterson, Thompson; Assistant Cook Parice; Privates Cohen, Harris, Miller and, by the way, we have joined a bugle tooter in this very select outfit, Trumpeter First Class Hagenback. Although he may be able to play his mouth organ to a musical note, we have voted out the call known as reveille. But never, never, "chow bumps," which the battery believes is all that is required of a good music.

Let us stroll around the battery and see if we can scoop up a little scandal right off the skittle. With a few who's who and what's what we ask: Who is the private first class who received a post card the past week (right after a seventy-two) post marked Tiajuana, Mexico, with the very personal salutation "Dear senor," etc., and signed "Senorita Pasquala?" This very same private first class also deposited a small package, which looked for all the world like a ring box, with the Adjutant, Captain Rixey, for safe keeping. We are wondering, Pfc. Who is the enlisted man in this battery who, after a cruise in China, is unsatisfied with the California climate (or is it climate) but is always talking of a trip to Tiajuana? Our battery is looking forward to a grand time in the coming week at the dance next Wednesday at the foot of Broadway, and that reminds the writer, Broadway is calling to him (or is it a redhead) and since this is Christmas, why not? So we bid you Adios, Amigos, until next time.

BATTERY D

Some time in the future, you are going to recall the year of '36 in the Marine Corps. To you it will bring back memories of a tour of duty, and to some, that much less to do on their twenty or thirty years' retirement. Looking back, guard duty at the Base, practice in Imperial Valley and incidents there, are hard to forget. The rifle range and the broken heart you had when you only received 314, and couldn't see the other point for "dust"; and how you worried about it. Then came San Clemente, where the sea breezes certainly play tricks on California sunshine.

"Hightide" Jack, making fishing expeditions and abalone hunting. Two weeks of that and then back to the Marine Base. After a couple of months of "action right" and "action left," came Camp Kearney,



Drum and Trumpet Corps, San Diego.



COMMANDING GENERAL AND STAFF, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Seated, left to right: Lt-Col. T. E. Watson, Commander J. T. Boone, USN; Lt-Col. W. H. Rupertus, Brig-Gen. D. C. McDougla, Commanding General; Col. B. Puryear, Jr.; Lt-Col. H. K. Pickett, Lt-Col. C. I. Murray. Standing: Capt. G. A. Williams, Major R. H. Schubert, Major H. D. Campbell, Lt-Col. J. W. Webb, Major J. T. Smith and 1st Lt. E. B. Games.

and the good old times we had putting up camp. The old commands were, "Aiming point, Nelly's hat, range 5000, No. 2 out," and "End of problem." Lest we forget the "Gunny," "Budda" bringing back a bee-hive which made our stay out there a pleasure. Back to the Base, here we are training again—and a number of the "boys" just returning from furlough.

It must be the California climate, how about it, Herbe? THINGS WE LIKE TO KNOW: Where Peksa takes off to every night? Who is the recipient of all the sweet smelling letters with the gold monograms on them? How about it Binder? Where Ridge and Clay learned to yodel and if they think they can yodel? Why Corporal Bright doesn't want to be a post exchange steward, and the famous last words, "I was the first guy who took her out."

SALVOS FROM BATTERY E

By The Count

Our usual gay greetings must at all costs be observed, even though the mind is dulled by too much Christmas "spirits," and other dubious joys. Our Commanding Officer, Capt. J. H. Stillman, has taken a ten-day leave, and we all wish him a pleasant time. Incidentally, we have at least ten more cannoners who are spending the holidays with relatives and friends, so here's hoping their days are joyous ones. It looks like Gy-Sgt. Charlie Isham has all the sergeants aiming-circle dizzy. At least one of our recent arrivals from Peiping, China, none other than O. B. Wells, has been caught asleep with one. His method of learning is by the inductive system, that is, knowledge is absorbed by seepage. At least that's his story, so you can believe it or not. The battery bridge champs, Corporals Harris and Miller, have met their Waterloo in the persons of "Sleepy Barton" and "Slap 'em" Carpenter, these gentlemen took over the "chumps" to the tune of seventeen thousand points. Not bad for just a couple of upstarts. While we're rambling along, mention might be made of our gridiron heroes, Hal Tracy, and "Honk Honk"

Franklin, who will leave us in the near future. The former will go to Mare Island, and the Honker will go back to the farm where he can roam at will bare footed. Maybe there'll be a little quiet and peace now. Our "Wall-eyed-pike" A—N, has at last been caught up with; after a secret and systematic check up of his innumerable exploits, "G" man Ekern has at last been able to make a conservative guess of A—N's age as nearing the century mark. That doesn't include two years of professional baseball, etc. Lloyd, our company brains, is walking around with a light head and leaden feet, all on account of a sweet thing, and a monogrammed cigarette case. New arrivals to join our battery since our last literary splurge are: Crisp, Fike, Jenkins, Monath, Andrew, Judd, Baugh, Abbott, Bookout, Davies, Dew Farthing, Horn, Lohff, Mason, Stapleton, and Wotring. A fine addition to our battery and we sure can use them. First Sergeant Moberly's stooge, Corporal Baker, has decided to honor us with his presence for another three months. Steward, who is convalescing at the Mare Island hospital, has been transferred to the navy yard there for duty. Fred Astaire would have blushed with shame, if he could have seen Farnham tripping the light fantastic at Allen's. Some of his victims were not so pleased. But we all learn in time. It looks like Ted "Curly-top" Cottun has become a permanent fixture at the Tip-Top. What's the attraction? "Wind, rain and storm, may come and go, but whale-boat drill will go on forever," so Jason, our would be coxswain says. Some one remarked that he was "The world's worst coxswain." Knowing him well, I agree with the slam, but there is hope, I guess?

Out of our new arrivals a new crop of gunners are sprouting. Some of them take to sights like ducks to water. Maybe that's why 1st Lt. D. Weller, our battery executive officer, is walking around with that pleased expression on his face. Well, we're not bragging, but we think our battery is the best in the west. Why even baby face Cruise will tell you that. Pardon me, folks, but the aiming circle calls me. I've been trying to find that animal known as the "Obliquity Factor," but it's been eluding me, but as all ramblings must end there's no time like the present, so Buenos Dias.

BATTERY G, 155MM GUNS

By E. W. Hepford

Christmas, from the standpoint of pugilism, was rather tame, for up to the present time no one has received a black eye as a Christmas present. During the Thanksgiving recess time dragged more noticeably, but with the addition of a recreation department in the battery, the *esprit de corps* has been balanced by the means of checkers, chess, and the old reliable, acy-ducy. The battery is really appreciative of the Post Exchange bequest as the continued use would suggest.

Duty still calls in much the same way in spite of the holiday atmosphere which is indeed, proper. Washington himself took advantage of the British celebration of the Yuletide, and crossed the icy Delaware to offer surprises to their Christmas party. Following in tradition, we find our sentries walking post, typewriters pounding (include me in that), bugles sounding, messmen scrubbing, etc. In fact, it is never all quiet.

The humorous incident for the month which, like all comedy, has another side less pleasant, involves a supposedly valuable ring. A certain private from the business-like section of New England, many times referred to as a cultural center, happened upon another of the same rank, only less fortunate in background, polishing his ring. The question of liberty led to one thing and another which brought on a hasty bargain that even necessitated a slight loan to seal the bargain. The diamond even cut glass, but mysteriously fell out washing which placed doubt concerning the 14 karat marking in the mind of the speculator. Tests revealed a complete swindle. The moral of this story might be centered about loving thy neighbor, but don't buy his jewelry if you are sure of a bargain.

We might go on and mention other things, but saving some dope for the new year might be caution worthwhile just in case nothing happens.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY

By Duff and Jake

Another month rolls by, so it's time to write up the low-down on the personnel of Battery F.

On December twenty-second, everyone had the opportunity of seeing old friends from Quantico, Va. A few companies came via the USS *Henderson*. Battery F is host to about sixty men. We are glad to have them with us but it spoils the boys' Saturday night square dances in the lower squad room. Before the guests arrive the third platoon had sole access to the lower squad room. Every Saturday night they would get the barn dance program over the radio and have a real time dancing the grapevine twist, promenades and swinging their partners. Pierpont Moody did the calling.

We had instruction in artificial respiration in school today to demonstrate how to revive a man when he's out. Everyone should learn how to go through the paces with New Year's Eve close at hand.

Christmas has come and gone for the year of 1936. It was a nice Christmas but most of us missed the good old snow that is so necessary for a Christmas. A few who had an uncle or aunt on this coast spent the holidays with them. The remainder of the battery made good use of the holiday routine and rested their weary bones.

A great many packages were received here at Christmas time. Cigarettes, cakes, candies and nuts filled most of the Yuletide packages, but "Honest Abe" Tucker received the cutest suit of blue, pink and

(Continued on page 58)

BASE SERVICE BATTALION

By Marvin D. Andrews

This being the second time this month that your correspondent has endeavored to pound out something for our beloved magazine, and in view of the fact that I had what I considered to be a masterpiece manufactured, and then some ornery blank-blank so and so came along and swiped the thing, I am writing this with frothy whiskers and flaming nostrils. But, as Caesar said as he tossed the four-bit piece in the air one memorable morning, and it fell into the Rubicon and floated to the other side, "I guess that settles that." So here goes:

Our worst news is that we have lost our boon companion and staunch friend, Corporal Herman A. (Brainy) Brazke, who has been transferred to the Virgin Islands. Why they sent *Brazke* there we cannot figure out, unless by some remote possibility he went there to work in the Pay Office. We expect to hear from Hoiman as soon as he lands.

Captain Blanton has been detached to the Recruit Depot where he holds forth as Mess and Property Officer, and still hangs on to his regular job of Recreation Officer. We miss him.

First Sergeant Johnson B. Hill, in addition to his other duties, is now our Acting Sergeant Major. He is doing well at the job, and I predict that someday the "acting" part will come off, and Hill will make a good full-fledged Sergeant Major.

We haven't had a real live sergeant major for sometime—not since our old friend Harry A. Ervin retired last February. I do not want to be misconstrued, my friends, we have had only *acting* ones. First Sergeant Pyne, our last incumbent, is awaiting transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, Class II (d).

Captain Ralph W. Luce has returned to us from special temporary duty as Judge Advocate of a general court-martial, and now commands the Headquarters Company, the Casual Company, and does practically anything and everything there is to do, because we haven't enough officers to go around, there being only Captain Max Cox at the present time, in addition to Captain Luce, and he (Captain Cox) has a hand on the Mess and another teaching the boys MCO 113 (formerly 41) during his and their spare time.

Private First Class P. O. G. Northeross is getting fatter and fatter. You know, when a fellow begins to throw out his chest and scream to the high heavens that he lost a pound, you can just figure that he will soon be in the fat man class, or else he already is. However, avoidpoups doesn't keep Northeross from being one of the best message center men around these parts, and when I say that I mean it.

Corporal Charles Ellsworth (Bonus) Brown, who holds down the files in the Battalion Office, has been reclining on his bunk quite a bit. It is presumed that he is resting up for the activities of the coming year.

Wedding bells have recently rung again in this outfit, and the parade ground is littered with the cigar butts commemorating the union of our star stenographer, Private First Class Richard J. Zenger, and one belle of Arizona, by name to the relator unknown prior to the happy affair. We wish with all our hearts that Zenger will enjoy his married life to a ripe old age. Knowing Zenger as we do we feel that for our part (and in view of the fact that we haven't met his wife) that a reversal is in order and we therefore congratulate the lucky girl.

SECOND CHEMICAL COMPANY, SECOND MARINE BRIGADE

By "Butch"

According to the Informer, who sees all, hears all and tells all, I managed to get the low-down on the Gas-house Gang and their activities during the past month.

Cpl. "Butch" Carter, who recently went "b'ar hunting" up in them thar hills of Washington, only to find that it was a closed season, returned to duty at the expiration of his furlough and proudly stated that he had added fourteen pounds avoidpoups to his mid-ship. Just watch him waddle back from chow three times a day and you'll wonder why he doesn't rock himself to sleep trying to get out of his bunk in the mornings.

A change or two has taken place since our last contribution in that we find Pvt. R. C. Leftwich transferred to NAD Hawthorne, Nevada. Best of luck, "Lefty," and may health and happiness be yours at your new station. As a replacement for "Lefty" we find on our rolls the name Pvt. R. C. Harlan, one of California's native sons.

There must be quite a few good-looking nurses up at the Naval Hospital judging from the way the Gassers have been flocking up there of late. Pvts. Beavers, Griffin and Hughes have returned to duty and Asst-Cook



Charley Weidt decided to gain admittance, so seek a solution to the puzzle.

Cpl. Jack "Tiger Woman" Collins will have taken upon himself the strain of another cruise by the time this goes to the press. By the way, "Tiger Woman," who bit that piece out of your lip? The Informer tells me that a certain corn-fed blonde down at Pete's looks rather carnivorous to him. Can it be—well I never—Oh well, live and learn.

Some of the Gassers took it upon themselves to go down town and watch for Santa Claus on Xmas eve. "Buck" Molloy threw an acy-duey just before mid-night and kept "Butch" Bradley and "Puffy" Ruth so busy looking after him that they too were not present at the festivities, and little "Buck" just cried and cried.

A certain company clerk is for once overflowing with smiles and no wonder. I heard a horn toot in front of the barracks the other day, so being of a suspicious nature, I looked out to see who it was and lo and behold—there was the "Red-head." I guess there is a Santa Claus or is it love? I wonder.

The only thing that kept "Red" Hughes and his side kick Wykle from buying a car the other day was the lack of the required finances. The only one I've seen who gets along without money is "Wimpy" Whaling. He has mastered the art of paying a dollar down and a dollar when they catch him. So far he is doing all right by himself, but there will come a day (P. S. He hasn't been caught yet).

Sgt. Alsop, our property sergeant, is handling our equipment in a very efficient manner. While other property sergeants are running around in circles, Al goes about his assignments just as cool, calm and collected as a contented heifer in a field of clover. (Boy, I ought to rate a beer on that one.)

"Babe" Buith, the personality kid from New Joisey, has taken "Stooge" Kramer under his wing as his protegee in the art of fisticuffs. Take a tip from me, "Stooge," and don't ever let "Babe" land one on you. If that should happen, the only thing that would be left of you would be the spot on which you stood.

And just what was Flossie Hurst, our web-footed friend from Mississippi, doing down town the other night in company of "Red" Hughes? I happened to see Slug Marvin snooping around the barracks the other day, and it just made me curious. Did I hear somebody say something about the streets being wet and it wasn't even raining?

By this time next month we will be gassing the "L" out of Kelly. I don't mean our Top, John B. Kelly, but the grand old character of the Irish ditty.

RIFLE RANGE, MCB, SAN DIEGO

This is our first letter after Leap Year, 1936, Mr. Broadcaster, and as we hammer the old Underwood to turn out this page or two we are wishing a belated "Happy and Prosperous New Year to You All." May the circulation of *THE LEATHERNECK* jump higher than ever during the coming twelve months.

Christmas Day was observed quietly on the Rifle Range. The galley and mess hall force turned out an appropriate repast with all the extras, Chief Cook Thomas L. Mendoza and Mess Corporal John F. Graves supervising its preparation.

We started the New Year off with some new resolutions, of course. Master Gunnery Sergeant Thomas J. Jones, the ace shot of the 1936 Marine Corps rifle team, has some ideas in mind for his School Range and staff of coaches which may bring startling results in qualification. We couldn't pry loose any advance dope but look for a surprise or two soon. Sgt. Marc C. Belon, one of the coaches, has declared his intention of keeping up the daily workouts on the handball court during '37. Sgt. Cecil J. Rogers signed up for another four years. Pfc. Nathan ("Pop") Conyers, our truck driver, has resolved to keep the old Cadillac in condition for any sudden necessary speed runs to the aid of fair damsels in need of escorts hither and thither. And Pvt. Robert L. Collins, Jr., who recently returned from a stay in the Naval Hospital, San Diego, has resolved to do no more time, at least during the coming year, sick abed.

Platoon Sergeant Edmund T. English announced the arrival of a baby girl on December 23. Mrs. English was reported as doing fine. English is one of our busy men of the range, handling the statistical end of the range office clerical duties. Congratulations. Old Scroogie, the range grouch, has expressed sympathies. This baby girl makes the fourth girl of the English family.

Cpl. Roy Thurston, Cpl. Robert Stewart and Pfc. George Foote, Jr., have arrived from sea duty to take up coaching on the school range. Pvt. Edward E. Frazier, formerly of Destroyer Base, is one of the new messmen in the galley force. Pvts. Cecil A. Smith and David K. Stuhlsatz are newcomers also. Pfc. Frank E. Pick has arrived from the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, to take over the Post Exchange branch on the range. (Continued on page 58)



ORIENTED NEWS FROM THE SECOND BATTALION

BY L. GUIDETTI

HERE we are again with a little news from distant shores. Our feature that was started when this correspondent took over the reins, continues, and so we start with:

E COMPANY

For the past month the general gist of conversation was "Are you making the Boat?" and as there were twelve men from this organization due to make the boat, there certainly was plenty to talk about. Most of the boys were very glad to leave here and get back on good old U. S. A. soil once again, as this being their first time that they were away from home; but to the old timers who have been here before, they just hated to leave this Paris of the Orient, and I can't say as I blame them. We expect to see some of them back in the not too distant future.

On the 20th of the month two members of this organization were promoted, Pfc. John J. Paisley being promoted to Cpl., and Pvt. Francis J. Hess being promoted to Pfc. I know all friends of these men are glad to see two excellent men rewarded for their fine efforts in the good old MC. The former is an athlete of some note, having been the regular third baseman on the 2nd Battalion baseball team that won the Regimental Championship, the Company Basketball team

claims him as their mainstay. Paisley, until just before his promotion, was holding down a job at the Race Course Branch of the Enlisted men's club as cashier, but was relieved by Pvt. Mooney upon his promotion so as to take up his duties with the company and also to display his wares in his new rank.

Cpl. A. T. Hicks fired on the 4th Marines Rifle Team in the Bronze Medal Matches of the Shanghai Rifle Association, placing 6th for his efforts. Having known Hicks for some time, I might say that he is an old hand at this firing game and much is expected from this man in the near future.

Our Company at present is commanded by that old time rifle and pistol shot, Capt. I. M. Bethel, of Camp Perry Fame.

COMPANY F

And now you hear from another organization of this high and mighty Battalion and one that bids fair to be the best in the Regiment, standing mighty high in all drills and instructions and also athletics.

Included in the wave of promotion that has hit this battalion in the past month was Pvt. Lodes who was promoted to the rank of Pfc., with congratulations from all his buddies in the Corps.

Our company is still commanded by Capt. Shaughnessy, with Lieutenants Bierman and Cushman as able assistants.

COMPANY H

After the usual Walla Walla we rather dejectedly consented to give you men of the Corps the news and happenings of our company way out here in the heart of the Orient. So let's turn back the clock of time and see just what has been going on.

Up to date every man of the company now knows what it is like to be behind a blasting stuttering machine gun, for several weeks ago the second platoon (all new men) braved the wind and rain to gain some knowledge of what a "Typer" will do. Taking into consideration that it was the initial go for each man, the older men of the company were justly proud of the excellent work exhibited by our understudies.

Now that sister summer is a vague memory of the past and old man winter with Jack Frost came rapidly in to take her place, we pass our time away by sitting around the fires eating peanuts.

As Mexico has her dull seasons so do we. Tall tales are in order for the day. We don't ask anyone to believe them. Who would? Anyway the peanuts are tasty.

On the twenty-eighth of December the USS *Chaumont* departed from these shores of China land undergoing the tedious return trip to the land of the free. In its hold are as fine a staff of NCO's we ever had the pleasure of knowing. All of whom are ex-H Company men whose work was of a high caliber and distinctly unchallenged. They are: Gy. Sgt. Lou Diamond, Sgts. Pilcher, Mink, Terry, Hast, Haynes, Yarrow and Cpls. Berlin, Willingham, LaBeaux, Musgrove and Weber.

In the entire company many colds have broken out, thus slowing up the progress but otherwise all is well. Pvt. Apodaca and Pvt. "Dutch" Vulgamore, the new laundry man, seem to be the athletic stars of the first platoon, being second and third only to 2nd Lt. Nickerson, a former Boston University star. These three men aided the Regimental football team to defeat the Shanghai Civilian "Wild-Cats" (Wild Cats, Bah!) by the overwhelming score of 38-0 on the much celebrated turkey day.

The second platoon has long since rounded into shape with 2nd Lt. Houser and Sgt. Pilcher at the helm. Many men of this platoon are new to the service, but to hear one talk you would think they were old timers.

Red Foster of the Second Platoon found his football season to be one of briefness. As the season got under way he sprained his ankle which brought his playing to a close. Glad to see you back to duty now, Foster.

A very popular man about the company in the form of Pvt. G. S. Courtney has at last departed these shores to go aboard the USS *Augusta* to see some more of this part of the world. Can't blame him though, only one lifetime you know. The briny deep takes its toll. This time it has taken Tpr. W. A. Patera, Pfc. W. Haynes and Doc Atkins. These men will be sorely missed as they were good men and highly capable of going a long way in the service.

The honors for the company promotions of the past month fall on a man of our fourth platoon or the Howitzer Platoon and the third also. Corporal J. C. Musgrove gained his rating from Pfc. several weeks ago. On the same date Pfc. W. R. Brewton, the third platoon crack machine gunner, was promoted from private to said rank.

Mike, the company mascot, has completely deserted us for the Athletic Squadron. Hoping we have covered everything of interest, we bring this to a close with "Just watch our smoke next month."



Company H on the Hongkew Range, Shanghai.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

By "Joe" Fieseler

Just a little of thisa and thata and lo and behold, you have a column.

There is a lot of chin-chinning and walla-wallaling going on these days. That peer of Naval Transports, the USS *Chaumont*, sailed with thirteen ex-goldbricks of this organization aboard. Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind? Nay, nay, my friends. The good old outside will see some of them, others will add on another hunger stripe. Good luck to all, let's cheek 'em off. First we have Sgt. Maj. Otto Roos, who is going into the FMCR. Then Sgt. Frank McClendon, the map maker and assistant Bn-4 and so on, Cpl. "Snake" Smith of the Gordon Road Enlisted Men's Club, Cpl. "Toots" Tubiek of rugby, swimming, and soft-ball fame, Cpl. Hugh Jolley, handball trickster, Cpl. "Are-you-waiting" Pavelko, Pfc. Stith of the Race Course Branch, Enlisted Men's Club, and our ACE soft-ball pitcher, Pfc. Huckaby, our dot and dash expert, Pfc. "Indian" Click, ace forward of the regimental basketballers, Pvt. "Myrt" Chronister, the sleepest man in the fightin' Fourth, and all around company and Battalion athlete except in acy-ducy, Pvt. Palmerlee, Don Juan extraordinary, Pvt. Campbell, 5 and 10 man, PX to you, and last but not least, that man of the people, but don't ask me what people, Pvt. C. C. "Musels" Wasson, Athletic Storeroom Keeper, pillar of the church, and Sloe-Gin (other people's) guzzler of the first water. He is also Mike, the Battalion Mascot's boss, but we believe that the dog is a little ashamed of the fact. Perhaps it is because he has to lead "Musels" home from the Club so often.

Speaking of home-goers, take the tailors. They are the other side of the story. Or maybe we haven't any story, and perhaps we won't take the tailors, seeing as how they have only been taking us for quite a period of time. Plenty of "MEX" appeal, but too many Fongs and Chens. Anyhoo, well just anyhoo.

Greetings and salutations to the ex-second Battalion Salts. "Blood Alley" and St. George's are calling to you. Come ye back, American Gyrene, come ye back to old Shanghai. The cups are filled to overflowing and the girls are pining to dance.

Well, well and well. Enough is enough. Times a'fleeitin', so "All ashore that's going ashore." See all you-uns next month.

MISC:

At the last Battalion Parade our Col. Price presented the following cups:

1. 4th Marines Playground Ball Trophy, won by this battalion for 1935-36.
2. The McGregor Cup—Inter-Bn. Baseball Trophy, won also by this battalion for 1935-36.
3. The Shanghai Mercury Trophy—Basketball—Won by H Co., 1935. Hq. Co., 1936.
4. 4th Marines Playground ball trophy—Inter-Co.—Won by Hq. Co. for 1936.
5. Inter-Bn. Handball trophy—Won by the 2d Battalion for 1935-36.

In addition to the above the Second Battalion has the following cups won in competition throughout the Regiment:

1. Inter-Bn. Volleyball trophy for 1936.
2. Inter-Bn. Swimming trophy—Challenge Cup—for 1936.
3. Inter-Bn. Tennis trophy for 1936.
4. Low Down Polo Championship—Won by E Co., 1935, F Co., 1936. (Presented by the Local Navy Y.M.C.A.)
5. 4th Marines Annual Platoon Competition—Combat efficiency, Rifle Platoons—Won by 1st Platoon, E Company, 1936.



Colonel Price Presents S. R. A. Challenge Cup.

6. Mercury Press Baseball trophy for 1936.

7. Inter-Bn. Basketball trophy for 1936.
8. Gande Challenge Cup for Track and Field—Won by this Battalion for 1935, not competed for in 1936.

All the above cups were won in competition by this battalion or companies in this battalion, having lost only one cup for the ensuing year and that in Rugby. Some record, I should say, for any Battalion. That is why we call it the Mighty Second.

SHANGHAI'S MOTORIZED MARINES

By Lynn D. Sloat

The old promotions have been going around the "4th" lately. Former Pfc. Dean F. Witoski was promoted to corporal on the 20th of December. Private Stephen H. Brecht's 5th class specialist was revoked and he was rated specialist 4th class for duty as mechanic. George P. Dean was rated specialist 5th class as motorcycle rider and Rego H. Orell received his specialist 5th for truckdriver last month.

Now that the old G. M. C.s are "at rest," we can take a deep sigh of relief. The last of them were made refugees the first of the month. The "Wobblies" are the next to rest in pieces by the blow-torch method. Two have disappeared in the past two months.

You should see some of the drivers cleaning and polishing their new Internationals (Model of 1931). Corron shined his up for last C. O.'s inspection and showed off to the quarters to change clothes. The inspecting office came along and found Corron's truck all wrapped up in rags like a Missourian with a cold. My, my! The trucks are looking newer and newer every day.

Arthur Ashley Doughty's girl friend (nationality unknown) tied two of the cutest pink ribbons in his hair. One on each side, mind you!

Jack Hoff, the company's famed *Walla Walla* artist, was seen going to his home on Moscow Boulevard, with his laundry, and in a ricksha, at that! Upon his arrival home, he nonchalantly shoved off and left said laundry in said ricksha. The puller called to him, but John Devere supposed the puller wanted cumsha. My what cumsha, eh, Jack?

Those who are about to enjoy the most spectacular spectacle of good old Uncle Sam are: Platoon Sergeant Patrick K. Woodward, Corporals Paul Gladchenko, of *Walla Walla* cartoon fame; Robert A. Smith, the chubby chief mechanic; Dean F. Witkoski, the RQM's "left" hand driver; Private First Class William E. Martin, M. T. Co.'s gift to the commissary truck; Privates John H. Adams, M. P. bus driver, with a knack for offering free rides; Robert W. Bolton, the only man who can conceal a motorcycle in one sitting; Henry M. Hargrove, (?), Homer E. Hill, hello baby, for the transport; John D. Hoff, of *Walla Walla* cartoonist fame; Gwendol MacDonald, staff car "gizz"; Donald I. McReynolds, incognito; Rego H. Orell, ask the boys in M. T. about him; Nicholas F. Sardo, ex-bandman with mechanical ambitions; Lynn D. Sloat; (censored); Vernon R. Underwood, motorcycle rider, extra-ordinary; and last but not least is Gail F. Woodard.

SERVICE COMPANY

By W. B. Ramsey

Your reporter, having just assumed the responsibilities of the job, arrived here in Shanghai just a little over three months ago, when the *Henderson* made her last call, therefore he has no worries about a change of station for some time to come.

The Service company again received a promotion from the many that have been forthcoming in the past two months. This time, Pfc. Leonard J. Hatling was the recipient of the promotion to the rank of Corporal, regular warrant. We hope Corporal Hatling continues his climb to the top of the ladder.

We have some new men in the company breaking in on jobs in various places. First Sergeant Nicholas M. Grieco has taken the job as personnel Sergeant Major and from all indications he will do as good a job as he did in Nicaragua.

The other men joining are Privates Wilson J. Acord, John J. Coreoran, Blaine B. Bryant, Marvin D. Free, Edward D. Kennedy, Frank H. Saitta, Lewis C. Wilson, and William F. Winger. These men all joined from other companies in the regiment.

We should have a fair story for you next month, with the addition of a few more new faces and personalities in the company.



Company H, Fourth Marines, Shanghai

Photo by Banns

COMPANY A

By Cook

Co. A comes to the front with some interesting news from the Orient. We are now waiting in anticipation of catching, or missing the next boat, as the case may be. After having been away from the good old U. S. A. for so long it will be a great treat to see the old home again. After this boat leaves, there will have been a complete turn-over.

Zirkle, the mascot of the company, has a new blanket, it is enough to put any dog in Shanghai to shame. He sports two hash marks and Pfc. Chevrons and it won't be long till he has corporal chevrons on. He (the dog) has a new playmate now, a deer; no, not a sweetheart, but a real deer. Captain Lunigan brought her down from Nanking after a hunting trip and presented her to Corporal Whitmarsh, our erstwhile police sergeant. Zirkle took to the deer and now they are so friendly that everyone in town wants a picture of a dog and a deer playing together.

At present there is a new small bore range in the battalion, which is situated next to the company. This means that we should have a lot of practice in the future. If I don't miss my guess Company A will give the Asiatics some real scores at which to shoot.

B COMPANY NEWS

By "Beeco"

"Short timers—sound off" seemed to be the word hereabouts, when the sailing list came out and the *Chaumont* was getting closer every day. Among the "notables" going back were "Ski" Lenkoski, the "Champ" of the Orient, who industriously worked to fill up his scrap book. He received enough material when he fought Giometti on the 19th of December, his last fight in China. Others are Simmons, the No. 1 Laundry Cheeker, Cpl. Hatch, who is returning to attend Preparatory School, Cpl. Gzelinski, Pfc. Armentrout, our No. 1 baseball pitcher, Cpl. Beardsley, and Pvt. Grant. All in all, we seem to be losing quite a few "Key men."

The sailing list also brought a couple of sour faces. Pvts. "Bull" Benson and Anderson are becoming the principal "stokers" of B Company because they've got to start counting the days all over again.

The itinerary of the "Hendy Maru" is the main news subject now.

Captain Olsen left for the States on November 12, and Lieutenant Cooper has taken the post of Company Commander. The way to prove that we are behind him, we suppose, would be to win the Haines Trophy, and stand straight. B Company is sure that the beat will be done.

Thanksgiving was passed very satisfactorily. The dinner filled our stomachs; the football game our lungs, with cheers, and the Regimental Hop, no doubt, filled our shoes—with bunions, etc. All in all, a great day. B Company's football players, including Lt. Cooper, Pvts. Rhymes, Glenn, Burt, and Robie, helped to beat the Shanghai Civilians 38 to 0 (yes—zero). A great game.

It's getting pretty cold around these parts lately and drilling in overcoats and gloves is no more a novelty, it's a necessity. The room boy makes the weather more trying by leaving the fire go out at night, and building it up to red heat during the day. Walking around town has lost any attraction it had, and we stay in and listen to the peanut shells cracking. Yes, the squad room or the Club is the best place now. But the spring will come, just like the "next boat."

We'll see you again next month; in the meantime—so long.

D COMPANY BURSTS

By William M. Carter

Comin' at yuh fella's and trying to put over the fact that although we may be unknown to LEATHERNECK readers, we've been right in there pitchin'.

Corporal "Skee" Moleski has been really squeezing 'em off lately at the Shanghai Rifle Association matches and bringing home the bacon in the form of trophies. If he can only keep 'em out of hock he'll always have something for the mantelpiece. "Battling" Jones, Regan and Landreth are slinging mitts with plenty of vim and vigor. Jones came through with a win the other night in his first fight. Nice goin', Keed! "Dago Red" Frank has missed a lot of night life in the past month, but he'll make up for lost time if I know Red. Sgt. Hogan teaches the finer points of volley ball every afternoon. His pupils are very enthusiastic and some day will undoubtedly make names for themselves in the volleyball world. Schwalbe

made Corporal while Dzurink, Compton and Karns went up the ladder to Pfc. Congratulations, fellows, and hang on to those hard earned stripes. Frear, the killer, is still shadow boxing. He has yet to beat his opponent.

By the time this breaks into print many of the lads will be aboard the *Chaumont* bound for home. We wish you all the luck in the world, and best of liberties.

Cold weather is here so until later I'm hibernating. Goom-bye please!

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Fourth Marines

By James N. Hamil

The thing that is uppermost in the minds of a number of the men in Headquarters Company Fourth is where they will be stationed after they land on the welcome shores of the U. S. A. It will be quite a job to replace some of these men who have earned for themselves a place in the organization of the regiment.

A few promotions were handed out during the past month bringing joy and celebration to Headquarters Company. The first promotion of the month was when William H. Walling, USN, attached to the company was promoted from PhM3c to PhM2c. This promotion took effect early in the month. The only other promotion came when the company "clown," runner, and what-have-you, was promoted from private to private first class. Clyde E. Jennings was the recipient of this second promotion in the company.

Joinings in the company included a new Communication Officer for the Fourth Marines, Captain Maxwell W. Mizell. The new Com-officer joined from the Marine Detachment, American Embassy, Peiping, China. He replaced Captain Hough who held down that trusted position for several months and who enjoyed the friendship and fellowship of many officers and enlisted men outside of his jurisdiction as well as that of every man under his command. We welcomed the new with open arms while saying goodbye to the old. We hope both officers have a very pleasant tour of duty at their new stations.

We received several new men in the company when the *Chaumont* arrived late in December. Just what or who they will be and what they can or cannot do, we will let you know in our next letter.

FOURTH MARINES' ACTIVITIES

Regimental Officers' Dinner Dance

By Chaplain Frank R. Hamilton

Nearly every officer in the Regiment was present at the Dinner Dance held in the American Club the evening following Thanksgiving, when officers and their ladies dined and danced the excellent music of the Fourth Marines Orchestra. The Club ballroom furnished a perfect setting for the affair, which served to observe in social manner the Thanksgiving Season, and to welcome to the Regiment the new Commanders of the First and Second Battalions, Lt. Colonels Harold C. Pierce and Roswell Winans.

Following the dinner and preceding the dancing, Colonel Charles F. B. Price, Commanding Officer of the Fourth Marines, addressed the officers and ladies present, expressing the hope that the occasion might be but the forerunner of several similar get-togethers for the winter season. Arrangements for the evenin's dinner and dance were in the capable hands of Major M. B. Curtis.

Regimental Dance Farewell to Home-Going Detail

The Fourth Marines observed the Thanks-

giving time with a Regimental Ball held in the famous Astor House Hotel on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, which was in the nature of a farewell to men in the Regiment going to the States on the *Chau-mont*.

An excellent floor show was presented, with the some 700 people present dancing to the music of the Palace Hotel Orchestra. The Astor House Hotel furnished a perfect setting for the affair, and all hands voted it the best in Regimental hops. Much credit is due the Committees who worked to make the Thanksgiving Ball one of the high-lights of the Regiment's social program.

Fourth Marines Forum

One of the outstanding efforts in the Regiment is the Friday Night Forum held in the Recreation Hall of the Second Battalion, where the men are privileged to hear some of the outstanding authorities on Chinese life and customs.

Recent speakers at the Forum have been Mr. L. V. Arnildov, Editor of the Shanghai Zaria, outstanding Russian newspaper, Dr. O'Hara of St. Luke's Hospital, Mr. G. Findlay Andrew, Public Relations Man with a large Shanghai British shipping concern, and Mr. Lowe Chuan-Hua, speaking on the work of the China International Famine Relief Commission.

The latest addresses were given by Mr. T. Y. Chang, Secretary to the Mayor of the Municipality of Greater Shanghai, speaking on the new model Civic Centre Development in Shanghai, and Mr. Harry Cheng, Boys' Work Secretary of the National YMCA Committee for China, recently returned from a trip through North China, who spoke of the recent fighting in Suiyuan.

A sing-song by the men present, and special musical features added to the attraction of these gatherings; the latest musical innovation was a Hawaiian Quintet, playing melodies from the "Paradise of the Pacific."

Sightseeing Party in Shanghai

Following an address at the Forum on the New Civic Centre development for the City of Greater Shanghai by Mr. T. Y. Chang, Secretary to the Mayor of the Municipality, a party of Marines were privileged on Wednesday

afternoon, 16 December, to visit the new buildings in this development of what promises to be a model city. Some of the new structures visited included a huge new stadium, a beautiful library, an administration building of distinctive Chinese pagoda design, and the new Aviation building.

The party was under the supervision of the Regimental Chaplain and spent the afternoon in sightseeing, guided by Mr. Chang personally. These short mid-week trips enable men in the Regiment to become better acquainted with Chinese life.

Fourth Marines Christmas

Carrying on a tradition inaugurated several years ago, the Regiment this year again supported an ambitious Christmas program. The Enlisted Men's Clubs furnished a Christmas Dinner for the Chinese Christian Blind Institute, while a fund derived from collections at the Fourth Marines Church in the Grand Theatre supplemented by a contribution from the Officers' Club furnished a real Merry Christmas to the St. Faith's Settlement in Shanghai, an institution which harbors and rears foundling and orphan children.

Each Company in the Regiment assumed responsibility for furnishing at least two Christmas baskets for needy families connected with the Regiment or the Naval Service. The response was so generous that other needy families in Shanghai not connected with the Service benefited by the Companies' generosity. Representatives of each Company played Santa Claus, distributing the baskets of food and clothing on Christmas Day.

The Regimental Observance of the Christmas tide centered about the Christmas Service in the Grand Theatre on Sunday morning, 20 December, with a special Christmas Message by Chaplain Frank R. Hamilton. A noted soprano soloist of the city, Madame Pavlo, was the guest artist for the Service. A Christmas Concert followed the Service, rendered jointly by the combined Bands of the British Loyal Fusiliers and the Fourth Marines. In the evening of Christmas Sunday, Chaplain Hamilton spoke at a Home-side Service in the Navy YMCA which preceded the Celebration of Christmas Communion.

RADIO PEIPING

By Paul Watson

Beginning with this issue, *Radio Peiping* will attempt to establish itself in the world of letters. The present contributor has no idea of how long *Radio Peiping* has been out of print, but will do the best he can by the old station. He hopes to keep this a regular monthly feature. This is a warning.

With that thought in mind, this initial article is in the manner of an introduction of the personnel of *Radio Peiping* to you.

Technical Sergeant William Nelson is a keyman and is the NCO in charge of the radio station. Among other things, Nelson directs the activities of the personnel, copies Russian weather reports and weather. Ask him about his operation.

Technical Sergeant Albert Gernert aids and abets the operators of the fourth section, in the capacity of supervisor. Will somebody define for Al the difference between the "F" and "I" methods?

Engineer-in-chief and in charge of transmitter room operations is the position held and functioned by Technical Sergeant Lee E. Dimter. Quite capable, too, is the understanding.

Baldpate Number One, Sergeant John Webber, besides being quite a liberty hound, now and then takes time out to be supervisor for the second section. He also assists in copying weather, when he can't get out of so doing.

Sergeant Lawrence J. Hydrick, Baldpate Number Two, performs duties similar to that of Webber. In addition, during the past season he was captain of the post baseball team. Incidentally, the post team won the North China Baseball Championship.

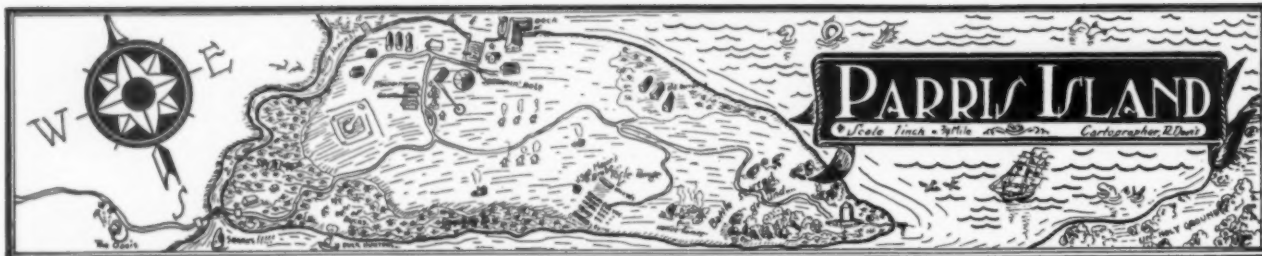
This man needs no introduction, being so well known in practically all parts of the world, where there are any Marines. Corporal Charlie J. Wertman, man of parts, Bellevue graduate, one-time radio, San Francisco, etc., has done some materiel work around the station, and very much more operating. Charlie is going to Shanghai.

Corporal William Cecil Moore, communication clerk, wants to be an operator. Is it possible? Maybe he will get a chance.

(Continued on page 60)



Annual Basket Supper, Community Church, Shanghai.



NEW YEAR'S DANCE was held in the Post Lyceum on December 31, 1936, from 9:00 P. M. to 1:00 A. M. At 10:00 P. M., there was a Grand March led by Brigadier General J. T. Buttrick and Mrs. Glenn R. Nichol, with about one hundred couples taking part. After the Grand March, the following officers, enlisted men and ladies received and welcomed the guests: Brigadier General J. T. Buttrick, Mrs. Glenn R. Nichol, Quartermaster Sergeant Glenn R. Nichol, Mrs. C. M. Ruffner, Colonel Jesse F. Dyer, Mrs. Amos Barton, A. C. M. Barton, Mrs. Jesse F. Dyer, Commander and Mrs. W. L. Darnall, Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. A. B. Miller, Quartermaster Sergeant and Mrs. Guy F. Tabor, and Quartermaster Sergeant and Mrs. Harry Baldwin.

At 10:15 P. M., numbers were drawn for the door prizes—five going to the gentlemen and five to the ladies. A prize waltz and fox trot contest was held. The prizes for the fox trot were awarded to Sergeant and Mrs. Samuel Slocum, and the waltz prizes went to Quartermaster Sergeant and Mrs. Glenn R. Nichol.

At 11:48 P. M., the orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne," and a few seconds before midnight, all the lights were turned off. After the New Year whistle had sounded, all the lights in the Lyceum together with a large electric sign showing "Happy New Year—1937" were flashed on and followed by much noise making and everybody wishing each other a Happy New Year.

The Lyceum was decorated with natural greens and crepe paper streamers. The center light had a double hoop decoration with black crepe paper on the large outer hoop and white crepe paper on the inner small hoop, the white extending beyond the black.

Red and green streamers extended from the center to the sides and ends. On the stage was a large electric sign with 1936 showing on it. This was changed to 1937 at midnight. Natural greens were banked around the front of the stage.

Mrs. J. T. Buttrick, wife of our Commanding General, was unable to attend the dance due to illness. We missed her very much, as a dance at the Lyceum is incomplete if we are not honored by the presence of the Commanding General and his family.

The committee in charge of the dance is to be commended because there was a larger attendance at this dance than at any held at this post during recent years.

The following night another dance was held at the Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club. Refreshments were served from 7:30 P. M. to 9:30 P. M., when the orchestra took up the dance music that continued until 1:00 P. M. About three hundred members and guests were present for this affair.

A Christmas dance was held at the Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club on the night of December 23rd. The decorations arranged by Mr. Fred Cappleman showed the Club at its best. "Cap" did a masterful job of decorating the walls and orchestra platform with palm leaves and Spanish Moss, together with the usual bells and wreaths.

The Board of Governors declared this to be "Bank Night." As members and guests entered the Club, they were registered at the door and each was assigned a number. Commencing at 10:30 P. M., Frank Tyree, Vice President of the Club, would select two boys to pull numbers from a box every ten minutes until 1:00 P. M. The person

whose number would be pulled would be awarded a cash prize. This procedure was the source of much entertainment, especially that part at the expense of Willie Grimes, the Secretary-Treasurer. One number was selected from the box and handed to Tyree to announce. As the slip of paper had been badly folded when placed in the capsule, Tyree had difficulty in reading the number, so he called for Grimes to come up and read the number for him. After a close scrutiny, Willie decided that the number was 80. As he walked off the stage, Tyree announced that the number was Willie Grimes'. The announcement caused a chorus of good natured boos and Bronx cheers. Then when he refused the prize, everybody yelled "Easy Guy." It was a great dance.

"Mack" McDavitt, the Club Sales Room steward, was injured by a piece of falling glass, and is now recovering at the Naval Hospital. Sergeant Fremont Peper, assisted by Corporal Carney, are now managing the Sales Room.

Master Technical Sergeant Judson Vanderhoof has left the ranks of the talkers and joined the listeners. He has promised to "love, honor and obey" the former Miss Corinne Daniels, a very charming young lady of Beaufort, South Carolina. Our congratulations, Van. We wish you many happy years of married bliss.

A recent arrival from Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, is our old friend, Gunnery Sergeant Carl Raines. Believe it or not, he is roaming around the post with a broken neck. He says that does not bother him much, as he is a Marine of the Old Corps—you know, the wooden ships and iron men. Another new arrival at the Recruit Depot is Sergeant John Klisz, former "M.C.O. 41" instructor of Quantico.



Platoon 23, Parris Island. Instructed by Sgt. Swearingen and Cpl. Bishop.

Corporal Harvey Atkins of the Post Quartermaster's office was transferred to Marine Barracks, Norfolk Navy Yard, in December. As yet, no relief has been furnished, and the added labors are making their mark on the rugged constitution of Supply Sergeant Preston Robb.

First Sergeant Fred Stinson of Service Company has been transferred to Brooklyn Navy Yard for duty. "Top" will probably be seen out on Sands Street or Cumberland Avenue, exercising his hound dog. I suspect his transfer was brought about by a conspiracy of the N.C.O. Club bridge players that Mrs. Stinson has been beating recently. Corporal Walter F. Chandler of Recruit Depot has also been transferred to Brooklyn.

Gunnery Sergeant Dominick Peschi, the genial "Sergeant of the Line" at the Rifle Range, has been transferred to Naval Gunnery School, Washington, D. C., for instruction and further transfer to USS *Utah* on the West Coast.

Another large detachment of Marines under the command of Captain James Kerr were transferred to the West Coast by rail. First Sergeant Harmon L. Knight accompanied the detachment.

Chief Pay Clerk Edward J. Donnelly, our Post Athletic Officer and assistant to the Post Paymaster, has been transferred to the Fleet Marine Force, San Diego, California. He was relieved by Chief Pay Clerk David R. Porter in the Post Paymaster's Office and by Captain Benjamin F. Kaiser as Athletic Officer. He left only a few hours before the first basketball game of the season. The team, coached by Mr. Donnelly, lost their game to the Charleston Marines. The loss of their coach could provide a good alibi, if the team wants an alibi. For my part, I think it was a good game.

The holiday festivities were marred by the death of Miss Dorothy Hacker, eleven year old daughter of Sergeant and Mrs. Fred Hacker, who received a bad burn from the flames of a kitchen stove, and died a few days later. The sympathy of the command is extended to Sergeant and Mrs. Hacker.

THE BITTER AND SWEET OF 1936 AT PARRIS ISLAND:

THE DEATH OF Paymaster Sergeant Harvey Geiger, Parris Island representative
(Continued on page 54)



Cast of "Fast Workers," VO-9M.
See page 35.



THE RECEIVING SHIP Navy Yard, New York By "Tony"

Incredible as it may seem, the subway city on the Hudson enjoyed its Yuletide season with much ease and comfort as the weather man said "fair and warmer." Definitely, we missed the glamorous snow flakes and slush, but reminding us so much of Miami, palm trees, sand crabs and its soothing sands we shan't complain. Our Xmas dinner was excellent—a carbon copy of a dinner at the Ritz—soup to nuts—in other words, "De-lovely."

Then came the New Year—Manhattan's skyscrapers like grotesque figures, camouflaged with flickering lights and outstretched tenacles reaching far into the night—the superb Empire State Building with its thermometer-like beacon—endless strings of lights spanning the Washington Bridge as far as the Palisades—Broadway and Times Square's mad throng marching impatiently as they anticipated 1937—Copper colored girls of Harlem—Chinatown—East Side, West Side and all around town displayed every effort to welcome the New Year in a great big way.

'Twas a week before Xmas and all through the brig—unfortunately the silence was broken by a tweet from a Bo's'n's whistle and there was Ptn. Sgt. Rudder saying, "Stand-by, men, that man A & I is here again!" Pvt. Steff was told to "blanco" his "sled"—However it was quite new and priced at \$19.75. Pvt. Burch converted the "Organ Grinder's Swing" into a snappy opern. "Lighting" Frederick enlightened the "General" on new tactics on doing his scrimmage in "Nic." Ruben Dailey performed his famous "split" act in dress blues and mittens on the parade ground. Barber Brock gave some snappy haircuts in the N.C.O. studio a few minutes before the inspection.

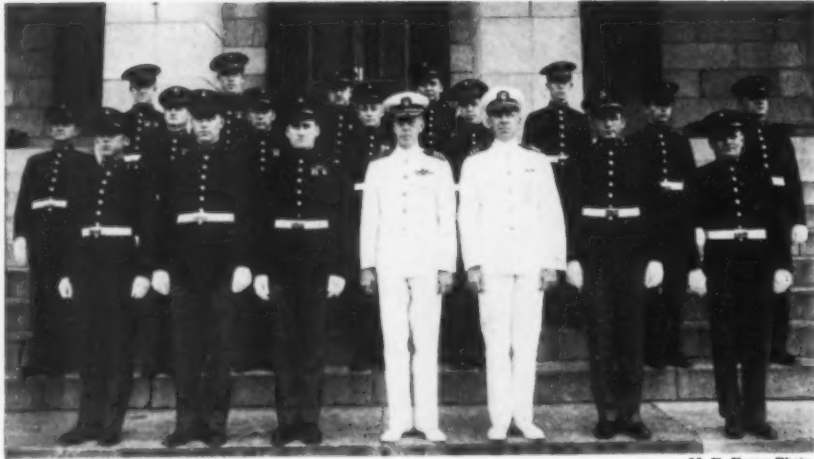
A married men's club was organized immediately following the A. & I. Pfc. George Harp was unanimously elected president of the club, assisted by McIsaac, Doherty, Spurrier, Dailey and Powell. McAlpin issued bright work polish and jeweler's rouge to the members of the "Wallabout blues singers," yours truly sang base. Now that one is over we will begin brushing up for the next.

Pfc. George Cary and Jack Bolton and Pvt. C. D. Smith are new short timers here after their tour of sea duty aboard the USS



T. W. Henry Photo

Parris Island celebrates the changing of the year.



M. V. Young Photo

Marine Detachment, U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saratoga and *USS Tuscaloosa*. Luck galore during your remaining days with us, men.

"Salty" Rudd spends quite evenings on Park Ave.—"Bo" Baker and "Chubby" Holton had reserved seats at the "Pineapple Casino" on New Year's Eve—I understand "Deggie Leonard" is a proud father—"Lighting" and "Red" Baker were seen going in the "Gold" Theater, one of Sands Street's prominent movie houses. Pvt. Simon Brock is the new canteen cook—resumes hamburger business after closing hours with his field set installed in his locker. Pfc. Peterman has been seen writing a thesis on Irish feelings. Cary requested he be paid in pennies—maybe he thinks they come from Heaven, or is it love, George? Shynkarek demonstrated his locomotive to all hands on Xmas Eve. We noticed an article by Company A, Shanghai, China, where "Rusky" Levkulich has resumed his old position, his transfer from this post left the steam shovels idle. But they are working again here, day and night with Pvt. Powell at the wheel. Pvt. McIsaac has finally revealed the secret. He has joined hands in wed-lock in the little romantic church around the corner. Congratulations and the best of luck to you both.

HINGHAM SALVOS

By jwf

It has been quite some time since Hingham Salvos appeared in *THE LEATHERNECK*. I believe that the readers of *THE LEATHERNECK* would like to hear about the Hingham Marines, so I am going to have an article every month. Lt. Col. George C. Hamner is our commanding officer, Marine Gunner Thomas Whitesel is our school officer and mess officer. Our top kick is Oscar P. Olson. We have four sergeants and they are Humza, Fleck, Ferrigno, and Disco. Humza just shipped over for Hingham; Fleck is in the Post Exchange; Ferrigno is in charge of the stables. Ferrigno just received his third stripe a few months ago. Disco joined from the Marine Corps Rifle Team. Sergeant Fitzgerald shipped over for the FME, Quantico, Virginia. How's to send you a *LEATHERNECK*, Fitz? We have two corporals here. They are Monteith and Markey. Monteith is mail orderly and also police sergeant. Markey is stamping at the Main Gate. Five men arrived from Paria Island and they are Bullen, Martin, Morgan, Sullivan, and Speight. We have a mounted patrol (seven horses), so if any

of you Marines like to ride horses you better put in for Hingham. You know that they have a mounted patrol in Pekin, but why go to Pekin?

Well, I can't forget about our mess force so here's the dope: The mess sergeant is Moon, the cooks are Lawson and Goulette. The messmen are Russell and Rousseau. I think I ought to get a steak for this.

Pvt. Lapka just returned from a stay at Boston Navy Yard. How was that stay, Lapka? Pvt. Salami shipped over at Philly for Hingham after an absence of over a year from the Marine Corps. Pvt. Harrell and Gethins just returned from the Naval Hospital. Salvucci and Kesner are the musics and they handle the drums and horns fairly well. We have fifty-four enlisted men who man five posts. We also man the fire apparatus which consists of two pumpers and one forest fighter (three Fords). We have a nice little home here and everyone is pleased.

YE OLDE CHATTER BOX

Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

By S. A. A.

Well, the holidays are behind now, and one wonders if all have had an enjoyable time of it all as the Philly Marines of the Marine Barracks, who certainly had much to be thankful for.

One of the first things to do to make a Marine primed for an enjoyable season is to feed him—and feed him proper! So, to start out with Staff Sergeant Ambrose in charge of the Mess, began with giving the men a most delectable chow for Christmas dinner. Then during the course of the dinner period, the Commanding Officer of the Marine Barracks, Lieutenant Colonel C. H. Wells, made his presence in the Mess Hall and wished his Command a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. This really filled the men's hearts with pride as it did enliven within them that home spirited feeling necessary for one's comfort when absent from home at yuletide time.

The entire camp, as a whole, had a better holiday season than any before. As a Christmas gift every member of the command received a toilet set. Special Money Requisitions were paid on the 22d of December, and all school men who had in for furloughs got furloughs from the 22d of December until the 4th of January, 1937. This was a real treat compared to previous years. The

straight line duty men got split furloughs of five days for Christmas and New Years.

The new year has completed its first lap of twelve and all the members of the Clerical, Motor Transport and Armors' Schools had to double time to make up lost time for graduation on January 31, 1937. The Quartermaster's School, which was resumed last October after being closed for a number of years, won't be having its commencement exercises until the last of March.

The ice was finally broken on Friday, 20 November, 1936, when an enlisted men's dance was held in Building 29 for the first time in years.

Dances at the Yard were recommended previously, but due to the skepticism of many who doubted the successes of such undertakings, the idea was dispelled. However, when this dance was held, it proved to be such a major success that more dances are in the offing.

Between three and four hundred people attended, who enjoyed themselves most immensely, dacing to the sweet music of Roger Kent's eleven-piece orchestra. Punch, cookies and ice cream were served as refreshments, and all attending were well fed and well taken care of in every respect. A most enjoyable evening was had.

For the elaborate presentation of all this, honorable mention must be given to Sergeant Woods, who was senior member of the dance committee.

MARINE DETACHMENT U. S. NAVAL PRISON

Portsmouth, N. H.

By E. Provost

Our Marines up here at the Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H., since Jack Frost came to town certainly have welcomed (*con mucho gusto*) their sheepskin coats, overshoes, mittens and storm hats, and what have you, believe it or not!

Boy, if you've ever heard how the wind takes us flying around the north end of our distinguished looking prison, and down through the tunnel to the Barracks during these warm days (who said that?!), you can readily understand why sheepskin coats and overshoes are so soothing to some of our chilled dispositions.

From all indications, though, we do have a home here. Obviously, for we have so many home boys these days (*no dinero*). Yet, we have many things to be thankful for in being home boys. We don't mind staying in because we have a good rifle team, and basketball team. Most of the fellows play pool very well, hand ball, badminton, and just over the other side of the prison reservation dead line there is a small pond frozen over, and is used for skating. The latter is not the most popular (need I mention!), but the skates are on hand if the spirit moves us. But that is not too frequently!

The small bore rifle enthusiasts here have been extended the complete cooperation of our Commanding Officer, Colonel Robert L. Denig, by the gift of a small bore rifle range in F Barracks, made ready for Xmas week, and which was acknowledged as a Christmas gift by those men here who win for our Corps recognition throughout the world, year after year, as having a majority of the best rifle shots in the world.

First Lieutenant Clifton R. Moss, who successfully coached and was a member of last season's crack team that won the General Stark Rifle League Trophy at the Military Rifle Team Championships in Manchester, N. H., is in charge of our small bore team which is scheduled to participate in

the Northeastern New Hampshire Small Bore League this year. Having most of the men on the small bore team who fired for the General Stark Trophy at Manchester, Lt. Moss feels confident that the team will win its portion of honors in this league competition. Men who are members of the small bore team are: First Lieutenant Clifton R. Moss, Quartermaster Sergeant Ivan H. Griffin, Sergeants Merle H. Johnson, John L. Neel, Earl P. Wiseman, Carl R. Gerhard, Corporals Herbert E. Gunn, Louis T. Heinricher, Pfc. Timothy J. Johnson, Pvt. Charles H. Andrus, Wilson C. Davison, Kelly A. Robinson, William N. Ritchie, Jr., and James W. Staley.

Second Lieutenant Jean W. Moreau is in charge of our basketball team which exhibits much promise this season. And from all indications four wins in four starts speaks for itself. In one of the latter games played, our team defeated the Marines from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H., the score ending 27 to 15. The team regrets to mention that William F. Muth cannot be expected to be in the lineup this season as a result of an automobile accident that occurred on the 23rd of December, 1936, in Kittery, Maine. Bill's knee is badly hurt and sprained to such an extent as to necessitate an indefinite lay-off. Bill, you know, distinguished himself as an individual player last winter, to the extent of being picked as Center, on the All-Star Team of the Southeastern New Hampshire Basketball Tournament at Dover, N. H., and was awarded a bronze trophy. The team is scheduled to play such teams as the Boston Marines, Portland Marine Reserves, Newport Training Station, and they are also expected to play in the Portsmouth City League. The team line-up is Corporal Robert R. Sutherland, RF, Corporal Max B. Atwood, LF, HA-1c Wesley R. Williams, Center, Pvt. George J. Barnyak, RG, Pvt. Hermit B. Adams, LG; other members of the team are Pvts. Thomas F. Simons, Franklin H. Knise, and PFC's Alvis E. Boatright and Irving M. Johnson. The team looks forward to a very active and prosperous season under the management of Lieutenant Moreau.

The Prison Reservation has been colorfully decorated with Christmas trees during the holidays and one of our trees, when lighted up at night, can be seen at sea and possibly gave a little cheer to those who were unfortunate enough to be afloat on Christmas Day.

Of interest to history lovers, the Christmas and New Year's menus had historical notes upon them which were of great interest to local Marines.

TOM TOMS OF INDIAN HEAD

By Flash

Now that Christmas has come and gone, we are contemplating glorious happenings during the year of 1937. The members of this command made new resolutions, some of which I hope will be of benefit to the readers of THE LEATHERNECK.

Among our Christmas gifts we received eight men, three men from Portsmouth, Va., namely: Sidney E. Blaine, Harold R. Dreibelbis, Pruett L. Park. The remaining five were from Parris Island, namely: George B. Eldredge, Edward J. Fowler, Martin A. McGrory, Robert W. Oldham, Julian C. Stoker, who, incidentally, will relieve "Buck Benny," our police sergeant, from loss of sleep. Upon their arrival they all made a resolution and all in one breath, they solemnly resolved never to return to Parris Island again, "They Hope."

That man, with some one else's teeth, and

I think you know who I mean, resolves to speak only when spoken to. Pfc. Earnest Pike, our truck driver, will keep his appointments at home on time. Pvt. Carl P. Haynes vows to say "Okay" to anybody as soon as any argument begins to attract attention. Trumpeter Feigly promises to refrain from hissing personalities in a news-reel.

Besides replacements, numerous transfers have occurred since our last issue (and to our departed friends I know this will be of interest), Pfc. Eaton and Pvts. Barclay, Sledge and McRae have been transferred to Washington, D. C., Navy Yard. To our outpost at Dahlgren have gone Cpl. Tallman, Pfc. McNulty and Pvts. Brown and Triplett to relieve Cpl. Iker, Pfc. Merriek and Pvts. Kurtz and Behun. Just a remark—Merriek, Iker and Kurtz returned together and they refuse to be separated. Cpl. Iker was slightly embarrassed when called back to active duty.

From the latest reports received, our Platoon Sergeant at Dahlgren will be wearing 1st Sergeant chevrons soon. Lucke will be in charge of the reserves in Philadelphia. Orchids to you, Lucke.

"Silent" Cockman, "Noisy" Harden, "Lightnin'" Unruh, "Stuffin'" Ikes, "Rummy" Stoops, "Cake Eater" Flash Merriek and "Softy" Campbell happened to be seated at the same table during Christmas dinner and were questioned about cuts on their hands. They stated it was reaching at the wrong time.

Who happened to be the two targets in a rolling pin contest? I wonder if our Chief Cook still conducts traffic on Patton Road? What is the disagreement between Pfc. Herman and Pvt. Worman? Herman claims that four fingers and a thumb constitute a hand. Worman disagrees. Kate will have to decide that! Pvt. Haynes must be using the Jewish calendar; for him ground hog day comes two months earlier.

We wonder what led Pvts. Gore and Hardin into Kay's Jewelry Store just before Christmas.

Special Comment—Those of you who were here last winter remember the kindness of Chief Carpenter Frank Weber and Mrs. Weber, who thoughtfully provided coffee and sandwiches to the members of the guard during those cold winter nights. In appreciation the men presented the "Webers" with a farewell gift on their departure from Indian Head.

Sgt. Floyd D. Hudson joined the detachment from Eastern Recruiting Division, after thirty months as a recruiter.

BARRACKS DETACHMENT BREVITIES

Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.
By C. A. Gearhart

Captain Wallace O. Thompson, our Commanding Officer, was visited by the ever prominent stork a short while ago and is now the father of a little baby girl. And everybody said the cigars were mighty fine!

And while on the subject of Captain Thompson, we wish to express our appreciation to him for the excellent mess at this post. Our Christmas dinner was all that could be desired and more. And, I am sure, Mess Sergeant Brooks deserves a word of praise for the manner in which the mess has been conducted.

Santa Claus paid a visit to these barracks last month and left very desirable presents for First Sergeant George Nelson and Platoon Sergeant George E. Hynes. They were promoted to sergeant major and first sergeant respectively. We wish them every success in their new grades and we know they are very deserving of their promotions. Sh-h-h, I'll let you in on a little secret: cupid has struck a certain sergeant major—I won't tell you his name, but his initials are Nelson—and I am sure the wedding bells will soon start ringing. Bon voyage, Major!

Our small bore team won its first match of the season by defeating the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Charleston, South Carolina, team by a score of 1,814 to 1,808. We

(Continued on page 54)



CUP WON BY INDIAN HEAD MARINES IN SOFT BALL TOURNEY

Left to right: Lt. W. M. Hyman, USN; Commander A. D. Mayer, USN; Mrs. T. H. Cartwright, Capt. W. W. Wilson, USN; and Major T. H. Cartwright, USMC.



THE FIRST BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES, FLEET MARINE FORCE

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

HALTHOUGH the weather has been too cold for the boys to do much exercising out of doors, the elbow-bending classes at the Riverview have been getting in some splendid practice all during the past month. This great work has been aided greatly by the advent of the Holiday Season. Although there has been almost a famine of Pabst and Valley Forge, the boys have been accomplishing a lot on the less delectable brands, and have steadily, or rather unsteadily, forged ever onward and upward to even greater triumphs. It makes my heart surge with pride when I think what we have accomplished during the past month in the face of difficulties which to the untrained and undisciplined brew sipper would have appeared unsurmountable. Since our Riverview Gym was enlarged this summer, our athletes have had more room in which to exercise, and no doubt this will help to account for the splendid showing that has been made during the fall season. Although there has been some extremely unpleasant weather of late, attendance has never lagged, which has been extremely gratifying. There have been only two cases of AWOL from practice during the entire fall season. For a while it was feared that one of our boys had met with foul play, but it was later learned that he was suffering with a bottle bunion on his lower lip and a mug-handle calous on his right thumb, so a collection was taken up and a bouquet of rhododendrons was sent to our absent comrade. At the last meeting of the Wednesday Evening Club the matter of our absence from the Post on the forthcoming maneuver was brought up and a motion was passed unanimously to entrust all Riverview activities to the members of the Post Service Battalion during our prolonged absence. After the meeting, Steve, the major domo of the club, astounded all present by accomplishing the marvelous feat of balancing 156 match sticks on a beer bottle, and was well on the way to break the Club record of 200, when Cpl. Hyland inadvertently borrowed a match from the bottom of the stack to light a cigarette, and the great work collapsed. Steve has been walking around muttering to himself ever since. Almost wholly unsuspected by the Club members, romance has once again reared its ugly head in our midst and threatens to end a beautiful friendship among two of our very prominent members. It is indeed unfortunate that both should be captivated by the same charming young lady, but 'twas ever thus.

In the gourmet handicap, Corporal Johns came through amid great cheers when he

established a new club record by devouring six orders of bacon and eggs in one sitting. It is thought that this feat may make him eligible for All American. We are indeed proud that one of our number has forever established himself as one of the foremost in his line.

Headquarters Company has just "joined"



Col. C. J. Miller, CO, 5th Marines.

a new First Sergeant, James H. Webber. The new top came from Company A and is just in time to get acquainted before the coming maneuvers. Welcome, Top, and how about a little furlough?

First Sergeant Wilbourne O. Christian joined us this month and is now Sergeant Major of the Battalion. He was formerly stationed in New Orleans with the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

A CO. NEWS

Having volunteered (Marine Corps style —you, you and you) for the job of scribe, I'll act as Sergeant Major and parade the facts and fancies before the readers. Blame me not if it's not a hot parade.

A few weeks ago we lost a battalion amateur night by a few notes on an opponent's harmonica. Just in case we get another chance later, Gunnery Sergeant H. F. Wolfgang bought a new harmonica about a foot and a half long. It looks like the great-grand-daddy of all harmonicas and capable of anything in the line of music. And our Gunny is just the man to make it warble to capacity.

This company has an over-supply of top-sergeants since Platoon Sergeant J. H. Webber made the grade and jumped to the rank of 1st Sgt. Although no one has gotten a cigar YET all hands offer their sincere congratulations.

The weather here has been very undecided. However it got a decision when it pinned Sgt. J. S. DuRant's car with a freeze to the tune of one cracked engine block. When the news got around all the car owners in the company rushed down for an inspection of their respective hacks. No further casualties were reported.

This company is heavily represented on the battalion basketball team and if Dame Fortune continues to favor us, this battalion will carry the post championship to California. And who knows, there have been East vs. West games before.

We now have shivering with us some of the boys that helped decorate the Texas Centennial. They came back to old Virginny just in time to repack and leave for sunny California. Are they lucky! Imagine all the snow shoveling they are getting out of.

The right honorable Platoon Sgt. F. E. Fox has passed another milestone in his Marine Corps career and once again said, "I do." With a short ten-day vacation he has already returned and put his shoulder to the wheel. Many happy returns of the day.

Fifteen of our boys will be left behind on the West Coast for a tryout with the Fleet Marine Force there and just possible a few may be China-bound when maneuvers are a thing of the past and time is being marked for still another maneuver. Company A will be losing its oldest settler in the person of Sgt. V. J. Wyrick. He joined when the Force was first being organized and has stuck with us ever since. I've just a suspicion that the habits of years will conquer and some time in the future "Junior" Wyrick will come back to Quantico.

Look out, California!—here we come!

THE LEATHERNECK

NEWS FROM B COMPANY

By "Willie"

If our Gunnery Sergeant Daulton doesn't come charging through the company's squadrooms with the yell, "all right, B Company, outside for troop and inspection in the next few minutes," I'll shoot the breeze with you.

The Bolsheviks of this company got the surprise of their lives on the Marine Corps Anniversary "Field Day," held here, when our entrants won more points than any other company on the Post. Pvt. Depizol won the Obstacle Race and five dollars; Pvt. Lafferty (now a Pfc.) placed second, winning three dollars in the Equipment Race; Pvt. Gleason second in the B. A. R. Race, winning three dollars; Pvts. Moring and Whisman third in Tent Pitching. Our Company's success in the Field Day was due, in a goodly part to the interest shown by our company officers, Capt. Goudeau and Lts. Sneeringer and McLeod.

"We will all get locked up," was the cry of our pessimist before this year's A & I. Our Bolsheviks agreed, and added that all of us SHOULD be locked up. But we fooled both groups and came through with flying colors.

More good news: Several men have added one of those little upside-down V's on their shirt sleeves. So we have smoked several free cigars. These men eased their guilty consciences by buying cigars for us he-men who can smoke cheap tobacco when they lately substituted Pfc. for Pvt. and Cpl. for Pfc.; on their bunk-cards Cpl. Jenkins, Pfc. "Snuffy" Smith, and our newest Pfc. "China Boy" Lafferty.

Christmas came and passed and maneuvers on the West Coast are coming. So we are looking forward to more news to dish out to you Leathernecks.

C COMPANY

Greetings and salutations, my friends! Here's hoping that all our friends in the service have fully recovered from too much, or not enough Christmas cheer. You know, the kind which you purchase in bottles. But really, we wish to say at this time that we sincerely hope all our friends in the service did have a really and truly enjoyable Christmas and New Year's.

We shall now endeavor to give you all the news, scandal and changes that have happened since our last broadcast, or should we say, all that can be brought to mind at this time.

During the past month we managed to come through with two more promotions, the lucky fellows being Carol E. Van Ginkel, who threw away his one stripe with the bugle attached underneath, and then went visiting the Post Tailor, to have his Trumpet Corporal stripes sewed on. Then Anthony J. Roscoe (known to his intimate friends as "Muscles," "Bull," etc.), was handed a little slip of paper for the rating of Private First Class. More power to you, fellows, and we all wish you more promotions in the future.

After the disbandment of the Texas Centennial Exposition, which took place here at Quantico, the 3rd of December, we had four of its members join this organization, as follows: Corporal Harry N. Holt, Privates First Class Robert J. Lind, Numa F. Theriot, and Private Clyde Haught. Corporal Holt and Private First Class Theriot didn't stay with us very long, the reason being that Holt was too short in the service to make the coming maneuvers, and Theriot was transferred to the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. Holt was trans-



How Quantico Marines fared on Christmas.

ferred the 21st of December to Headquarters and Service Battery, Tenth Marines, First Marine Brigade, Fleet Marine Force, together with Private First Class Mart "S" Fields, who has been sick in the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., for some time. Private "J" "W" Tumlin was granted a furlough the latter part of last month, and then had the misfortune to be taken suddenly ill with appendicitis at his home in Jonesboro, Louisiana. He was sent to the U. S. Army Hospital at Barksdale Field, La., where he is still convalescent. We are all wishing him a speedy recovery, and hope that he is back with us very soon.

Private McCarthy put in for a special order discharge and it came back approved, so he left us the 15th of December, for the cold cruel outside.

Sergeant Raymond G. Wilson was discharged the 12th and then said "I do" on the 13th for another four years. 'Tis been rumored around and about that the boys here in C Company are going to chip in to buy him a can of metal polish to shine up those new hashmarks, as he seems to be very proud of them. Take it easy, Wilson, and don't get a stiff neck looking down at 'em.

There was a loud and tremendous crash heard in the vicinity of Quantico a few days ago. One of the dashing corporals of this organization went up the pole and preached to us each night against the sins of drinking, solemnly swearing that his strongest drink from then until the time he arrived at Panama, would be buttermilk (please note, buttermilk). Well as you have already guessed, the crash mentioned above was when Jones (there it is, I didn't intend to mention any names) slid down that pole, and boy did he hit hard! 'Tis rumored around that the inhabitants of Quantico were talking about the earthquake the next day, so you can draw your own conclusions from that.

Well, folks, it would be too bad to be signing off without throwing at least one bouquet our way, so here goes. The First Battalion held amateur night at the Post Theatre the 10th of December. An act from each company was put on under the direction of Captain Culpepper for a prize of ten dollars. The audience were the judges. Well, much to our joy C Company crashed through as winners at both the six o'clock and eight o'clock shows. All the acts were very good and enjoyed by all who attended

but, C Company just had the edge on them with a very original and entertaining act. Company A was our nearest rival, but the audience said C Company, so C Company it was. Our act consisted of black faced comedians, with harmonicas, and how those boys could play 'em. Private Robert C. Roark was the announcer, and Private Howard M. Yarborough was the crooner. We are all afraid to let him go the to West Coast on maneuvers, for fear some Hollywood Scout will grab him off over there for the movies. The others who were in the act were Privates "Porky" Williams (who by the way is a very promising young fighter), Joseph R. Shuman, Edwin M. Black and Lumir A. Waters. These boys went into the whole affair voluntarily and they deserve much credit for the splendid entertainment they put on.

That's all for now, my Friends; so until you hear from C Company again, we will say, *Adios Amigos*.

D COMPANY

During the month just past, we have had three promotions, Gordon W. Rowand to corporal; "Q" "T" Wade to private first class, and Trumpeter Leo H. Richardson to Drummer first class. We'll admit that the weather we have been having around Quantico this month is no inducement to blowing any brass instrument.

Upon the return of the Texas Centennial Exposition Detachment, Privates First Class William F. Darwin, Leonard V. Day, and George C. Ferrell re-joined the company at their own request, and we sure were glad to have them. Chief Cook "P" "D" Maddox, who has been held up for the convenience of the government for a couple of months, due to the fact that he was in the U. S. Naval Hospital with an injured hand, returned to duty, was discharged, reenlisted, and immediately left on a reenlistment furlough to his home in Magee, Miss.

Marine Gunner Braden, now in the U. S. Naval Hospital in Washington, D. C., has been transferred to the First Battalion, Tenth Marines. Our other transfers consisted of Sergeant George R. Carlson, Corporal James L. Peel, and Privates June B. Begalla, Clarence Jacobsen, Archie L. Johnson, Verner C. Smith, and Lewis E. Waters, who were transferred to the Second Battalion, Fifth Marines.

Then, Private Fred "D" Setliff thought he would like to follow in his brother's footsteps in communication work, and so was transferred to Headquarters Company of this battalion. Privates William R. Black, Frederick C. Gebhardt, Wordon B. Hahn, and Silas S. Segrist, who have been on temporary duty at Brigade Headquarters in the Communication Platoon, have now been transferred to Brigade Headquarters Company for duty.

Well, time is short, so, "We will see you all in Panama next month."

HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY

By Clements

With Christmas come and gone maneuvers with their resultant stir-ups are coming to the fore, and visions of furloughs with their pleasant effects passing in rapid succession before the eye, life is far from being so dull as it might be. A number of the boys are going to take advantage of the furlough period, having been making plans for several weeks ahead. Grafton is all set to bundle a contingent of home-smitten in his new car and take off for the haunts of his boyhood, Mississippi. Heitman's eyes glitter as he thinks of Louisiana. Incidentally, the dit-dit boy anchored a coveted private first class warrant on the 16th. Revane is primed for Massachusetts and a great deal of cold weather, we think. What will that young blonde do for amusement while you're away, my fran? Clements looks toward Georgia and wonders if the ole home town is yet there. Sullivan takes pains with his hair and is beginning to manure his fingernails. Will it be that little two-room structure on the corner, Sullivan? Or do you intend ripping that ole sock from its hiding place and investing in some little ivy-covered bungalow overlooking the Potomac? Jeffrey contemplates a long trip—all the distance to—is it off the Reservation, Button? Shirley doesn't say much. Maybe he's off for anywhere. Mike is staying. "One year to do," he says, and cracks a forty-dollar smile. And where will "Flash" Koeneman find himself during the holidays. Where, but a certain spot in Maryland. Gettle and Hudson will argue the holidays out with their better halves in historic Fredericksburg. Lowrey is to "remain and get the mail through." Ragland, not even second to Baron Munchausen, rifles his cache, buys a ducky little Christmas present for some Kentucky lass and stands by for liberty call on the 19th. Better pull them shoes off before you cross the Kentucky line, son.

Although the 10th does not make maneuvers, our winter should be something of a maneuver in itself what with post guard, police, functioning as a rear echelon, and a thousand other details that are sure to arise. While we trudge around in the snow, no doubt there will be some misgivings as we think of the ones who are on maneuvers enjoying the sunshine, landing parties, liberties in strange ports, and the acquisition of that "salty" swagger, and yet there will be advantages for us. Less competition, but we'll not go into that yet.

And so, until the scuttlebutt overflows again, so long.

"KALEIDOSCOPE OF 1936"

By Larry Weitkamp

"Hello, again"; Battery A wishes to extend to you a somewhat belated Xmas greeting and a hearty wish for lots of luck in the New Year.

As you look back over the past year you will find it studded with the achievements of the hairy-eared cannoneers.

In the field of sport we find the artillerymen have been holding their own against all comers. First at soft ball, then as the fall of the year rolled around, at basketball and if the weather becomes cool enough many of said cannoneers will be out freezing those much heralded hairy ears while getting in some plain, plain and fancy ice skating. While on the subject of sport can we possibly overlook our strutting leather pusher, "Kid Kernan, the Krooning Killer," who is to meet a worthy opponent from the Fifth Regiment in the Smoker to be held on December sixteenth. Whether he wins or loses we will all be right in there pulling for him, and as the manager said to the much beaten and befuddled pug, "he can't lay a glove on us."

Let us stop now and bow our heads for a moment in honor of the Battery Radio which came to an untimely demise one day last week. It was a good little set even though it did seem to have a strong strain of hill billy blood. The only music we hear now are those well known classics, "The Call to Chow, Reveille," and other well known pieces rendered by Trumpeters Crosby and Pittman.

Now we come to the past year's expeditions. I don't mean pay day night expeditions to the slop chute. I mean real honest to goodness treks into the wilderness, such as the Manassas Campaign and the maneuvers at Indiantown Gap, Pa., during which encounters the cannoneers showed that they could hand it out and also take (practically

everything that wasn't tied down). Who can forget those nightly skirmishes at the Hotel Le Grande mid a galaxy of Lebanon's beautiful belles? Some a trifle cracked and with bad paint jobs, but then we can't all be perfect.

Leaving the scenic beauty of Pennsylvania we picked up a last year's muster roll and found that quite a few men have been strayed or lost in the shuffle in the past year. First there were Corporals Bickley and Kissane, who heard the cry "Go West Young Man," so they immediately went south, terminating at Charleston Navy Yard. Then Corporal Swiezbin, Pfc. Bazata and Pvt. Mickensen saw the city lights beckoning so they betook themselves to Brooklyn Navy Yard to "Hang Out" in the shadow of the Metropolis. "Horsey" Maxwell felt the call of the open plains and went west with the Texas Centennial Detachment. Last, but not least, Augie Santora, "The Bronx Kid," packed up and bid us all a fond adieu. He now does his bit with Company "H."

As I write this I am in imminent danger. Bennett, our Battery "Stooge," came in a while ago and stated that he had been selected to collect what old clothes the men had that they might wish to contribute for the relief of the poor families in the Quantico area. In a moment the squadroom was in a turmoil. There were cries of "how about this sweater, these trousers or this hat!" In a short time there was quite an accumulation on Bennett's bunk. Then the trouble started. The fellows became so enthusiastic, effervescing with good will that they started donating all of their bunkies' clothes and one fellow even donated some one else's rifle. You see, once these boys get started they have to be stopped by force. We were almost forced to call out the Marines.

I will say good-bye now to "my reader" until the March issue comes off the press. You may think me presumptuous to assume that I have a reader. But I really have, or at least that is what I am paying him for. Happy New Year again and "here's to you."

"SALVOS" FROM BATTERY "B"

By "Lapi"

Ahoy! Salts. Now that the old man with the long white beard has passed into oblivion and the new year in the form of cupid has seated himself on the reigning throne, we start the coming year with many a new resolution. Although we started the last year with the same good intentions only to have them cast aside at the first opportunity, again falling into our ways of ease, skirting the borderline of duty within a gnat's eyelash of disciplinary retribution, happy in the thought of duty well performed, so we made ourselves believe, but my fran, this time it will be different, we aims to live up to them thar resolutions.

Our 1936 class of Cannoneers brought up to the point of superefficiency by that high powered instructor, that one hundred and thirty pounds of dash and accuracy, his Nibs, Gy-Sgt. Stutz, has graduated, some into higher grades of the Artillery and some back into the Infantry, some of them even slipped so far as to be assigned duty at the various Navy Yards; now tell me, who ever heard of a Marine doing duty at a Navy Yard. Oh! and not forgetting, after lifting and throwing about a ton of pack howitzers for three hundred and sixty-five days some of the selected few have gotten high artillery degrees of S.B. of W.M. (That is "Strong Backs and Weak Minds!")

Passing over some of the "high lights



Model of Army P-6-E plane built by Pvt. James M. McKay, USMC. Scale 1-inch to the foot.

of the year in Sports," we find that the Artillery has been majoring in soft ball, and in baseball, coming through with flying colors (half-mast). In the recent Brigade Smoker our heavyweight boxer, "Dazzling" Doyle, made a brilliant showing, even though he lost, after a close decision. In the wrestling division we have Battery "B's" Charles Atlas, "Tarzan" Coulter, the man who makes the ladies' hearts flutter. He pinned his opponent to the mat in less than half a minute. Keep up your good work, "Tarzan," you might get a chance at Man Mountain Dean.

Instead of making the Annual Winter Maneuvers, the Fighting Tenth will be grappling with Post Guard. Taking the guard, round-by-round, you can hear the boys growl and groan every time they see the guard list. Not blaming them a bit because it does get mighty cold on that twelve to five.

Our "Skipper," Captain Clark, has been temporarily detached to the Fifth Marines and will make the maneuvers. Our new CO, 1st Lt. Bowser, has capably taken over the helm and is steering old Fighting "B" on a new and exciting course. Dan Cupid has again plucked his bow strings and we give our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to Lieutenant and Mrs. Bowser.

And so your commentator comes to a skidding stop but has hopes of being with you again in the next issue.



AVIATION put on an Amateur Program at the Post Gymnasium on Friday, 18 December, 1936; through the efforts of Master Technical Sergeant Earle J. J. Zalanka, as Master of Ceremonies, the show was a really good example of the enjoyable times that could be had in the future. Here's the high lights of the Amateur Program as presented by the aviation entertainers:

Quartet—Eaves, Platt, Ward, Cresap. Ward's hearty laugh on the little brown jug.

Banjo and whiskey tenor—Kendrick, Calm. Kendrick the strummer and Calm the crooner, had a bad case of stage fright on their first appearance but their courage kind of perked up for the second one and did they go to town!

Soloist—Cresap. Sang "Love's Old Sweet Song" and how sweetly!

Texas Cowboy—McCarty. Emulates Bing Crosby with "The Strawberry Roan," and he knows this range.

Singing Saw—Stoughton. His musical saw brought down the house. The "Range" vied with the "Saw" in both performances for first honors. Nevertheless, the "Saw" came, saw and got the edge.

Mask—Sullivan. A negro with the best Irish brogue and the finest cultured Boston accent. The real fun was missed by the majority, but was enjoyed by the members of the barracks, and fun, there being two masks instead of one, G. D. Williams being the victim, this act would have taken the prize, "hands down," a good time was had by all.

Duet—Dr. Gillespi and Lt. Roberts. Piano and trumpet—excellent rendition.

Santa arrived a bit early with his Xmas presents for quite a few of the men, giving out promotions as presents, and to see the



BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS OF QUANTICO

Front row, left to right: Baker, Kuhn, Gleason, Bryant, Blake, Cole. Second row: Rowans, Martin, Miller, Mascola, Bates. Third row: Cunningham, Simmons, Davis, McCauley. Top row: 1st Lt. Larson and 2d Lt. Walters.

smiles it seems that the men who were selected for the "presents" are very happy indeed. The lucky ones were: Theodore A. Petras, promoted to Technical Sergeant; Steve Tornich, Ivy L. Crownover, to Staff Sergeant; Ernest S. Bowker, William L. Lane, George F. Morrison, William M. Whitaker and Harry Goldmintz, to Sergeant; Clyde H. Rush, Bert B. Kazin, Elgin W. Coe, Harry G. Webb, Forest A. Dobbins, William J. Pietrzak, and Raymond E. Henson to Corporal; Erwin J. Powell, Pope S. Barton, Hans H. Heyden, William J. Oelschlager, George Roseclan, Alexander J. Wallace, Raymond M. Zent, Russell D. Neale, Robert H. Enders, William W. Wimer, and Eugene A. Norris to Pfc.; with these promotions, were a good deal of specialists ratings left open and the deserving men were awarded accordingly.

Major Henry A. Carr, the Aircraft One Quartermaster, was ordered to the Naval Operating Base, San Diego, on 10 December, 1936, for duty.

Major Carr left aviation, where he served for the past ten years and had established a fine reputation on his knowledge of the problems and needs for the proper and economical functioning of the air squadrons.

We wish to extend our best wishes for a successful tour of duty at his new post.

Half of the command took off on Xmas liberty on the 19th December, 1936, and from the looks of things, the men were a bit disappointed that they had to be back the day after Xmas, necessitating leaving on Xmas day in most cases, to be back the morning of the 26th of December. But it was certain that all hands enjoyed their holiday.

The men that went on Xmas liberty looked kind of bewildered when they woke up Saturday morning, 19 December, 1936, and got a sighting in look at the blanket of white that was spread over the ground, which was met with not a few scowls and mutterings about the weather, and weather men in general. Nevertheless, not to be daunted by the weather, the majority of them took off with happy smiles about their features in antici-

pation of coming events that would no doubt make up for the bad weather.

It was an ill wind that blew fog and rain all along the Atlantic Coast to prevent Aircraft One from participating in the Miami All American Air Maneuvers, that were held at Miami, Florida, December 10, 11, and 12, 1936. The wait for a break in the weather had everyone quite on edge, the weather bureau being constantly plagued for information about air conditions to Miami and not even a promising report could be rendered. On Wednesday, December 9, 1936, it was reported that there were icy-conditions aloft and even though the visibility was fair, the squadrons would not have reached Richmond if they had started out. The next day was rainy and foggy with more fog the following two days. On Saturday, December 12, 1936, the fog lifted around noon time, but was too late for the aviators to get to Miami and put on at least one show for the spectators.

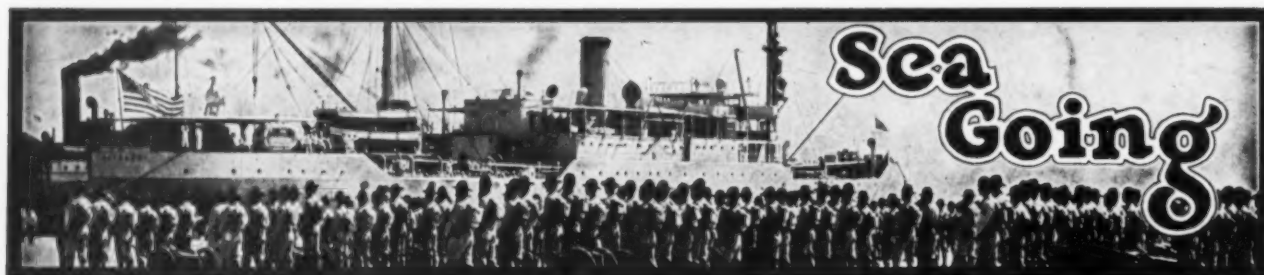
Not to brag too much about the skill of our pilots, the spectators at the Air Show certainly missed a fine demonstration that was to be put on and one that would have made them gape in amazement. We did it ourselves as we looked up into the blue heavens watching them go through their paces.

Now that nearly everyone is back from the holidays, the boys are looking forward to taking the much talked about maneuver trip, especially those who are going by boat to the West Coast, with many a um and ah, when they think of liberty in Panama. Not to dampen their spirits any, but we wonder if the boat trip will be like the trips that they used to take on the USS *Kittery*. How many remember those boat rides?

The boys in Barracks No. 6 have a contribution for THE LEATHERNECK in the form of a photograph taken of a model plane built by Private James M. McKay.

Private McKay built this model during his spare moments of leisure; the model represents the efforts of about three months during which time the patience of most of

(Continued on page 53)



THE PAN-AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL CRUISE OF THE USS INDIANAPOLIS

BY EDWARD S. HANLON

WITH the thundering boom of the saluting battery blasting out a twenty-one gun salute, the band playing ruffles, flourishes, and the National Anthem, the Marine Guard at Present Arms, the President of the United States stepped aboard the USS *Indianapolis* at Charleston, S. C., to begin the 6,400 mile journey to Buenos Aires to attend the opening of the Pan-American Peace Conference.

As our great ship slipped away from the dock hundreds of voices, the shrill whines of sirens, and the husky blasts of many whistles of steamers and tugs, gave a mighty salute to our Commander-in-Chief. Slowly gaining speed until 27 knots was attained, our ship moved out of the river to the open sea on the first leg of our long journey.

The third day out, the island known so well by many Marines, Culebra, was sighted. Early in the morning of the next day, the Island of Trinidad was sighted.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, was our first stop. Trinidad is an English Possession, and upon anchoring, the English Governor General and other officials came aboard to pay their respects. At 9:30 liberty call was sounded and several of us went ashore for our first time on the Island of Trinidad. Trinidad being an English possession, English money was used. We are still trying to figure out the pence, shilling and pound, and how much our money was worth.

Many of the fellows are still asking, "What was the first thing Sgt. Acheson saw when he stepped ashore?" Where did you meet her before, Acheson?

Liberty being so short, the Postoffice and the Black Cat Bar seemed to interest the liberty parties most. The same afternoon, we left Trinidad for Rio de Janeiro.

On the evening of the twenty-third, the darkness of the sky was suddenly filled with streaming flares of many rockets. From off the starboard bow came a loud "Ahoy, *Indianapolis*." Searchlights were trained forward, and through the lee hawse pipe came Davy Jones and his Staff.

Going aft on the forecandle, Davy Jones, Peg Leg, and their staff made for the quarterdeck. Here they were welcomed by Captain Hewitt, Commanding Officer of the USS *Indianapolis*. Davy Jones made known that the ship would cross the Equator at noon the following day. He then ordered all Shellbacks aboard to make proper preparation for initiation of all pollywogs into the Royal Order of the Deep. Subpoenas, in which were the charges and specifications, were given to all lowly pollywogs so they could prepare their defense for the trial which would be held the following day.

After delivering the subpoenas, the Royal

Party returned to the forecandle, went down the lee hawse pipe, and returned to their home in the sea.

Shortly after noon the next day, all pollywogs were assembled at their division parade, and all Shellbacks were assembled on the quarterdeck. With "attention" sounded on the bugle, a three-gun salute, eight ruffles and flourishes, King Neptune and His Royal Party in the greatest of pomp and splendor came to the quarterdeck.

Here, King Neptune was met by Senior Shellback, Captain Hewitt, and the command of the ship was turned over to King Neptune. Followed by his staff, King Neptune made a hasty inspection of all pollywogs and declared them to be "The most disgraceful and revolting group of land lubbers ever to enter the Royal Domain."

Immediately after, the Royal Court



The wrath of King Neptune descends upon the head of Capt. James Snedeker during a crossing of the Equator.

opened and Senior Pollywog Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States, was called before the judge. The President's charges were read, and the court decreed that he should make a speech, giving reasons why he had never before entered the Royal Domain.

Followed by the President came Lieutenant Colonel James Roosevelt, VMCR, who was duly initiated. In turn, according to rank, came the rest of the pollywogs, to be converted, in the proper manner, into Shellbacks.

After all ceremonies had been completed, King Neptune and His Royal Court departed from the ship, only to return when the *Indianapolis* again sails south across the equator.

The Neptune Party conducted this day

will go down in history for President Roosevelt is the first President of the United States who has crossed the Equator.

Thanksgiving Day came, with the ship a day's journey from Rio de Janeiro. The men soon forgot of their desire to be home on Thanksgiving when they saw the huge quantities of turkey, dressing, cranberry sauce, and other trimmings being placed on the tables. It was truly a great feast. As proof, even Mize and Rosenberger had no kick coming about the "chow."

Early the morning of the 27th Sugar Loaf and Corcovado Mountains were sighted. Entering the most beautiful artificial harbor in the world, the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, Brazilian warships and planes greeted the *Indianapolis* as it docked.

The men-of-war exchanged 21-gun salutes, honoring President Roosevelt and President Getulio Vargas, of Brazil. As the President left the ship 3,000 school children sang the "Star Spangled Banner" and hundreds of Brazilian soldiers presented arms as the Presidential Party left for the Brazilian Congress.

With honors and ceremonies ended, liberty parties left the ship to enjoy themselves in the beautiful city of Rio. Many boarded sightseeing busses for trips to Sugar Loaf, Copacabana Beach, and Corcovado, these places being the most interesting and scenic of Rio. Others, sightseeing on their own, were soon scattered about the city, enjoying the many beautiful sights.

As in Trinidad, here also were we encountered with a new monetary unit. For One Dollar American money one received 17\$000 (17 Milreis).

Corporal Arnn wouldn't believe the Brazilian when told to take it easy on the Canya. Consequently, Arnn had a very light head for several days.

Private Durso had been bragging that he could speak a little Spanish and thought he would snow the natives under. A couple of the fellows went ashore with Durso as they needed an interpreter. For some reason our linguist just couldn't get started. What was the matter, Durso?

Platoon Sergeant Knight is now wearing diamonds on his arms. Congratulations, First Sergeant Knight. We'll wet them down for you in Buenos Aires.

In the afternoon before our arrival at Buenos Aires, several ships of the Argentine Fleet met the ship to escort us to Buenos Aires.

The greatest ovation received was upon our arrival at Buenos Aires. Hundreds of boats, bedecked with flags and pennants, darted about the harbor with screaming whistles. Thousands of people lined the docks, cheering and waving flags as we entered the harbor.

After docking, President Terra of Argentina, the American Ambassador to Argentina, and other ranking officials came aboard to pay their respects to President Roosevelt.

Shortly after, President Roosevelt and his

staff left for the American Embassy which was made their headquarters during the stay in Buenos Aires.

Changing our dollars into pesos we wasted no time getting ashore to see the sights of Buenos Aires. During the stay in B. A., there was a continual merry-go-round of new sights, fun, and excitement. Sightseeing tours showed us the many beautiful sights of the city. Hundreds of parks and beautiful buildings help make the city one of the most beautiful in the world.

Two hundred and fifty enlisted personnel were entertained at a barbeque prepared in the true Argentine style, followed by a sightseeing tour.

On 1 December, mid shouts of applause for President Roosevelt by the Argentine people, we left the city of Buenos Aires for Montevideo, Uruguay. Here, as before, the President was wholeheartedly received. The stay in Montevideo lasted but a few hours. In the afternoon of the same day we left on the return trip to the States.

As before, we stopped at Port of Spain, Trinidad, to refuel. Again we were visited by British Officials, and the President went ashore, where he attended a luncheon, and then made a tour of the island. Late that afternoon we left Port of Spain on the last leg of our 12,800 mile Pan-American Presidential Cruise.

We arrived at Charleston early December 15, when the President and his staff left the ship for Washington, D. C.

The following day was a happy one for many of us. The ship left Charleston for the West Coast, to arrive before Christmas.

With the Presidential Cruise over, and Quarterdeck maneuvers by the Full Guard at an end, we are just "standing by" to see the old breakwater at Long Beach come into sight.

"Pop" Cain is already planning to spend Christmas in Orange, Calif., and "Shanghai" Quillin says, "Riverside, here I come." Atcheson will get the furlough transfer he has been waiting for since last July. "Musie" Allen, "Feet" Apfel, and Dalby "Goat" Johnson will be heading for Los Angeles. Many of the guard are from the East Coast and are rather dubious about "Sunny" California, but tales by adopted "Prune Pickers" and "Native Sons" are making them as anxious as any to see the West Coast.

THE CHARLESTON CHRONICLE

By Nosey

From the ole Gunboat *Charleston* comes once again news of the Marine Detachment. We are now occupying our old berth in the Charleston Navy Yard. Work on the ship is speeding along and two of the four 6-inch gun carriages have been placed aboard. In another month we expect the guns to be placed aboard preparatory to leaving for the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

From the 23rd to the 28th of December we found the ship's crew unusually short due to the Christmas holidays. Corporal Morris, Pts. Rodgers, Dupree and Cope enjoyed several days at home over the holiday period. The Christmas dinner was enjoyed by the enlisted personnel and their guests. The feast embodied everything from the proverbial "soup to nuts." There was a continual opening of packages from home among the members of the detachment. Everyone seemed pleased with their gifts. The most unusual gift was a leather necktie received by Pfc. Mize. Mize was a bit embarrassed upon opening the above named gift and lost no time in stowing it in his locker. It was suggested that to keep the gift in A-1 shape saddle soap and Kiwi

polish be used. If Sgt. Rogers endeavors to acknowledge the innumerable Xmas cards that he received he will be a very busy man for the next two weeks. Sgt. Rogers and Pfc. Petersen received, among other gifts, two boxes of the finest hand-made Havana cigars that I have ever smoked.

Pvt. Dopson, in addition to being ship's barber, has erected a beauty parlor in the compartment. It is not unusual to observe members of the detachment lying in their bunks getting their weekly facial. "What is the Marine Corps coming to?" The writer did not think so much of the younger members of the detachment that indulged but when Corporal Hamilton, with over 14 years' service, was caught in the act of having a lemon squeezed on his face that was too much for me.

Pvt. Harry Lawrence Cope made the society column of the local paper due to his marriage to a South Carolina debutante. Pvt. Callham is sporting a beautiful black eye. We have not heard the story that goes with it, but he will have to think up a better one than the "swinging door" alibi to convince us. Pvt. Guedon will soon be running the radio shack on the ship. He has been the Communication Orderly for some time and has mastered the Morse code at the rate of two words per minute. McPhillips has taken over the duty of mess cook for Rodgers while the latter enjoys leave in the city. Benton is master of pots and pans in the galley and seems to be doing quite well.

The sands of time are fast sifting away and we must bring this installment to a close. Hoping that all of you will keep your New Year's resolutions, we say "So long" until next month.

THE QUINCY LANCERS

By "Wake"

Safely ensconced in Boston Navy Yard's No. 2 dry dock, the *Quincy* watched the Old Year out and the New Year in. Looking a little sad from the ravages of the yard workmen, she nevertheless kept alive the spirit of the holidays with spruce and holly.

This enforced inactivity is beginning to pall. Many of us wish that we were under way once more to sniff the salty brine and

watch the sun rise and set on the turquoise horizon (yeah, man—who is this guy Maze-field?). And from the looks of things it will still be a long time before we hear the loud speakers transmit the old call of, "On deck, all the special sea details."

The latest dope from around the scuttlebutt is that if we do not recross the Atlantic to represent the U. S. A. at the King of England's coronation in May, we will betake ourselves to China. And even if there is no truth to either rumor it is rather pleasant to contemplate. Of course, there's always the knowledge that sooner or later we will join Cruiser Division Eight, and become a unit of the Fleet.

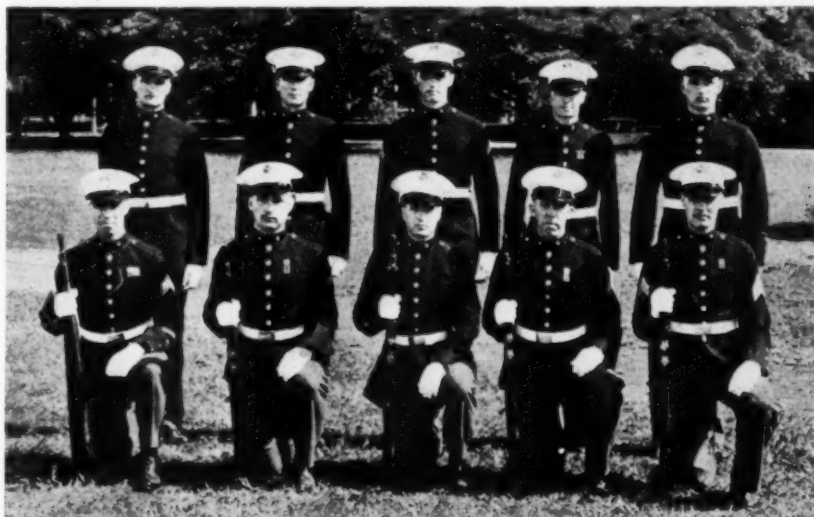
The *Quincy* now has an orchestra and from what everybody says it seems to be following the footsteps of Louis' Hungry Five—oops, I mean the Boston Symphony Orchestra—very closely. The Marines are well represented in the organization in the following capacities; China, saxophone; Trumpeter Roberts, trombone; Pvt. Guy, trumpet (and we mean a mean trumpet). They've only been going a short while, but big things are in store for them in the line of ship's dances, smokers, and other entertainments.

NEW MEXICO SALVOS

U.S.S. *New Mexico*

By S. J. Bozoksi

This is the first article from the *New Mexico Marines* this year. An introduction of our high priced help should be made at this time. The Marine Detachment is commanded by Captain W. W. Wensinger, assisted by 1st Lt. M. T. Starr and 2nd Lt. J. C. Miller, Jr. First Sergeant Jack Salesky is our first class professional soldier by whose rules and customs we live so happily. Platoon-Sgt. G. E. Jefferies is our source of knowledge as far as small arms are concerned, and if one should want to know anything about 50-calibre Machine Guns, Jefferies will be only too glad to help him. With a few years of experience as an instructor and 17 years of handling experience, I think he is well qualified. Our Property Sergeant is Sgt. Charles F. Eck, who can furnish a sea-going Marine every-



Members of Number 1 5-inch anti-aircraft gun, USS *Minneapolis*, who attained the Navy "E" at Short Range Battle Practice. Kneeling, left to right: Sgt. Gagner, Pfc. Reynolds, Pvt. Chambers, Cpl. Whiddon, Sgt. Spellman. Standing: Pvt. Wallace, Pfc. Greene, Cpl. Sturgeon, Pfc. Scott, Pvt. Moller.



Photo courtesy Tai SingLoo, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U.S.S. MINNEAPOLIS

Front row, left to right: Cpls. Smelgen, Keenan; Sgt. Gagner; Dmr. Farmer; M-Gy. Sgt. Peters; Capt. Snedeker; 2nd Lt. Vandegrift; 1st Sgt. Wright; Tpr-1cl Amerson; Sgt. Spellman; Cpl. King, Sturgeon. Second row: Pfc. Mudey, Dick, Brumley, Greene, Spotts; Cpl. Whiddon; Pfc. Shipley, Reynolds, Scott, Ostafski, Dew. Third row: Pvs. Chambers, Romberger, Fiedorowicz; Asst-Ck. Price; Pfc. Drummond, LeTellier, Coahran; Pvs. Bohner, Strean, White, Richards. Fourth row: Pvs. Renner, Wallace, Jamontas, Hall, Shilzony, Ross, Moller, Eaton, Jeglinski, Hora, Nethington.

thing he needs—yes, he has years of experience. For proper performance of guard duty we are responsible to Sgt. W. F. Morris, Sgt. Doolen, and Cpl. Hancock. Police Sgt. A. A. Elliott is the man we keep away from on field days, but he knows the hangouts and gets the place cleaned-up. Cpl. E. F. Wilson is our Company Clerk, assisted by Cpl. S. J. Bozowski.

TRANSFERRED: 18 December, 1936. Pfc. William F. Lynch was transferred to MCB, San Diego, Calif. "Bilgy" was on the New Mex" three and a half years and when he was transferred we found him back one week-end on the ship spending his forty-eight. It must be love . . .

During the month of December, we had one man, Pvt. W. E. Wilson, join the Det. He was with us only a few weeks and was transferred to the base 2 Jan. 36.

Promotions: Pvt. Robert T. Fries was promoted to Pfc. 1 January.

At this time we are marking time until this vessel sails for the yard. The exact date of departure is still a mystery and the dope centers have predicted every date from January 11 to the 29, so we will be safe to say that we are leaving in January for a three-month overhaul period at the Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash. Since we have had rainy weather the last two weeks we are well snapped-in for the showers of Washington. New acquaintances will be made and some old ones awakened, Seattle will be visited again and a few will venture to Tacoma for their recreation. The crew always did have a good time up north and from my opinion they will not mind this stay very much. Most of them picture it as shore duty and that is what we are all waiting for so Bremerton, here we come.

The Marine Detachment won the third prize awarded for the best Christmas Decoration. Credit for this accomplishment goes to Pfc. Clair "R" Marshall, whose endeavors produced the finished product. His assistants were Pvs. Ferris, Butler, Maurer, and Pfc. Markel. Our little display added the color necessary for the spirit of the season to be felt aboard ship. The flickering lights on the Christmas tree made a lot of the fellows think of their homes and friends. The Christmas Party for children

was a success and the present received by the little ones were appreciated to the fullest extent as was seen by their smiling faces . . .

"City Slicker" George Mason, has started to roll his own again. He claims he is preparing for the beach, but the straight dope is that the "City-Slicker" is going back to Texas and wouldn't want to admit he lost the fine art of rolling a smoke. That must be one of the requirements of a cow-puncher back there in Canadian, Texas.

SARATOGA SCANDAL

The holidays having been properly celebrated and the advent of the New Year properly heralded, the boys are ready to settle down to a few months of serious endeavor. Prospective movements of the ship indicate there is an active season ahead—the home guard had better make the most of our periods at anchor. Very little information concerning holiday doings has drifted back to the ship at the present writing, and the "Gunny" absolutely refused to divulge his New Year's resolutions.

Preliminary arrangements for sending the Detachment to fire the range at LaJolla have been completed; even now the first detail, under the capable supervision of Lt. Enright and Gy-Sgt. O'Connor, is battling the wind and rain on the "snapping-in" line. In a very few days they will return, replete with tales of how "I woulda made expert, only—"

Bridges and Patterson return from fur-loughs in Florida and Mississippi—the little boy with the bow and heart-tipped arrows must have been quite active in those localities during the last few days of the Leap Year. And, from appearances, both were sorely smitten.

Our genial purveyor of "gedunks" at the Ship's Service Store has recently been bemoaning his lack of publicity, yet steadfastly refuses to disseminate any information that will shed light on his activities, beyond the fact that he and ex-messman Donley have been using the "Majestic" for a parade ground these last few weeks. It is also rumored that "Country" is frequently in attendance at that place of amusement.

In keeping with serving on board an aircraft carrier is our Sunday dinner of aviation chicken—all wings.

Strauss has begun to pensively count the days until the Sara Maru pulls into Bremerton and he can shove off for a few days leave in Portland.

Though Hardy faithfully extolled the virtues and poweress of the "Husky" football team, it was of small avail. The final outcome of the Rose Bowl game left him feeling rather blue—though he still maintains they won a moral victory.

Epstein, you can sit in the "driver's" seat.

ROPE YARN NOTES

U.S.S. Salt Lake City

By Bassett

With all due respects to the beauty of Southern California winters and the glorious expanses of 'tother side of San Clemente Isle, we still maintain that even with snow sixteen feet deep and Kitsappers three skulls thick, we would still feel far better walking the docks of Bremerton than chasing a poor little inoffensive target around with homicidal intent. Every time we note the deserted beach of Pyramid Cove we wonder why they couldn't have battle practices off the island of Bali, or perhaps the Virgin Islands, once in a while. Mayhaps then one could actually find interest in keeping the crosswires on a marker. Just imagine a target run with the local number one Lopalussa for a marker. Whatta break—that we'll never have.

The forthcoming cruise to the northern climes brings to mind the probability of what some of the boys will learn in the land of dog teamers and parka upholstered Juliets. Keenan will discover how they protect a bald pate in the sub-zeroes . . . Stockdale will find the cost of apartments for two . . . Cooney, Ireland, Smashey, Malch, Lewis, and Houk will find the cost of tickets to L. A. . . . Squecky will inquire the distance inland to the land of "No-Allotments." . . . Kinney will find air mail routes to Eileen . . . McGrath and Ma Price will compare it to China . . . Owens and Cox will try to find Uncle Jack and Mrs. Taylor . . . Parkman will find a Knickerbocker Hotel . . . Dubby will find no lizards . . . Bucky Garten will find where they do their skating . . . Denny "E" Thompson won't find it like "Lousyana" . . . Munger will wonder about a lot of things the average man couldn't imagine exists . . . M. E. Rogers will practice to someday become a full fledged counsellor-at-sea . . . Woods will find a new spot to swing his shore-side hammock . . . and little Willy Fairley will see Bellingham go past the starboard beam with pathetic longings.

The end of gunnery will nearly end the salt water career of some half dozen or so elderly shellbackers. So that all posts from Keyport to San Diego may have ample warning to lock the gates and double the guard, we shall name the soon-to-goers who will be running loose looking for a home. Honest Al Stockdale (wonder where'n'll he got that name) will venture into the cold, cold world after four years and a butt of everything from mess cook to police sergeant. We warn all and sundry that if you don't relish painting angle irons, then shoot to kill at sight of those droopy Missouri ears. Cooney and Ireland, two local yokels, will attempt to grace (or disgrace) any post near Sawtelle and Pasadena, so keep your eyes open, Diego. Smashey won't be far behind if you do see them coming. J. E. Thompson will try a back entrance

THE LEATHERNECK

into Mare Island, he may even come over the back fence at "84" some dark night. Mr. Johnny Gibb will impress and distress the 2nd Signallers with his sea going specialist rating if not immediately dispersed. "See See" O'Neal, who can't see far enough to put out seconds to our mess cooks, will find a place where he can't put out the old bean ration every other meal. And last, but far from the least, those two eminent Americans, Jawa William Munger and Senator C. Hamilton Woods will uplift the social standards of some lucky post. Please, please, don't everyone request their services, they can't be with all of you at once.

And so, wondering just how James M. Rogers is making the world rotate down at Diego, and hoping he ends up as a whale-boat coxswain, we close before the impending mayhem that above words will inspire descends upon ye scribbler's head.

FRISCO FLASHES U.S.S. San Francisco By R. H. Wampler

Now that the range work has been completed and I've been refreshed with a little leave I'll make another attempt at dishing the dirt.

By the looks of the scores that were handed in we surely won't be keeping the Franklin Wharton Trophy in our possession much longer. Another reason being that a large enough percentage was not permitted to fire. As the old saying goes—"It's better to have had and lost than never to have had at all." Our range work this year consisted of the rifle, pistol, auto rifle and machine guns. Some of the men were new in the use of machine guns and of course a lot of fun was had by them as well as some of the older fellows.

While at the Navy Yard another transfer was authorized. This time in consisted of seven men: Sgt. L. V. Raynes, Cpl. J. A. McDowell, PFC's Venable, Crandall, Rochl, Cozad, and Pvt. Butkovich. These men are all finishing up their present "cruise" at the Navy Yard.

Another face we miss is that of Cpl. Paul Harold Bond, better known as "Baldy" (where did he obtain that name?). I'm not telling. Anyway, Baldy just couldn't wait for the four years to roll by, so Uncle Sam granted him a Special Order Discharge. We don't blame you for being in a hurry to get to Detroit, Baldy, and we take this opportunity to wish you lots of luck in the future.

Go ahead, folks, and say what you please about your "Blue Ribbon" winners—but we've a winner that tops them all. Yes—a baby winner. It may be ancient history, but once a winner always a—winner. None other than the "Personality Kid," Pvt. Donald F. Quimby, who was recently promoted to Private First Class. Congratulations, Quimby, we're all for you.

Who knows, we might even have a future congressman in our midst. It may be late but it did just arrive by pony express. The following was clipped from a very popular newspaper in Florida (yes they have newspapers there). Quote: "At a joint meeting of the two Senior homerooms on Tuesday, October 27th, two former students of Suwannee High School gave interesting talks on naval life. Robert Cannon of the U. S. Marine Corps and Frank Houck of the U. S. Navy related interesting incidents concerning the life and training of Uncle Sam's sea going forces." And to think of him being one of the boys. Yes sir, we are certainly proud of you, Cannon (although he's better known as "Shotgun" around here.

All right, we'll tell you. It's because he's too small to be a cannon. Get it?).

PFC Sylvester (suitcase) Annen seems to be getting his share of the chow recently. When he was asked how he did it, he merely stated—"I'm carrying out my General Orders." Boy, I've seen general orders and special orders of all sorts but the general orders that "Suitcase" carries out—well, folks, they take the cake (so does Suitcase). They are as follows:

1. To take charge of these spuds and all gravy in sight.
2. To watch my plate in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for any stray sausage that comes within sight, smell or hearing.
3. To repeat all calls for seconds.
4. To quit my table only when satisfied that there is nothing left thereon.

5. To receive, but not to pass on to the next man to me, any meat, cabbage, or beans left by noncoms, corporals, or buck privates.

6. To talk to no one who has eaten onions.

7. In case of fire in the mess hall, to grab all eatables left by others in their flight.

8. In any case not covered by instructions, to call the company clerk or first sergeant.

9. To allow no one to steal anything in the line of grub unless I get my share.

10. To salute all chicken, pork chops, ham and eggs, liver, and spaghetti not in cans.

11. To be especially watchful, at the table and during the time for eating, to challenge anyone who gets more prunes than myself.

Well, Suitcase, you are regulation so we will overlook your enthusiasm at the chow table.

(Continued on page 47)

TROPICAL TOPICS

VO SQUADRON 9M Saint Thomas, V. I. By E. R. S.

The squadron as a whole was very busy the first two weeks in December in connection with the benefit play, "Fast Workers," for the Municipal Hospital. Lt. Thomas H. Hayes (MC) (USN), the squadron Medical Officer, who has been associated with the local hospital as an assistant and consultant since his return to St. Thomas with VO-9M, and thus saw the need for new equipment and repairs but no funds were available. He consulted the Officers' Women's Auxiliary to find out the system by which they raised money from time to time; he then decided to have a local talent show but later gave that idea up when he saw how little talent he would have available, so "Fast Workers" was decided upon.

The cast for the play was as follows: Olga, a lady's maid, Betty Hurst; Judson, Totten's "Man" Doctor Smith; Algernon Totten, Sam Hough (His weakness is speed); Abie Finklestein, "Sparky" Puritz (Totten's personal attorney); Officer McClutchy (A plain clothes man); Ernest Brett, Bob Coddington (a novelist); Aunt Kate Baildon, Helen Larkin; Kittie Baildon, her daughter, "Bobbie" Bridge; Millie Davis (a runaway), Emily Smith. The cast all played their parts very well and from the people's point of view everyone enjoyed the play.

Credit is given to Doctor Hayes for his untiring attention to directing the play and to Mrs. Ira Brock for her assistance as Doctor Hayes' assistant. ChPayClk. Phillips is to be congratulated as chairman of the advertising, publicity, tickets and program committees, for the success in these matters. The net proceeds of the play was over one thousand dollars, the largest amount turned over to the hospital in years. The members of the squadron contributed in many different ways and I am sure that their services were appreciated.

Hough received his first fan mail the day after the play, so you can see that some one thought that he played his part well, congratulations, Hough, and that goes for the entire cast.

Colonel Moore returned from leave on the 12th of December; he made the trip in the RD-3 with Major Medaris, Captain Dickey and Tech-Sgt. O'Connor, who were on detached duty in connection with ferrying aircraft to Norfolk, Va. The Colonel brought

back some very welcome information, so we were all eager to see him return.

At the regular monthly meeting of the service club the following new members were elected: Corporal Berg was elected to take Sergeant Haney's place as the president of the club; Corporal Wray to replace Corporal Kennedy as vice president; Corporal Fox to replace Sergeant Kuykendall as member of the board of governors; Stf-Sgt. Knopes was reelected as Secretary and Treasurer of the club by a unanimous vote at this meeting, but orders have been received to transfer him to San Diego, so another meeting was called on the 28th of December and Corporal Fox was elected to replace Sergeant Knopes; Sergeant Baldassare was elected to replace Corporal Fox on the board of governors. One would have thought that he was at a big election when the office of Secretary and Treasurer was known to be open. Some big time electioneering was done by interested parties for this office. I guess we didn't know just how it was done



Landis and Hare, tennis finalists in recent Virgin Island matches. Landis emerged as the victor.



VO-9M Christmas Dinner Decorations.

'cause Corporal Fox was elected by a large majority, in fact, almost 50 per cent, so we offer congratulations to Corporal Fox, he is well qualified for the job.

Authority has been received for the promotion of Tech-Sgt. Towels to Master Tech-Sgt. Congratulations, "Pop," you have reached the top of one ladder in this Marine Corps, keep up the good work. Corporal Knopes was promoted to Stf-Sgt. on the 11th of December for duty in the paymaster's department. Knopes was getting a little worried, he had some inside information that he was on top of the list and as he knew that there were some vacancies, he was beginning to think maybe he was on the top of the wrong list.

We received our moving picture operator some time ago, but as yet no machine; we have been wondering maybe headquarters sent Kirrane down here to entertain us, thinking that he was a qualified movie actor instead of an operator. To date he hasn't shown any of his stuff except for doing mess duty and working on the bull gang.

Santa Claus arrived in St. Thomas in the person of Colonel Moore on the 24th of December. Major Medaris and the Colonel took off in the JF-1 and returned about a half hour later and who should get out of the airplane but old Santa himself. A large number of people were at the field to meet him. He shouldered his heavy bags and drove into town in a waiting auto and gave out his presents to the children at the Tennis Club. From all information he knew just what the children wanted to get from Santa, so maybe there is a Santa after all.

Christmas day we had the pleasure of seeing our 5 per cent boat finally launched. Mrs. Medaris christened it by breaking a bottle of beer over the bow and naming it the *Cincopecento*. A little trouble developed on the trial run but was soon remedied. A few minor additions are to be made before the boat is to be put into full commission. There should be some interesting fishing trips to be made in the future by the officers and enlisted men of this squadron in the boat.

I wonder if Sergeant Godwin hasn't been down here a little too long already. A couple of weeks ago he layed down on his bunk after recall in the afternoon and dozed off to sleep and upon the music sounding of evening mess gear he was awakened and rushed down to the usual place of boarding the truck to go out to the field. It looks kind of bad for a sergeant not to know the

difference between work call and chow bumps.

Corporal Sherwin left St. Thomas on a furlough transfer to Quantico, Va. He was one of our short timers and didn't know whether he was going to reenlist or not. PhM2el Roberts joined us on Christmas day from NS, NOB, Norfolk, Va. He had quite a trip down to St. Thomas. From Norfolk to Guantanamo Bay via the *Henderson*, then to Santiago, Cuba, by rail and from there to St. Thomas via Pan American Airways. That is one way of getting here.

It seems that according to a certain local girl Private Roberts is half civilized and Corporal Abbott is half Indian. We don't know what she bases her opinion on but she is right about the latter being half Indian. Maybe Abbott will let you know what it is all about?

Sgt. Anglin's horse, "Leatherneck," gave the local race fans a thrill on the day of the races this year. He was matched with three of the fastest horses on the island, Rob Roy, Top Flight and Playboy, the latter being scratched the day before the races. A good number of the Marines were present to see the races and of course as "Leatherneck" was not favored to win, a good many of the natives were ready to bet all kinds of money that he would not win. It is our only regret that we didn't have more money to put on "Leatherneck." He won the race by three lengths and was clocked at one minute and fifty-nine seconds for the mile. The track was not in good condition due to a hard rain early in the morning. Sergeant Anglin had a couple of months' pay tied up in the races and I guess he probably would have been ready to extend his time down here if "Leatherneck" had not come through. Personally, I believe that Sergeant Anglin knew all the time what he was doing.

We had several tourist boats here before the Xmas holidays, some of the fellows had a pretty good time. One of the corporals in particular is said to have enjoyed the visit.

I believe the changing of location of the service club and running our dances there had something to do with Knopes' record of being up the pole for over six months and at the first dance held there he slipped by coming down the pole but not with a bang, just seeing how a good cold can of beer tasted after so long a period. Cpl. Berg is now the sole "Up the pole." So this ends this month's broadcast.

ALOHA!

By J. H. Neil

Once again from the land of the Hula we greet our fellow Marines with age-old word of welcome—*Aloha*.

During the past month it has been just one big social whirl here on "ye olde rock." Dances, smokers, basketball games, football games, etc., kept the entire personnel on the go. Take it from me, a deb's first year had nothing on the pace the lads and lassies kept up during the hectic days just passed. But we have settled down to our regular routine, and Morpheus is having his day.

A recent and welcome addition to the post was Marine Gunner Melvin T. Huff, winner of numerous medals and honors during his career in the Corps. We are proud to be honored with his presence. The Gunner, is at present, attached to A Co.

For the past two months the post carpenters have been working feverishly under the guidance of Corporal Joe Jester and have just completed work on the new Sergeants' Club, and improvements on the post gymnasium. The new club is really a sight to behold, with its ultra modernistic furnishings, giant radio, and its classic setting (adjacent to post beer parlor).

The post bowling team at present is rolling along in third place in the All-Service League, but when the pay-off comes, you can rest assured the boys will be in the money. Several weeks remain in the season's play, so the boys at Schofield and Honolulu had better keep an eye on the Leathernecks.

The post basketball team is using the improved gymnasium to good advantage, practicing daily and hoping to attain heights never achieved by teams which preceded it. In their first game, the quintet met a crack team from Schofield Barracks and were defeated in a close fought contest 30-29. The game served its experimental purpose, though, as several outstanding players were discovered in Charley Mann, "Sleepy" Rawls and Herman Swick, forwards, while the work of Harris at center, Coffey, Burger and Keranen at guard was very commendable. Jones, Steele, Freeman, Hardin, and Gabriel also made a good showing.

Inter-company basketball is due to start soon and we look forward to some thrilling cage games. With Corporal Carl Wilson to guide the destinies of A Company, Private Tabbutt of B Company and James Freeman of Barracks Detachment leading their units, some interesting evenings are in store for the command.

SIDE-LINE LOOKS:—The post band possesses two artists of rare ability in Pfc. Everett Bogert and Private James Griffith. "Hamelet" Griffith, as he is known to all his fellow bandmen, has just completed a standout performance in the play, "Double Door," staged by the Honolulu Community Players. "Bing" Bogert is singing with the Honolulu Glee Club and some day hopes to make the Metropolitan.

Pearl Harbor Marines were sorely disappointed when word was received that the San Diego Marine football team was unable to come over for the proposed game with the University of Hawaii on Christmas Day. Next time we hope there is no maritime strike on.

During the past month, because of the arrival of many *malihinis* (to you recruits, newcomers), the commanding officer decided it was only fitting and proper that the boys should be introduced to Hawaiian music and dances. Combining the famous Bray Troupe with a smoker in which all Marines participated, Wednesday, December 23rd,

THE LEATHERNECK



VO-9M BOWLING CHAMPS

Qm-Sgt. J. S. Hale, Cpl. M. W. Berg, Pvt. R. M. Wise, Tpr. R. H. Ried and Pvt. R. E. Stewart.

was a very successful day. Marines from the USS *Louisville* were on hand for the entertainment and agreed that the bouts were tops.

In the first bout of the evening Dannie Lee Shuck won a technical kayo over Peter Merrill. In the second, Robert Dixon and Fred Steele drew in a hard fought battle. In the next scrap Music Daly outpointed Orval Ward. After the fights were over, two behemoths of the mat entered the ring and for the next twenty minutes we were entertained by "Man Mountain" Mitte and "Joe Savoldi" Hodges. True exponents of the grunt and groan racket, these boys kept the house in an uproar, until finally "Jolting Joe" managed a flying tackle to pin the "Man Mountain," after each had taken a fall.

We were next entertained by the Bray Troupe, and although the boys were quite excited at times by the exotic hula girls' antics, their music and dances were enjoyed by all. Next came the concluding bouts of the evening, with Leonard Erickson decisioning M. B. Halas in a close one. In the semi-final, Ed Sieber outpointed Laurence Taylor in a slug fest.

In the final and most interesting bout of the evening, "Sleepy" Rawls, all-round athlete of the post, won a close decision from Frankie Calhoun.

Thanks to the efforts of Sergeant "Joe Humphreys" Campbell, the events of the evening were run off in rapid order. Thanks also to 1st Sgt. Morris C. Richardson and 1st Sgt. Abe Skinner, for their good work as judges. Private Leonard Damrow refereed the bouts in excellent manner. The entire program was staged under the direction of Lt-Col. R. W. Peard, who was assisted by 2nd Lt. C. Burton, Jr.

Corporal Clarence E. Smith, a member of Corporal Willy Scales' Yard Patrol, has laid claim to the Aey Duey championship of the post, despite numerous complaints from other sources. Corporal Lawrence Hol-

(Continued on page 49)

Miscellany

THE FLEET MARINE FORCE

EARLY in 1933, it became apparent that the Expeditionary Force, then in existence, had served its purpose sufficiently well in the past, but the need for a more highly organized force to carry out the mission of seizing and defending advanced bases, was acute.

With this in mind, Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, drew up plans for a new force to meet more adequately this very important naval mission. These recommendations were submitted to the Navy Department with the proposal that this new organization within the Marine Corps be called the Fleet Marine Force. In October, 1933, the Navy Department approved this new organization and its name; thus was born the Fleet Marine Force.

Immediately, the Fleet Marine Force was put into actual organization. At Quantico, the famous 5th Marines was reorganized, and at San Diego, the equally famous 6th Marines was revived. Then Brigadier General C. H. Lyman was placed in command of both regiments, with his headquarters at Quantico.

With this nucleus, intensive training was started to develop a highly specialized combat team to seize and defend advanced bases for the Fleet. Rapid progress was made, and when the Fleet Marine Force made its initial maneuvers with the Fleet in 1934, their performance was most satisfactory.

Since its organization, the Fleet Marine Force has studied and developed landing operations with the result that this branch of military science has made continuous progress toward perfection. The results have well justified the creation of the Fleet Marine Force and the untiring efforts of those who inspired its birth.

In September, 1935, Brigadier General D. C. McDougal relieved Major General Lyman as Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force, and his headquarters were moved to San Diego. In June, 1936, the Second Marine Brigade was organized in San Diego, with Colonel E. P. Moses as its commanding officer.

At present the Fleet Marine Force is organized as two reinforced brigades. General McDougal, the Commanding General, and his staff having their headquarters in San Diego. The First Marine Brigade, under the command of Brigadier General J. J. Meade, comprised of the 5th Marines; 1st Battalion, 10th Marines; 1st Engineer Company; and Aircraft One, stationed at Quantico, Virginia. The Second Marine Brigade, under the command of Colonel E. P. Moses, and consisting of the 6th Marines; 2nd Battalion, 10th Marines; 2nd Engineer Company; 2nd Chemical Company; Battery G, 155 mm. guns; stationed at San Diego. Aircraft Two, stationed at North Island, is under the direct control of Force Headquarters.

Training is now being conducted to carry out a constantly improving schedule to fit the Fleet Marine Force in carrying out its mission. Yearly operations with the U. S. Fleet have proved of great benefit in solving the many problems to be faced in joint exercises of this nature. It has further developed a close unity of effort, for when serving with the Fleet, the Fleet Marine Force is under the direct command of the Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Fleet. These yearly problems in joint operations have now become established in the training

(Continued on page 49)



Launching of the "Cincopercento."

SPORTS

FOURTH MARINES' SPORTS LETTER

ON THE 2nd of November the Headquarters Company Second Battalion basketball team started in the finals of the Inter-Company league against the E Company team. These two teams had won the titles in the "A" and "B" divisions of the league and were pitted for the final championship. Headquarters Company won the first game 38 to 16 and the second game 41 to 29 to take the title and the trophy.

Following the Inter-Company series there was an Inter-Battalion league between the three battalion teams of the regiment. In this league the Second Battalion clinched the title by winning three out of the four games. Headquarters Battalion won second place honors with two games won and two games lost, while the First Battalion trailed with a single victory to their credit.

The first rugby tilt of the 1936 season in which the Fourth Marines participated, was played with the first fifteen of H.M.S. *Dorsetshire* on Sunday, November 8th, on the Polo Field of the Race Course.

The Marine pack showed much stronger than that of the *Dorsetshire's*. They pushed to better effect and heeled the ball back better. In following the ball the Marines were speedier than their opponents. Only one fault could be found with the pack. Certain members were continually offside and these plays slowed up the game considerably.

When it came to the forwards and the threes the Marines were speedier and possessed a better fighting spirit than the *Dorsetshires*. There is plenty of room for improvement, in the ranks of the Marine team but for being the first game of the season they showed up exceedingly well. The final

score was 11 to 0 in favor of the Fourth Marines.

Before a record breaking crowd of American football followers, the Fourth Marines outwitted, outsmarted and outplayed the Shanghai civilians to the tune of 38 to 6 at the American School grounds. This year it was thought that the Fourth Marines would not have as good a chance as they had in former years of winning the Turkey Day classic. But, the Marines upset all the dope and came through to win by the largest margin they have ever won since they first started to play for the Cunningham Trophy.

The civilian outfit had many players from various ships of the U. S. Asiatic Fleet stationed in Shanghai but even from this source of strength the civilian eleven was not able to stop the Marine aggregation. With such players as Tschirgi, Hemphill, Vuicic, Zeher, Zatkoff and a host of others who have had a lot of experience at playing the game, the Marines were at no time even threatened with being scored upon, let alone be beaten.

It was just a case where the Marines had the ability to put out the necessary plays and follow up with men able to carry such plays through to the end. Almost every member of the Marine squad saw action during this annual game.

Right now bowling and basketball are holding the spotlight of sports in the Fourth Marines. The various leagues in which teams of the regiment are entered in these two sports have not played enough games to warrant any predictions as to the eventual outcome. However, the Marines are holding their own and we look forward to add more championships and more trophies to the already long list boasted of by teams of the Fourth Marines.

SPORTS ACTIVITIES

2nd Battalion, Fourth Marines

The Basketball team of Company E is leading its division in the Major Cates Trophy with a 1,000 per cent, and with one more game to play it looks like they will be in the final playoff series with the Hospital Quintet, which has won the other division. We are looking forward to adding another trophy to our already overcrowded trophy case. E Company has also placed two men on the regimental basketball team and one man on the American football team.

Pvt. Zeher of F Company, one of the most outstanding players of last year's baseball squad, was presented with the baseball trophy, The Mercury Press baseball cup.

The regimental bowling team has three very good representatives from this battalion in 1st Sgt. Bond, Sgt. Higginson and Cpl. Cushman. Five men of this battalion are on the American football team and one on the Regimental Basketball team. Rugby also has made its appearance in the ranks of the Corps and three men of F Co. have reported for action.

H and Hq. Co. also seem to have contributed greatly to the cause of sports, placing Pvt's Apodaca, Grimes and Vulgamore on the football team (the former two of whom will also play basketball for the Regimental Squad), Cpl. Guidetti on the basketball squad and Pvt. Vicie of Hq. Co. on the rugby squad.

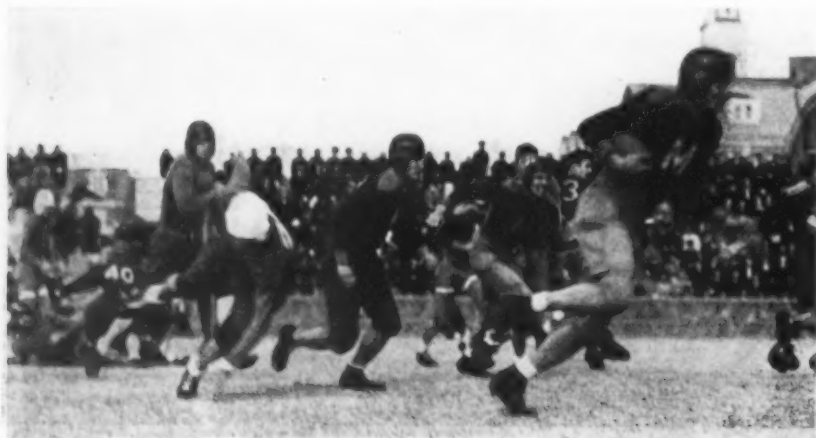
The annual Turkey day football clash with the Shanghai Civilians saw all these men in action and gave more than their share of the grunts and groans towards making the game what it was and contributed greatly towards rolling up the score to what it was.

QUANTICO BASKETBALL

On the afternoon of the 19th of December the First Battalion, Fifth Marines, First Marine Brigade, FMF, took over the Basketball championship at Quantico. The championship did not wind up by playing straight through the series of games, for the end of the series found three teams triangled for the honors of the first half, and the First Battalion the winner of the second half.

Each of these three had played the first half and lost only one game. So it was a play-off between the Post Service Battalion, the First Battalion, 10th Marines, and the First Battalion, 5th Marines, to decide the first half. The play-off was held with the Post Service Battalion and the First Battalion battling to a win for the First Battalion. Then the game with the 10th Marines gave the First Battalion a 25 to 15 victory and decided the championship for the First Battalion.

The first team line up for the First Battalion was as follows: Bryant and Cole as centers, Baker at right forward, Blake and



Five Yards Around the End, Shanghai

Kuhn at left forward, Gleason at left guard and Rowand at right guard.

Rowand is a corporal in D Company, having made his warrant recently. He captained the team and proved his worth by being a good one. Gleason, a private in B Company, is an old Osseo, Wisconsin, man from where they take basketball seriously. Kuhn, hailing from Homestead, Pa., is also a B Company man and holds the rank of corporal. Blake is a private in A Company and one of those Oklahoma cowboys. Baker is also an A Company private and one of those sure shot mountaineers from Kentucky. Cole, a private, is another B Company man, and a lanky Buffalo Satellite. Bryant is a private in D Company and one of the Battalion's Mississippi delegation which has taken up residence in the Machine Gun Company. This team was ably supported and augmented by a squad of Pfc. Davis, Pfts. Bates, Mascola, Martin, Miller, and Simmons of A Company; Pvt. McCauley of B Company, and Pvt. Cunningham of D Company. The team made a total of 270 points in ten games, with Bryant scoring with 63 points, Baker with 62, and Rowand with 53 as the three high scorers.

First Lieutenant A. Larson and Second Lieutenant J. F. Walters who coached the team cut this squad out of a group of forty-four men who reported the first day of practice. The one game lost was the second game of the first half when they played the snappy Post Service Battalion Team. However, with a couple of more games and a little ironing out of a few plays the team steadied down to a straight run of eight victories.

The squad wishes to express its appreciation of the fine support the Battalion gave them during the games. Lt-Colonel L. H. Miller, Battalion Commander, made it possible for any men not needed by their company commanders to get over to the games at 3:45 p.m. With enthusiastic supporters a team can feel a backing which helps out in the tight spots and gratifies when the course is clear. This display of loyal support showed the spirit the Battalion has behind its teams and we are planning on having the same kind of a team to go on the baseball diamond next spring.



Defensive Ends Going in Fast. Fourth Marines.

SIXTH BATTALION, FMCR SPORT NEWS

Philadelphia, Pa.

By T. L. (Les) Jones

With the holiday season over, the boys have all settled down to hard work in an effort to put the battalion basketball team over with a bang. The squad of twelve men has been outfitted in snappy maroon colored uniforms with gold trimmings and present a striking appearance on the floor.

To date, the team has broken even on the four games so far played. On the 11th of December they played the White Flash five and were defeated 26 to 19. On the 15th of December the team lined up against the boys from the USS *Porter* and the sailors took their measure in the last few minutes of play. The final score was 27 to 26 in favor of Uncle Sam's sea-going taxi drivers. These two losses were chalked up to the experience column and when our boys went out to play the Kensington Recreation Center team they profited by said experience and came home with a 29 to 20 victory in their pockets. The next game was the first ever

played on any floor but the one at the Navy Recreation Building in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Somewhere in the wilds of North Philadelphia they met the enemy (said enemy being known as the Nalco team) and managed to defeat them by one point. The score this time was 36 to 35.

As this goes to press the team is getting ready to take over the Seventh Battalion Artillery Reserves and we hope to spike their guns. Several other interesting games have been booked but as our schedule is open on several dates, we would be glad to hear from other organizations having teams that do not object to being beaten.

NAVY DEPARTMENT BOWLING

By H. A. McElroy

Well, here it is, boys, the big broadcast from the land of strikes and spares, or should I say splits and swears? (Well, it almost rhymes, anyway.)

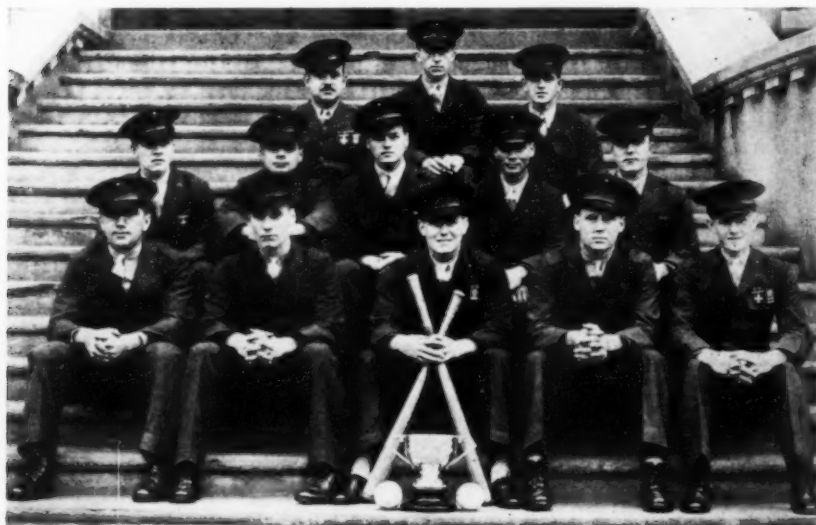
The Navy Department Bowling League is enjoying its most successful season since its inception three years ago. Though there remains only twelve of the former eighteen teams, this has proved a benefit, as it has enabled the weaker teams to recruit much needed strength and has made for a more evenly matched race. In fact, as we pass the half way mark we find the teams so evenly matched that there are only two teams that could be considered out of the race.

For the benefit of anyone who is not acquainted with this league, it is composed of teams from the various Navy Departments, with the Marine Corps being ably represented by a team from the Commandant's Office, Adjutant and Inspector's Office and the Marine Barracks.

No one team has dominated the race so far. The first few weeks found the Adjutants and Inspectors hanging onto the lead, but they were supplanted by Lithographers. Then Ordnance, which appears to have one of the best teams in the league, reached the top. But their lead was short lived, as Bureau of Engineering, by sweeping six games in a double header in one night, moved into a commanding lead of five games. At this writing we find Bureau of Engineering in first place, one game in front of Ordnance in the runnerup position, with Marine Barracks and Commandants tied for the third hole.

Individual honors must go to that peren-

(Continued on page 49)



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, SECOND BATTALION, FOURTH MARINES,
SOFT BALL TEAM

Regimental Champions, Inter-Company Series. Left to right, front row: Vucic, Smith, Chronister, Click, Mencher. Second row: Green, Pennestri, Thacker, Hudson, Stith. Third Row: Sherman, Tubick, Johnson.

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

BROOKLYN'S THIRD BATTALION PLAN GALA HOUSE WARMING

EXTENSIVE preparations for a most elaborate house warming of the new drill building, are being made by the officers and men of the Third Battalion, Major B. S. Barron commanding, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Occupancy of the new home of the Reserves, from the progress at the time this was written, was indicated as sometime this month and every effort is being made to make the celebration of the event one of the outstanding Reserve events of the year anywhere. A program of military, athletic and social events is being worked on by the officers and men, which will endeavor to show every phase of Reserve activity, as well as a panorama of the Reserve in the Yard ever since its inception.

All companies successfully passed through the first annual general inspection, conducted by Major Thomas B. Gale, USMC, the Inspector-Instructor, and the Battalion commander, last month. Equipment and cloth-

ing were found to be in excellent condition and the appearance of the units was commended by the inspecting officers. With February at hand, eyes and efforts are likewise being turned very definitely toward the annual tour of summer camp duty, and the work of polishing up the men in the field work and other allied subjects is being conducted.

The new building, constructed with WPA funds and the most modern type of construction, will afford the five units of the Battalion opportunities for drill, training, range work, and storage facilities which the old Building No. 9 never had, as the old structure was originally for a single company, the original Navy Yard Guard Detachment, or 462nd Company (now Company D of the Battalion). Much progress in training is expected once the organization is housed in its new home.

Invitations to the officers of all nearby Reserve units, as well as to members of the

Army, Navy, Marine Corps, National Guard, veterans organizations and other similar units will be extended by the Third Battalion for its official housewarming. The Battalion has made friends among the units of other service branches, as well as among the Legion, V. F. W., Jewish War Veterans and allied veteran groups, and a record-breaking attendance at the several days and nights of celebrating is expected. Athletic contests, including basketball games, fencing contests, boxing bouts, etc., will feature the functions. It is hoped that some of the high command of the Corps and Reserve may be present from Washington for the ceremonies.

Among the interesting features to be installed in the new building will be a pictorial gallery, including not only portraits of the various commanding officers of the Corps and Reserve, but an interesting pictorial history and movie library showing the complete history of the Brooklyn Reserve units to date. This will be kept up as long as the Battalion exists. Special cases to display the twenty-odd trophies won by the Battalion and its various units in the past few years also will be constructed. City, State and Federal officials in New York and Washington are expected to be present, as many of them have participated in Reserve functions at the Yard in the past five years.

Meanwhile, with all this extra preparation, the regular drill and training work of the Battalion has proceeded apace, with the companies qualifying their members over the small bore range in the Yard, and working hard at their regular training schedules. Sandboxes and equipment for tactical problems, the use of the balopticon for illustrated lectures, and occasional motion picture lectures are being used to perfect the officers and men in their work.

Company A, commanded by Capt. John J. Dolan, the youngest company in the Battalion, is working hard to break into the trophy-winning column this season. It has been bolstered by the assignment of a second officer, 2nd Lt. Mark K. Neville, FMCR, recently commissioned and assigned to the outfit.

B Company, 1st Lt. Fred Lindlaw commanding, held a highly successful company party at its quarters in the Yard, at which motion pictures of last summer's camp activities were shown to a large audience. Pvt. James Murphy formerly with the Fourth Battalion, has transferred into this company.

C Company, Capt. Howard W. Houck commanding, held its most successful annual ball in the series of six thus far. The committee was headed by Gy. Sgt. G. J. Loiso, chairman. Recent promotions in this unit include Pfc. J. M. Schroeder to corporal and Pvts. J. Hayes and E. Malone to Pfc. P. Serano, company bugler, was the latest from C Company to be hit by Cupid and join the ranks of the benedicts.



ANNUAL CHRISTMAS DINNER OF MEDICAL DETACHMENT, 5TH BATTALION, FMCR, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Left to right, front row: Fabrizio, Francis J., Lieut. jg (DC-V) USNR; Schafer, William L., Lieut. (MC-F) USNR; Knowlton, Don S., Lieut. Comdr. (MC-F) USNR; Miller, Harvey L., Major, FMCR, Commanding Fifth Battalion; Strine, Howard H., Lieut. (MC-F) USNR; Palmer, Alfred M., Lieut. jg (MC-F), USNR. Back row: Alexander, Francis X, Pvt., FMCR; Vine, Frederick W., Pfc., FMCR; Rector, Ralph L., Pvt., FMCR; LaLonde, Ira E., Sgt., FMCR; Jenkins, Robert L., Sgt. Major, FMCR; Benson, George A., Cpl., FMCR; Davis, William E., Pvt., FMCR; Sciscent, Tito, Pvt., FMCR; Eckhardt, David R., Pvt., FMCR.

BROADCAST FOR THE
MARCH LEATHERNECK
MUST BE HAD BEFORE
FEBRUARY 8

D Company, Capt. M. V. O'Connell commanding, notes the promotions of Pvt. Wm. Engelman and Edgar F. Kelly to privates first class.

The athletic program of the Battalion is greater than ever this year, with volley ball, table tennis, fencing, boxing teams added to the regular basketball activity. The basketball squad, coached for the fifth year by Capt. O'Connell, has already set up a good record of seven victories out of eight games played, against the best service and club teams in the city. The lone game, dropped by three points to the 245th Coast Artillery, should have been won by the Marines who missed many easy chances to score. A long schedule of over thirty games will be played, carrying the team well into the late Spring. Indications now point to the early formation of a regular service league in and around New York City in which the Marines will be member players. It also is likely that the team will appear both at the N. Y. Hippodrome and Madison Square Garden in feature contests during the present season. Indications point to this being the best squad to represent the Reserve since basketball was started at the Yard five years ago.

Prospects of a good baseball team look bright for this Spring, with a number of enthusiastic and experienced players available. In this event, efforts will be made for inter-battalion competition at next summer's camp.

A challenge to any Marine Corps Reserve basketball teams in the country to play for the national championship is being issued by the Third Battalion outfit and it is hoped several other Reserve teams will respond thereto.

5TH BATTALION

Washington, D. C.

Statistics recently compiled in the Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, Washington, D. C., present an interesting cross section of the background and composition of the commissioned personnel of a Fleet Marine Corps Reserve battalion.

The Fifth Battalion, consisting of headquarters company (including band, medical, signal and clerical sections) and seven line companies is allowed an enlisted complement of 552 men; 69 men to a company.

The Battalion's commissioned allowance provides for 1 Major, 11 Captains, 9 First Lieutenants and 1 Second Lieutenant.

The officers actually attached to the battalion are 1 Major, 4 Captains, 12 First Lieutenants and 5 Second Lieutenants.

The age of the Major and Battalion Commander is 49, the average age of the Captains is 38, of the First Lieutenants 34, of the Second Lieutenants 25. All officers are enrolled and active in the Marine Corps Correspondence Schools.

The attendance of officers at active duty training camps with troops ranges from 11 such periods for the Battalion Commander to one for the newest officers.

Four are natives of the District of Columbia, 4 of Virginia, 2 of West Virginia, 2 of Tennessee, 2 of Alabama and one each of New Jersey, Vermont, South Carolina, Minnesota, North Dakota, Mississippi, Wisconsin, and Russia.

Attendance at colleges and universities by officers of the Battalion shows four from George Washington University, three from Georgetown, three from Columbus University, two from Virginia Military Institute, two from National College of Law and one each from University of Dayton, Peabody Conservatory of Music, Loyola College of



Marines of the 11th Battalion, FMCR, Seattle, Contribute to the Battalion Christmas Fund.

Baltimore, Marshall College, University of Maryland, Dartmouth, University of North Dakota, the Citadel, Columbia University, University of Virginia, Howard College of Alabama and Concordia College of Milwaukee.

The list of schools does not indicate that each represents a collegiate degree. Degrees held by officers of the Battalion are three LLB, five AB, two BS, one BSME, one BSCE.

Civilian occupations of the line officers show two attorneys at law, one physician and surgeon, one gas company executive, one band leader, one assistant Commissioner of the Maritime Commission, one leading ordnance man, one structural engineer, one Lieutenant of Police, one stock broker, one auditor, one owner of printing plant, one superintendent of printing plant, one philatelic agent of the United States, one wholesale confectionery distributor, one assistant to the purchasing officer of the Procurement Division, one manager of a radio store, one division chief clerk, WPA, one civilian aviator, one clerk of Federal Bureau of Investigation, one publisher, one university physical instructor.

Two of the officers have previous commissioned service in the regular establishment. Eight have previous regular enlisted service. Three have previous Army Reserve and National Guard Service and 16 have previous Marine Corps Reserve enlisted service.

Four Naval Reserve medical officers are attached to the Battalion. Their average age is 37. In addition to the four MD degrees two have BS degrees, the schools represented by them being two Georgetown University, one Gettysburg College, one George Washington University, one Yale, one Tufts. One of the Medical officers served four years as an enlisted man in the Marine Corps Reserve and two of the doctors served two years as enlisted men in the Medical Corps of the Regular Army.

7TH BN. (ART.) PHILADELPHIA

By George R. Muller

First we wish to extend to every Marine, particularly those with whom we associated at Quantico last summer, a belated Happy New Year. With the passing of the holidays we of the 7th are taking stock of certain changes within and without our own sphere.

We have read in the last issue of THE LEATHERNECK of the induction of a new Major General Commandant. To Major General Thomas Holcomb we offer our sincerest congratulations (we hope General Williams puts in a good word for the Reserves). The inter-battalion news is somewhat limited because of the curtailed schedule of December. However, Sgt. Alfred J. Smith added the diamond to his chevrons and is taking hold of his new job as "Top" of Hdqtrs. Bty. All of which reminds us that the Sgt. Major is still looking for a locker. How about it, "Smitty?" A newcomer has arrived, one Sgt. Michael Harbrook, USMC, from Quantico. "Mike" is most popular. He is not wild about the vintage of some of our equipment but he enjoys acting as a foil for Sgt. Ellswick, USMC. They both sleep with their feet on the same desk. It didn't take Ellswick long to teach him the trick, for Mike is naturally bright and caught on quickly. Roy Beck, our supply sergeant and well known Philadelphia sleuth, was seen sneaking around the locker room the other day, short on his inventory no doubt.

Next month we may have some more.

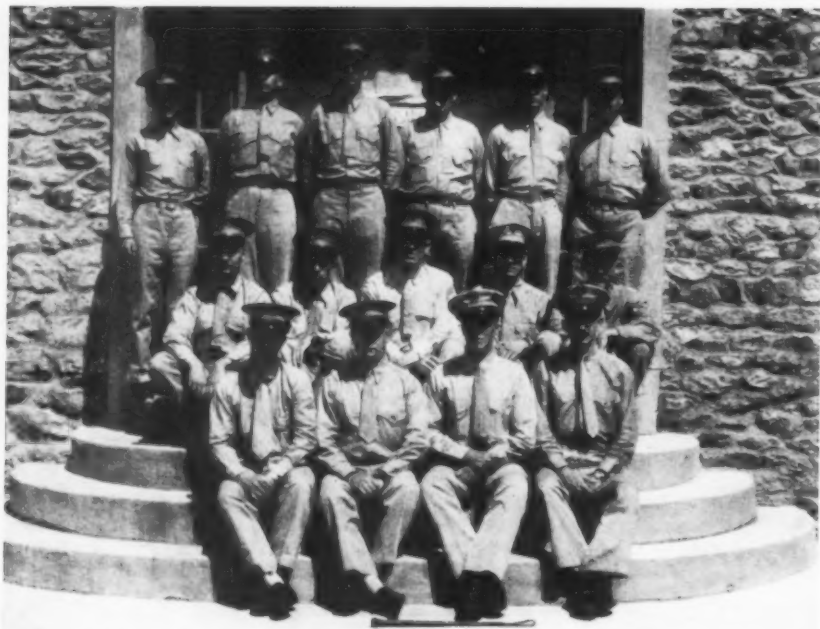
GOLDEN GATE CREAKINGS

12th Battalion, FMCR, San Francisco, Calif.

By Irish

This being February of the new year, this reporter is in the position of the boot, just commencing his first cruise—he has nothing to talk about! The gift of prophecy being denied to us humble humans, we can't tell what the present year will bring, but can only regard it with hope and the determination to face what it may bring with the courage and fortitude which have been always characteristics of the men who have made the Marine Corps the organization with which we are so proud to be associated.

The Battalion Rifle Team, which made such a fine start in the San Francisco Rifle League (small-bore), has been making progress consistent with its start. The third League match was fired on December 8, 1936, against the team of the San Francisco Junior College. Our outfit came out on top by the narrow margin of 911 to 900. It was mighty close work, and the lads had to



MEDICAL SECTION OF HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 5TH BATTALION, FMCR.

The Medical Officers are: Lieutenant Commander Don S. Knowlton, MC, USNR, Bn. Surgeon; Lieutenant William W. Schafer, MC, USNR, Bn. Sanitary Officer; Lieutenant Howard H. Strine, MC, USNR; Lieutenant (jg) A. M. Palmer, MC, USNR.

extend themselves to keep on the long end of the score. Another match, and the latest one to date, was fired on December 15, 1936. The opponents were the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company Rifle Team, who were taken into camp handily. The record of the team to the present is four matches fired, all won. The most encouraging feature of the performances of the Rifle Team is the fact that the individual scores of all members show a constant upward trend.

This Battalion has recently suffered the loss, by the EOE route, of one of its most valued and valuable non-commissioned officers, Sgt. Harrison Ford. Sgt. Ford's enlistment expired during the latter part of December and he did not ship over, a fact which is greatly regretted by those men and non-coms who were associated with him for four years of battles—sham and beer. His service was with both B and D Companies and he gained a well earned reputation as an instructor, with a perfect attendance record. To Sgt. Ford we wish good luck and happy landings.

Although it is against our rule to take notice of rumors or other variations of scuttlebutt gossip, we are forced to mention the strange case of the absent-minded sergeant of A Company. It seems that, at a recent troop inspection, this sergeant fell out wearing a fair leather belt and was the most surprised person present when it was pointed out to him by the inspecting officer. We refrain from naming names, but are decidedly curious about his strange behavior upon that occasion. We suspect foul play.

The only public event participated in by the Battalion during the past month was the East-West Football Game, held on 1 January, 1937. This game, one of the big sporting events of the year, is played annually for charitable purposes and the pageant before the game and between halves brings out every military and semi-military organization in San Francisco. Unlike previous years, the Battalion furnished only one sixty-man company and two 37 mm. guns with

crews. The usual splendid game and show were put on, and all men who took part reported an enjoyable day.

Rack our think tank as we will, the foregoing seems to be about all there is to be recorded at the present time. The holidays were responsible for a temporary interruption of routine, but with them behind us the way is clear for further effort and we hope to have a constantly increasing volume of news henceforth.

COMPANY "C" SAW

4th Bn., FMCR., Newark, N. J.

By R. C. Keck

Company C Saw, a member of familiar faces transferred to the ERA as the old year passed on, and we have welcomed the replacements into our midst, and wish them good soldiering in 1937. We sincerely hope that the new men will put their shoulders to the wheel, and start plugging as they have a tradition to uphold, in making company C, the outstanding company in the battalion; and that responsibility is wholly upon you. Every man's individual record goes to make up the company's and through each one's effort we will reach our goal.

During this month we celebrate the birthdays of two of the country's outstanding men. On the twelfth day of February we celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln the great emancipator. On the twenty-second day we celebrate the birthday of George Washington, the father of our country. In our daily pursuit of duties we should pause long enough to give a little thought to the two great men who were responsible for moulding the firmest foundation for the greatest country in the world. We salute these two great men of history.

On Saturday, April third of this year, the Fourth Battalion will hold a Military Ball in the Crystal Ballroom of the Mosque Theatre in Newark. The Ball will be strictly formal and a record attendance is expected, together with a great number of

city and state officials, also many military officers from various branches of the service.

This will be the first Annual Ball and it will be repeated each year and every man will be expected to be present. We, of the Fourth Battalion of the FMCR, want to let the country know what it really means to be a Marine, and a member of the Fourth Battalion. And if I am any judge, believe me, after the Ball is over the people will be talking about it for many months to come; it will be one of the most outstanding and colorful events of the year.

There will be a great deal of work in order to get everything prepared and we need the cooperation of every man to help insure its success. And, fellows, here is a little friendly tip: When some member of a committee comes to you and asks you for an hour or so of your time and assistance, forget the excuses, boys, and cheerfully volunteer. It will be appreciated, because it will be for your benefit as well as your company and battalion. I am sure Company C is one hundred per cent ready to cooperate in any capacity.

H. Q., FOURTH BATTALION, FMCR

Newark, N. J.

By Charles S. Tracy

On Saturday night, the third of April, the Fourth Battalion plans to hold its first annual Military Ball in the Crystal Ballroom of the Mosque Theatre Building in Newark. The committee, headed by Captain C. W. Pohl, Inspector-Instructor, intends to make this event annually an outstanding and much anticipated one in this section. The attendance is to be limited to two guests per man in the Battalion, plus high state and municipal officials and members of some military organizations. The committee is expending every effort in an endeavor to make the affair a memorable one.

The Battalion basketball league has started with Company B of Jersey City getting away to a commanding lead with victories over Company A of Elizabeth and Company C of Newark. On 10 January Company B has the responsibility of defending the honor of the Battalion when its team takes to the court against a team representing the Third Battalion. Major Otto Lessing, Commanding Officer, has not divulged what he stands to lose to Major Barron should the team not win, but it must be at least a shirt from the interest he has taken in recent B Company practises.

Increased emphasis is being placed on Correspondence Courses, attendance at drills, marksmanship, and other activities, and the marked improvement that has been noted recently has been due in no small part to the offering of an "Efficiency Banner" by Mrs. C. W. Pohl. In preparing for the next encampment, typhoid inoculations and small-pox vaccinations are to be given to every man, starting next week.

SIXTH BATTALION, FMCR

Philadelphia, Pa.

By Wm. B. Crap

Before delving into the "newsy" part of this article, we wish to send a belated New Year's greeting to our friends in other battalions of the Reserve and to others who may have been following our articles in THE LEATHERNECK.

Now that 1937 is fully upon us, we have turned our thoughts away from last year's encampment and are looking forward to the one coming. It does not seem so far away, especially as we have been having regular

spring weather in Philadelphia. So far this winter we have not seen a bit of snow and several evenings were so warm that we really enjoyed drilling outdoors. Probably by the time you are reading this, we will be wading through snow to our midships.

Your correspondent is very much on the "pan" this month due to the fact that he has been severely neglecting mentioning names in his dispatches. Should the Quartermaster read this article, I hope he will sympathize with me and include crying towels among the next shipment of supplies he forwards to this outfit.

Shortly after the bells ceased ringing in the new year, wedding bells rang out for two men in this battalion. Pfc. Euker of Company C signed away his liberty and Corporal Yeager of Company A tied a knot with his tongue that he is unable to undo with his teeth. We understand it was a charming widow and she must have been charming to capture such a woman-hater as the corporal professed to be.

Several promotions are to be dished out soon to worthy men in the battalion. We are sorry that we cannot mention names at this time in order that the recipients can prepare to hand out cigars.

I have been warned to keep that d—hand out of the magazine this month, but in spite of all warnings, I refuse to do so. The conk-horn blowers started off the new year by taking part in the Mummer's parade in Philadelphia, escorting the Lobsters Club. We are proud to say that our "sponsors" captured first prize and what is more they attributed it to the fact that we helped to make a good showing for them. The proof of this is that they have engaged the band for 1938 already.

Due to so much work staring your correspondent in the face, this article will have to be curtailed. Probably next month's will be somewhat better. It will be better if some of our battalion readers will take it upon themselves to dish out a little assistance in the preparation of these articles by supplying information regarding the goings on in their respective companies.

SPOKANE—14TH BATTALION, FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE

The Fourteenth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, made its initial public appearance in Spokane in the Armistice Day Parade on November 11th. The Battalion received front page publicity in the form of a picture showing the 14th Battalion as the newest military unit in the city, with a tie-in with a picture of the Fourth United States Infantry, stationed at Fort George Wright, as one of the oldest Infantry Regiments in the United States Army.

Among the newly enlisted personnel in the unit is Neal Flenner, the President of the Spokane Junior Chamber of Commerce, and five members of the Board of Directors of the Chamber have followed President Flenner.

Lieutenant (jg) Bernard I. Kahn, Medical Corps, USNR, has received his orders transferring him to the 14th Battalion as Battalion Medical Officer.

A Rifle Team has been entered in the All-City Small Bore Matches which will be fired during the months of January and February. First Sergeant W. V. Sheldon is Team Captain with Platoon Sergeant Clark, Sergeant Hafner, Corporal Bergman, Privates Brewer, Taitech, Pettie, Miller and Matthew as team members and alternates. Private Brewer comes to the unit from the state of Kansas where he was the high man in the

State Small Bore Matches, Junior Division.

The indoor range facilities of the regular Army at Fort George Wright have been made available for the Battalion through the courtesy of the Commanding Officer, Colonel Walter Drysdale. Similar courtesy has been extended for the use of the regular range at the opening of the target season in the spring. Colonel Thomas G. Aston, Commanding Officer of the 161st Infantry, Washington National Guard, has likewise made available the Guard's small bore range to the unit.

Major Herman R. Anderson, USMC, the regular Inspector Instructor, made the principal address at the Navy Day observance at Wallace, Idaho.

On Monday night, December 14th, the Battalion put on a "bean and cornbread" feed at the Gold Room of the Desert Hotel.

Recent promotions in the Battalion include: to Supply Sergeant, William Field; to sergeant, Loren Hafner; to Corporal, John Bergman, Guy W. Hillman, Russell M. Kelly, Robert Miller, Don Dean; to Private First Class, Manual Cohen and Clarence Adams.

On November 25th the Battalion Commander, Lloyd W. Nickerson, received his promotion to Captain.

"Leathernecks on Parade" is the title of the Radio Broadcast that the Fourteenth Battalion is running weekly over Radio Station KGA. This program is broadcast every Friday night at 7:00 o'clock and is a show in which personal experiences of local ex-Marines are re-enacted for the air. Corporal Bill Pratt, local radio announcer, is in charge of the program preparation and handles the recruiting announcement which terminates each program. Time has been granted the Reserve over the radio station free of charge and it is planned to run the programs for forty weeks. The cast is made up of the men whose experience is being given plus a working group from the Battalion. Very favorable comment has been given on this Marine Corps Reserve program and recruiting results are extremely satisfactory.

The Fourteenth Battalion furnished all of the grandstand guards for the Annual Shrine Football Game, giving the men an opportunity to watch a good football game without cost.

CO. "A," 9TH BATTALION, FMCR

By The Mouthpiece

Too many parties and too many pals, that song hit of a decade or so ago, gentlemen, explains the reason for the absence of our column in the December issue. Then, too, this correspondent's working hours were juggled in such a fashion that it was quite difficult to set down and write and seem joyful when gloom was my sidekick. However, we will do our best to keep that from happening again (with the help of a very heavenly young lady with blonde hair, blue eyes and a devastating smile). Editor Rentfrow, please note, as I appeal to you like a father, no "prowling," she's mine to have and to hold until my gyrene pals get to her, then every man for himself (Bless them).

Lt. C. C. Bathum, by the way, is sporting a new monicker unknown to him until now. One of the new arrivals mentioned one drill night that he talked like the Voice of Experience of radio fame and the name has taken root.

Private "Drizzlepuss" Sullivan wants to know "how long you must be a Marine before you can take it." Two beers and he is looking for a cab. Well, "Drizzlepuss,"

"when I was a young fellow," we had horses to drive home and then even a horse can stand more than two beers. Cpl. Clarence "Hobo" Werner is wearing a big smile these days, she must have said yes; how about it, Hobo? Sgt. "Uncle Joe" McCarthy does not believe in red as a danger signal. He is now sporting a 1937 lovely model redhead. O Kay, Sarge, mine's a blonde—mmm, stick to the redheads, they're nice, too (I can't be too careful, you know wolves abound in the Marine Corps). Can anyone explain what has happened to Pvt. Ed "Gabby" Turnell? He hasn't talked in ranks now for two whole weeks. Battalion medico, please investigate. Standby, gents, this is a scoop. I hope Winchell doesn't feel slighted because of this but Pvt. Roy (Honey Chile) Smith bought "her" a ring for Xmas. Wonder if he really means it. If so, there'll be little or no rest from hearing the Indian on the pennies wahooping. All donations gladly accepted, fellows, after all, it's his first proposal, so give him a hand.

The Normal Park Lodge of the Medinah Club American Legion dedicated December 1st, 1936, to the U. S. Marine Corps as Marine Night and extended invitations to every known Marine organization and ex-Marine individuals in the Chicago area to attend, which they did right proudly, my laddies, right proudly. Marines from as far back as 1890 and '93 were in attendance, among a group of some 2,000 more from every age and generation. Many well known officers of the regular service and the reserves attended and gave short talks about the history of the Marine Corps and their various experiences, while serving with it. Those officers who were present (excuse me if I miss any, my memory is bad), Lt. Colonel Joseph A. Russell, U.S.M.C., whom your correspondent served under at Portsmouth, N. H., Naval Prison. My one regret was that I could not get a chance to have a chat with the Colonel as he left early to catch a train for a western destination. However, it was refreshing to see him once more still hale and hearty and young as ever. Major Schwenck, Commanding Great Lakes Marine Barracks, Major Curtis Beecher, A & I, 9th Battalion, F.M.C.R., Major Chester L. Fordney and Major Harold M. Keller, Commanding 9th Battalion, F.M.C.R. But to return to the original subject, Normal Park Lodge put on a grand show with a fine midnight supper as a finale. The one disappointing feature of the program was the absence of the films of the Marines in Nicaragua, but that was no fault of the Legion members who worked so ardently to put the show over which one and all, who attended, will say was second to none. So in my humble way as spokesman for Company A, 9th Battalion, F.M.C.R., allow me to say "Thanks and,—well, Legionnaires, you understand—just THANKS."

At the last regimental review held November 10, 1936, Company A was again, as "per habit," chosen the outstanding company of the 9th Battalion. Watch us step at the 1937 camp, all I can say to anyone who cares to listen is—"Gentlemen, watch Company A. Look on and learn how."

Lieutenant Bathum, our C. O., has a couple of artists working on two murals (on canvas in oils), 20 feet by 6 feet and 10 feet by 6 feet, which when finished will adorn the bulkheads of our quarters. The 20 foot by 6 foot mural is one depicting the Marines making a landing under fire on foreign shores, the other is one of a naval battle at sea. Having seen what has been done so far, I can say they are "the real Mc-

(Continued on page 50)



NATIONAL DEFENSE ESCADRILLE

By JOHN E. BROCK, National Chief of Staff, Marine Corps League, Oakland, Calif.

THE following plans as outlined is hereby submitted to all Detachments of the Marine Corps League for approval and to become part of its program with the uppermost thought in mind that the best assurance for peace is preparedness. It is further recommended that we the members of the Marine Corps League go on record as endorsing this plan as the major program for the year 1937.

Purpose of the N. D. E.

The National Defense Escadrille was conceived for the purpose of securing additional National defenses.

In view of the progress having been made in foreign countries in the matter of air defense programs, the U. S. aviators have long fostered a movement to increase the efficiency of our military air forces, and it has been agreed that the most effective means to accomplish this end would be by utilizing the services of the thousands of civilian aviators who for various reasons are not eligible to become members of our regular air forces.

In this group are listed fliers of every category and stage of efficiency; transport pilots, limited pilots, commercial, private, amateur and student pilots. There are approximately 17,000 civilian aviators and only about 2,500 are connected with the various branches of the Air Reserve Corps. This leaves a potential air force of 15,000 men that could become an efficient auxiliary to the regularly constituted air forces.

The National Defense Escadrille, through its program seeks to unite this non-military group of fliers, and by a systematic routine to drill them in the fundamentals of military aviation.

Membership in the National Defense Escadrille shall not be restricted to men actively engaged in aeronautics, but every effort will be put forth to induce air-minded citizens to become members, particularly young men having a special adaptability for the various phases of aeronautics, such as mechanics, radio men, riggers and technicians. These men will volunteer their services for the period of one year, and attend meetings and lectures on the subject of air defense, and which meetings will be conducted by a regular line officer of the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps, or an active member of the various Reserve Units, and upon completion of this apprenticeship shall be privileged to volunteer as a full fledged member of the N. D. E.

The Marine Corps League, sponsors of this movement, are of the opinion that such an organization will not only serve to strengthen our military defenses, but will likewise greatly stimulate the lagging interest in aviation proper.

DETACHMENT STANDINGS

The ten (10) leading Detachments of the Marine Corps League in Membership as of January 1, 1937, are as follows:

- 1 AKRON
- 2 SAN FRANCISCO
- 3 THEODORE ROOSEVELT
- 4 OAKLAND
- 5 HUDSON-MOHAWK
- 6 TROY
- 7 HOMER A. HARKNESS
- 8 CAPT. BURWELL H. CLARKE
- 9 SAN JOSE
- 10 NIAGARA FRONTIER

It shall be the further purpose of the N. D. E. to promote Governmental legislation to the end that the organization's work will be supported to some extent by Government subsidy.

Plan of Organization

The N. D. E. as presently planned shall be under the direct supervision of a group of men who shall be designated as the National Staff Officers, i. e.—National Commander, Vice National Commander, National Executive, National Junior Executive and the National Chief of Staff.

It shall be the duties of the National Staff to prepare and conduct the activities for the various units of the N. D. E. as they come into being, and to effect a close cooperation between the War Department and the N. D. E. as it effects the expansion program of the organization.

The National Staff Officers shall also pass upon the qualifications of the line officers to be attached to the various units, and to make any and all necessary recommendations for appointments, and it shall be their further duties to exercise final judgment in the matters of promotions, demotions, or dismissals of the N. D. E. personnel.

Line Officers

Line Officers shall be appointed by the National Staff Officers and shall be placed in direct charge of the units. They shall be responsible for the training of the enlisted personnel and shall be so qualified by experience and training as to conduct the operations of the unit.

Line Officers shall be appointed and be of Commissioned rank from the regular Army, Navy, or Marine Corps Air Reserves, or Commissioned in the National Guard, State Militia Air Service, or retired.

Line Officers shall establish the ratings of the enlisted personnel, and shall designate the leaders of the Unit on the basis of competency and meritorious service.

Line Officers shall be further charged with the responsibility of expansion programs such as securing volunteers for the enlisted personnel, and otherwise maintaining an effective organization. In the event that more than one line officer be attached to a unit, it shall be the duties of the Staff Officers to select a Senior Line Officer to head the unit.

Plan of Operation

The present plan of operation is based on the presumption that the average pilot would rather apply his skill as an aviator in mastering the rudiments of military aviation than flying aimlessly about merely for the purpose of building up air time.

It shall be the duties of the Line Officer in charge of a unit to establish a time and place for drills, preferably in the hangar of unit headquarters. The enlisted personnel must attend these drills whenever possible. Drills shall consist primarily of technical discussions on the rudiments of military aviation, and such matters as are pertinent to the operations of a flight.

Each unit shall consist of not less than five pilots, two mechanics, one rigger, one communication man, one observer, one gunner, and one apprentice. The pilots attached to a unit may be of various commercial ratings and the Line Officer shall designate the unit ratings of the members as follows: Private Pilot, Transport Pilot, senior grade; Limited Commercial Pilot, Second Class; Private Pilot, First Class; Amateur Pilot, Second Class; Student Pilots, Third Class. There shall be two grades of Mechanics, Riggers, Communications, Observers, etc. These ratings shall be made by the Line Officer and shall be based on the qualifications of the personnel.

With the purpose in mind of creating civil interest in this organization, provisions will be made to accommodate a limited number of air-minded citizens who wish to become future members of the N. D. E. At present no plans have been drawn up for the schooling of such apprentices, but it shall be assigned to the Line Officers to use such discretion for the good of the unit. As has been previously mentioned, the apprentice must undergo a preliminary training period, tentatively set for one year, after which he shall be eligible for membership in the N. D. E.

In conclusion, the plans as hereby submitted are subject to changes from time to time, and are not to be taken as a permanent set of rules and plans, but a beginning to a defensive measure.

TOMPKINS COUNTY DETACHMENT

Ithaca, New York

"A'ha! Here we are again," shouts Commandant; Joe Brearley, and his Gyrenes, from Dear Old Tompkins County, as they peek around the corner of the New Year, with great optimism and cheer . . . And with a great shout, "We wish all you

THE LEATHERNECK

leathernecks a bigger and better 1937, with plenty of joy to all . . . And how!"

You know, dear leathernecks, we feel kind of gay here in this Detachment, at Tompkins County . . . We sure do. And we will proceed to tell you why:

Did any of you ex-Marines ever hear of Les Johnson? Well, anyhow, Les is the fellow who handles the dough in our Detachment and I mean to express, he sure knows how to take good care of it! Not only does he take care of the money, but he showed the boys how to make more. Now this was Comrade Johnson's suggestion . . . A raffle. Boy! Oh, Boy! you could have knocked out hats off. Who ever would think of that, no one but Les. Knowing he had taken us by surprise, he started grinning and went on to explain how it was to be done. The idea was to raffle three pairs of Navy blankets and we did, with great success, and a nice profit to boot . . . Now how do you like that for cooperation?

There is one thing we are proud of and that is the Tompkins County Detachment, it is a small outfit, but we are proud of the straight fact, we know how to work together.

We will admit we are conceited in regards to our cooperation that we have developed among ourselves.

During the excitement, of selling the raffles and the holiday season, which usually carries joy, to most of us a pall of sadness hung over us. Past Commandant George Compton had the sad misfortune of losing his Dad. We sure sympathize with George with all our hearts.

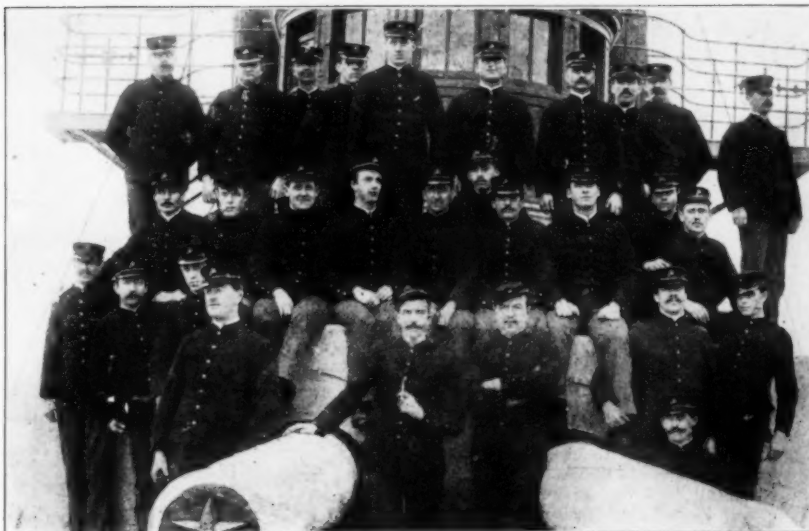
There is one thing we want to express how humble we feel, when we realize how earnestly George worked to sell his raffles to do his share towards aiding our coffer when he was under such a severe strain. Hats off to you, George, old boy . . . You are one swell Marine.

It seems to me I could rant on and on, for I sure love to let the world know all about us ex-Marines in Tompkins County, but in order to get this into print I've got to call a halt. So I will shout with plenty of gusto, and end this epistle, with a welcome to Ithaca, New York, Brother Marines and Joe Brearley and his Gang will show you all a grand time.

JAMES HARRY SHEHEEN,
Chief of Staff.

SAN FRANCISCO DETACHMENT

Here we are the city by the Golden Gate, and we are back in the running again. By the last LEATHERNECK we were leading the League, but do not expect to stay there as per the last letter from the National Commandant, so it looks like the Akron Detachment will be the leaders in the January issue. We hope that there are more of those kind of detachments coming into the League in the very near future. We have been so busy that the new Chief of Staff has not had time to send in just what he would like to. The new officers for this detachment are as follows: Charles H. Lee, Commandant; D. S. Griffin, Senior Vice; L. E. Taylor, Junior Vice; J. L. Cohen, Adjutant; M. C. Brown, Paymaster; P. C. Henniger, Judge Advocate; R. S. Taylor, Chief of Staff; T. H. Tieman, Chaplain; J. A. Reynolds, Capt. of the Guard; D. L. Hollowell, Sgt. of Arms. The installation was held on the second of November, with National, State, and other detachments' officers of the League and Auxiliary present. A Past Commandant badge was presented to Past Commandant Roy S. Taylor, and the enter-



Marine Guard, USS. Brooklyn, Flag Ship, at Santiago, Cuba, Sunday, July 3, 1898.

tainment was very good and there were too many entertainers for the writer to remember, one was the daughter of Comrade Paul Henniger, Irene Marie, who gave us two snappy numbers. Chairman L. Winchell of the Thanksgiving day entertainment committee, reported that we made enough on our raffle to give the boys in Fort Miley hospital a very good show. And what a show, the entertainment lasted for two hours and a half, and while the show was going on the Ladies' Auxiliary passed around gifts to the veterans; the day that we were out to the hospital there were only two Marines, Jimmy Diomond and J. Suttan. Red Parker, who just came out of the same hospital, very graciously donated his loud speaker system so that every one could hear it from any part of the grounds. Paul Henniger's little girl gave a couple of numbers and we have an old time Radio singer in our Detachment, who sung two numbers; he sure is back to his old radio form again, Comrade P. Richard is the man we are talking about. Comrade Richard is from the City of Boston, of the last National Convention at Boston, Massachusetts.

ROY S. TAYLOR,
Chief of Staff.

5026-A Mission Street,
San Francisco, California.

NATIONAL CAPITAL DETACHMENT Washington, D. C.

The last monthly meeting of the National Capital Detachment, Marine Corps League, for the year of 1936 was held at 8:00 P. M., Thursday, December 10, at the Soldiers, Sailors and Marines Club, 1015 L Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Attendance was up to par and a lively session ensued. A vote was taken on a motion to change the name of our organization. The result of the vote showed a unanimous desire to retain the original name. An "old timer," namely, Mr. John Herauf, was duly sworn in as a member of this detachment. It is interesting to note that he served in the Marine Corps from 1909 to 1913, and, incidentally, he served in Panama under the command of Major Smedley D. Butler in 1912. It is gratifying to know that the "old timers" take as keen an interest in the Marine Corps League as do the "youngsters" and bears out the assertion that Marine Corps League membership is not confined to any particular expedition, insurrection or war.

As a final gesture for the year of 1936, this detachment held a "smoker," which included a buffet supper, movies and other entertainment, in the Gold Room of the

Mr. John B. Hinckley, Jr.,
National Adjutant and Paymaster,
Marine Corps League,
41 Charles Street,
Dorchester, Mass.

Please enter my subscription to THE LEATHERNECK for one year. I am enclosing herewith \$2.50.

Name

Address

City..... State

Marine Corps League Detachment.....

Hamilton Hotel, Washington, D. C. Approximately 150 members and friends attended. Assurance is given that similar events will take place in 1937.

It is noted with pleasure that Major General Breckinridge is being transferred to the proximity of Washington, D. C. San Francisco's loss is our gain. Sorry, 'Frisco!

NOBLE V. ANDERSON,
Chief of Staff.

THE LADIES AUXILIARY OF THE THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Massachusetts

Activities of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment Marine Corps League.

"Let's go," is surely the right motto for the Ladies' Auxiliary, for they have been on the go ever since the National Convention, which seemed to be just an incentive to them.

First of all we have the week-end party of October 10 to 12 to Albany. About ten of the women represented the Auxiliary at the testimonial dinner tendered Maurice A. Illeh by the Hudson Mohawk Detachment. From all reports, the crowd had more than a good time.

Next in the order of events, we have our own joint installation, which was held at the Hotel Brunswick, Friday evening, October 16. The following is the list of our new officers:

President, Miss Ethel Hovarth; Senior Vice, Mrs. Katherine Norrish; Junior Vice, Mrs. Lulu Gross; Judge Advocate, Mrs. Louise Corbett; Secretary, Miss Isabel Hovarth; Treasurer, Miss Marion Harper; Chaplain, Mrs. Treasa Bonaglia; Sergeant-at-arms, Mrs. Geraldine Hassem; Assistant Sergeant-at-arms, Miss Mildred Watts; Chief of Staff, Mrs. Anna Killion. The installation was followed by a ball, and another good time passes in review.

On October 24, we attended the joint installation of the Framingham Detachment and Auxiliary. The Framingham Auxiliary was installed by our own Past President, Mrs. Doris Watts.

For celebration of the 161st Birthday of the U.S.M.C., the Detachment and Auxiliary made its way to Lawrence, Massachusetts, where a Military Ball, under the auspices of the State Department, was held.

A strictly Auxiliary affair was the luncheon-whist party held at the Homcraft Shop, 711 Boylston Street, Boston; also a fair table at the Ritz-Plaza, which was a great success.

A good time was had by the Auxiliary and many outsiders at the annual Bean Supper of the Detachment. This affair was held December 16, at the Guild Bungalow, Washington Street, Roxbury.

Last but not least, was the 10th wedding anniversary of "Jim" and Louise Corbett, at their home, 17 New Heath Street, Roxbury. They were presented with a beautiful Toastmaster, a gift of the Detachment and Auxiliary.

So ends the Old Year, and we started out with full steam ahead for the New Year with a tremendous New Year's Eve Party, held on the Historic Meeting House Hill, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

ANNA V. KILLION,
Chief of Staff.



TROY DETACHMENT

Troy, New York

Troy Detachment held its final meeting of the year on Thursday, December 10, in the rooms at No. 6 Congress Street. Welfare Officer Dan Conway signed up Marines John J. Connery and Thomas Connair, while Vice-Commandant McGarry brought in Marine Frank Peters. All three Marines served during the late war. This office will try to tell their buddies via of this column where our newest members did "their hitch." In

fact all new members will if possible be introduced to you in like manner with the hope that all other Detachment Chiefs of Staff will do the same. The object: opportunity of men who soldiered together, to correspond, and perhaps meet each other at a National or State Convention.

Troy Detachment was pushed out of the "First Ten" as published in THE LEATHERNECK so all present at the meeting promised to chase after the boys who did not renew their membership. It is safe to say that the March issue of the magazine will find Troy Detachment among the first seven.

This detachment voted unanimously to go on record in favor of changing the name of our organization to "U. S. Marine Corps Veterans." This title befits this man's outfit far more than its present one, the consensus in the Troy area is, that U. S. M. C. Veterans should have been adopted in New York City in 1922.

Troy area Marines at this time, a trifle late, send their seasonal greetings to Marines and their families all over the world and hope for a bigger and better National organization during the ensuing year.

J. A. ROURKE,
Detachment Chief of Staff.

NEW YORK DETACHMENT NO. 1

The detachment devoted almost the entire December meeting to plans and discussions regarding membership increase and preparations for the Fourteenth Annual Dinner Dance to be held in February. Commandant Harold L. Walk expressed satisfaction at the steady growth of the detachment which is increasing by two or more new members at every meeting and the prospect of the return to the fold of several of the old timers. Chairman Joseph P. Vanslet reported that the place and time for the Dinner Dance would be announced at the January meeting and that tickets would be ready for distribution at that time.

Following the meeting there was a Christmas Turkey Raffle with Manning C. Taylor carrying home the twenty-pound gobbler and not content with this, he also accounted for most of the loose cash distributed at the poker session. Commandant Walk, Harry Burgess, Doc Domok and your correspondent left the meeting early to attend the testimonial dinner to Past Commandant John L. Whigam, of Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment, at Perri's Restaurant in Newark, N. J. Doc Domok covered the twenty miles in the same number of minutes with his rattling apple cart, disregarding the bumps and other obstructions, not to mention the helpless customers in the back seat. Doc also announced upon arrival at the scene of festivities that all drinking bouts were off, as he had not fully recovered from the effects of the previous one, in which he ran a poor second. The Four Horsemen and some of the other members with their wives or lady friends will attend the Military Ball of Homer A. Harkness Detachment in the Hotel Plaza, Jersey City, February 6, when Smiling Jack Brennan, the New Jersey State Commandant, will hold forth.

FRANK X. LAMBERT,
Chief of Staff.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT Boston, Massachusetts

The Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, Boston, has been doubly on the jump since the last publication. What with bean suppers,

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP in the MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

19.....

NAME

ADDRESS

Street and No.

City

Service Record

Enlisted

Discharged

Rank when discharged

Organization

Places of Service

Xmas parties, New Year's Eve parties and what not, I am afraid it is getting noised around Boston, Dorchester, and Bellerica, that there is a Marine Corps League in these here parts.

The bean supper was an affair long to be remembered by all who attended ("and a goodly crowd was there"). This was the best bean supper the Detachment has held as yet, with plenty of dancing, plenty to eat, and a few shekels profit for the Detachment. The credit all going to our good friend, Howard Watts, the Champion Chiseler in the league.

The Xmas Party was taken care of by our Ladies' Auxiliary and a better job with the same money could not be done by anyone. They gave toys, candy, and various gifts to the poor children of Boston, through the Marine Detachment, at the Navy Yard, Boston, who, as always, had a dinner and Xmas tree for the poor children.

As for the New Year's Eve Party, it is best to let a sleeping dog lie, but this Party started at 8 P. M., December 31, 1936, and broke up about midnight, January 1, 1937. When we go out to see the New Year in we believe in seeing it all the way in, of course, there are always a few sissies like Hollis Smith, Roy Keene and a few others that have to have their sleep. Roy had to leave at 8 P. M., January 1, and Hollis before noon the same day. Putting all together, it is the humble opinion of writer that this gang had a fair time.

Hoping our good Comrades Jim and Mrs. Corbett are on the mend and also our Chief of Staff, for whom we are pinch hitting, is over his cold before this is published.

IRA S. WADE,
Asst. National Chief of Staff.

THE NATIONAL CHIEF OF STAFF

Last month's Bulletin No. 1 was sent to all Detachments throughout the Country. In it was announced the recruiting drive between the "EAST" and "WEST." The eastern regiment composed of all Detachments east of the Mississippi River, and the west, composed of all Detachments throughout the western section of the Mississippi. To date your National Chief of Staff has not received one reply as to whether the challenge has been accepted by the individual Detachments. This is required as a matter of record. The National office is anxious to get things in motion, in other words, anything to get going. It is my earnest desire to have all Detachment Adjutants submit the names of the officers filling the duties as Chief of Staff. I want to work closely with all the Chiefs of Staff, and to impress upon them that they hold one of the most important offices in the League. Upon them is the burden of keeping the League in the public limelight; and get this straight, the more news items you get out before your local papers, the better acquainted you both become. Incidentally, as you get your items over, you are establishing your Detachment as news importance to your local paper and community. One idea that has met with success with the Oakland Detachment is the sponsoring of the many sports each community has. As an illustration the Oakland Detachment has sponsored boxing matches, wrestling bouts, national auto races, motorcycle races, theater programs, and will sponsor the Pacific Coast ice hockey game on January 2, here in Oakland. In every case, the billboards displayed the Oakland Detachment, Marine Corps League. Along with this idea we also were able to get broadcasting over the radio



Company A, Second Regiment, Marines, Subig, P. I., 1901.

and mike at the Oakland Auditorium. The sport section of the local printed items of the sponsorship. Today through the lime-light system ask folks here if they know about the Oakland Detachment. They will tell you right now, "Sure, it's the Marine Corps League."

The National Commandant has approved the plans of the League sponsoring a NATIONAL DEFENSE ESCADRILLE. The purpose of this organization is explained elsewhere in this issue.

Speaking of the "ALL MARINE GRAND RE-UNION," this idea has also been suggested to the National Commandant for approval. The west coast is for it. The plan is to have a date set nationally known under the above title. Your Detachment would celebrate this day, get all former and active Marines together. Have a Devil Dog Dance and Dinner. With all Marines assembled, sign up those eligible for membership. Again this plan has national publicity value. The order comes from the National Commandant who in turn releases it through the Associated Press. The local Detachment follows it up in the locals. It's news interest, and constructive. And in conclusion I might say that all ideas can be criticized, but the important point is, let's get going, let's do something, and with 1937 just born, let us put our shoulders to the wheel, let us not talk things but do them, and results will follow.

JOHN E. BROCK,
National Chief of Staff.

SEA-GOING LOG

Frisco Flashes

(Continued from page 35)

I guess the "Top Kick" is freezing up on us. After going to the East Coast for 30 days (we wonder why) he can't seem to get along without his overcoat. What's the matter, "Top," don't you like the sunshine California has to offer? If you think it's cold now just wait until we hit Alaska on maneuvers.

It's possible, but not probable, that our "old" friend Judson C. Banks could write a very interesting novel on Peking. At least, he's established himself as a novelist throughout the Detachment. Just between the two of us, Banks, how much time have you got to do on thirty?

Enough for this time.—We'll be back next month with some dope on our Anti-Aircraft Practice.

ARKANSAS TRAVELERS U.S.S. *Arkansas*

By Mizell

Nineteen thirty-six was for the *Arkansas* Travelers highly eventful throughout. During the intense cold weather of the past winter, we were roaming about in the grand climate of the Caribbean Sea and making liberties on Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. During the recent intensely hot summer we were cruising the pleasantly cool waters of Northwestern Europe. While in Europe we visited four countries, England, Sweden, France, and the war-torn Spanish Republic. After returning to the United States we visited the cities of New York and Boston, some of us for the first time. From Boston we went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, on a reserve cruise which was very pleasant except for the rain, on our weekend for liberty. Then our latest cruise for the year was the Coast Defense Problem, in cooperation with the U. S. Army Air Corps. It was highly interesting to say the least.

Looking back at it, we all think the year 1936 was spent in a most enjoyable and satisfactory manner, so we said "Goodbye" to it "With no Regrets." For 1937 we have only hopes. But we look forward to it with confident eagerness.

During December three of our Corporals have been transferred; Cpl. Kucharzyk chose Boston Navy Yard, while Corporals Bulay and Clements were transferred to the nearby barracks at Norfolk Navy Yard. We wish them the best of luck in their duty "on the beach."

The USS *Arkansas* Small Bore Rifle Team, which consists mainly of officers and men from the Marine Guard, is setting a good record in these parts. They are yet undefeated, and have won over both Portsmouth and Norfolk Clubs, and the Navy Yard Marines.

On January 5th the "Arky" was slated to get underway for the West Coast and the Fleet Landing Force Exercises, taking the FMF in company of the *Wyoming*. But when we make a trial run on Dec. 22nd the starboard turbine was found to be in need of an overhaul. Therefore we shall remain in Norfolk Navy Yard for the next three months at least.

When the "Arky" was incapacitated, the old transport *Antares* (well remembered by the FMF) was hauled out of the scrapheap at Philadelphia and put into commission by a group of officers and men from the



The squad of men pictured above, at a recent Saturday troop inspection, is stationed at the Naval Radio Station, Balboa, Canal Zone. They do regular line duty and stand watches at the quarters of the officers of the 15th Naval District.

In their endeavor to maintain the traditional spirit of the Marine Corps and be outstanding, this squad is challenger for the title of "Smallest Marine Detachment." Sgt. Claude G. Rollen, in charge, conducts regular school and drill periods during the week and 10:00 o'clock troop inspection on Saturday.

Reading, left to right in front: Pvts. H. G. Rhyne, J. S. Erwin, H. E. Hopper, and Pfc. F. M. French; rear rank: Pvts. J. Zemotel, R. M. McNew, and S. G. Mullins. Pvt. G. W. Wood, eighth and final member of the squad, took the picture.

Arkansas. The Admiral's Flag was transferred from the *Arky* to the *Wyoming*, taking with it twenty-five members of our Marine Guard.

Sgt. Glover sailed with the *Wyoming* for the West Coast for transfer to the Marine Barracks at San Diego. Before leaving he kept reminding us that, "It won't be like this in San Diego."

Sgt. Tweedy was driving along the streets of Portsmouth in his car, when another car ran into it, badly smashing up the front. No one was injured excepting somebody's purse is slightly flatter. The cause of the accident was the other driver.

A large number of the guard members were home on leave around Christmas. When

Pvt. Lobig returned he brought to his shipmates a large cake of his own baking (we all agree that it was very tasty). Others, Tpr. Topley for instance, returned with a wounded look in their eyes on account of having had to leave their "Sweetheart Darlings."

Why does Pvt. Tinklepaugh get all the mail that comes to the Marine Detachment? The rest of us fellows, who get an average of four letters a month, naturally resent it when one man averages six per day.

Those of us who remained aboard ship on Christmas Day enjoyed to the fullest extent an enormous feed of turkey and all the trimmings with a few additional.

For New Year's Eve as many of us as

could get ashore helped the cities of Portsmouth and Norfolk to christen the New Year in most gala fashion.

Six of our Marines were examined, a few days ago, by the *Wyoming's* Fire Control Officer, for director pointer. How many failed to pass? We do not know yet. We think only six.

A few new gun captains were qualified lately, however. They include Corporals Alderman and Myers and Pfc. Thatcher. Cpl. Myers has succeeded Cpl. Bulay as the Admiral's Chauffeur and is going on the Marine Cruise with the *Wyoming* detail.

The cartoon in January *LEATHERNECK* dedicated to all sea-going Marines, by this fellow Fellowes, wins the applause of the "Arky" Marines.

To give credit where credit is due, we think the fellows who arrange the type for *THE LEATHERNECK* must be genuises. We take our hat off to you.

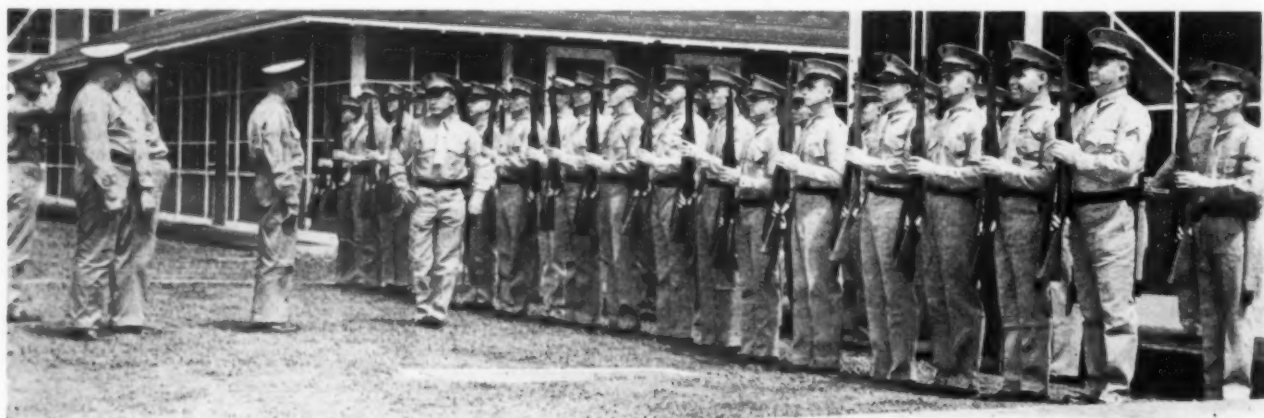
Flash!! Sgt. "Pop" Darwell is also going aboard the USS *Wyoming* for transfer to the West Coast. On his departure the "Arky" is losing a good soldier, but he will be remembered by the entire crew, and many American Midshipmen who benefited by his expert instruction on the 5 inch guns. Sgt. Darwell has been with the *Arkansas* Travelers for three and one-half years.

NEW MEXICO SALVOS

By S. J. Bozski

At last "Plank Owners" Corporals Hannon, Herndon, and Flournoy; Pfc. Johnson, Herrmann, and Lane were transferred to the Marine Base, San Diego, Calif. After three and a half years of wearing blues they were happy to break out those greens, and leggins. Upon arrival in San Diego, they were all separated and Herndon and Flournoy are still riding boats with liberty parties. They got the island and I'd like to hear the songs they originated. The second section seems empty with Flournoy gone and there is always plenty of room on the bench. Hannon speaks of nothing but that soft bunk and is making up for lost time.

Replacements were received on the 21st of November, from San Diego, as follows: Butler, Pellerin, Laughlin, Twitty, Ferris, Thomas, Maher, and Stidham. These prospective watch-standers have already been introduced to the Brig Post and the art of keeping awake on a 12-4.



1st Sgt. Cohen presents the command to Sgt. Maj. Kloth upon his retirement, Coco Solo, C. Z., October 30, 1936.

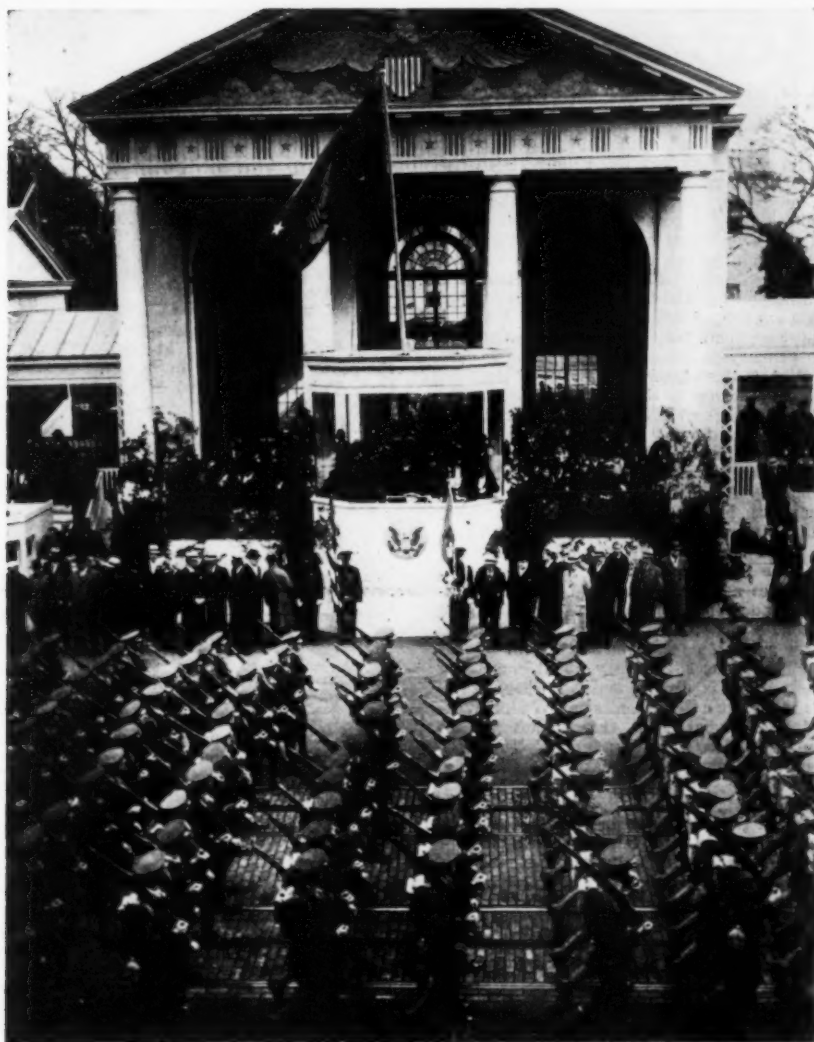


Photo by Ted Johnson—Washington Post

Marines reviewed by President Roosevelt during 1933 inaugural ceremonies.

Promotions: Corporal Doolen to Sergeant beginning the first of November. Pfs. Bozski, Holland, Quillin, and Wolcott were promoted to Corporal the first of December. Pfts: Daughtry, Michalowski, Pence, Taylor, Sipes, and Wolger were promoted to Private First Class the first of November. As far as all promoted men were concerned, they have received an excellent Christmas present. They have been generous with their cigars, and cigar smokers have a month's supply.

Corporal Edrington returned from a thirty-day leave in Baltimore, Maryland. He still insists that he is going out after finding Padlocks on all G. I. cans.

Lynch, the last of the Plank Owners, is wondering what is going to happen to him and is seen at the First Sergeant's Office every day putting in for thirty days' leave, with permission to report in at Philadelphia. That's where old Bilgy started his sea-duty and wants to finish some unfinished business, untended since the winter of 1933. You like it here, Bilgy, and a short timer can do his last month on his head and don't mind it.

TROPICAL TOPICS Aloha!

(Continued from page 37)

loway of the Fire Department was high man the past year with the Browning Automatic Rifle, firing a score of 640.

Private William L. Price has taken over the motorcycle orderly job at the Administration Building, having relieved Pvt. Carl Giles, who departed for the States on the last boat.

There will be many tears shed and hearts broken when Corporal Obey Le Blanc, the Don Juan of the post, leaves, for the latest dope put out by said corporal is that he hopes to be transferred to one of the ships of the fleet in the near future ('tis a pity, Corporal, that you have no heart).

Corporal Albert W. Holman and Corporal Lee Bolander, it is rumored, have been making week-end visits to the outlying sections of the island.

The intense rivalry between A and B companies finally came to a climax when they met on the softball diamond and, much to the chagrin of the A Company fol-

lowers, B Company emerged the victor by the score of 17 to 11. The entire command is eagerly awaiting the meeting of the two companies on the basketball court.

Supply Sergeant Ben Winans is doing noble work in holding down the bunk and berth left vacant by Chuck Clayton when that worthy left here November 13th on the *Wright*. Chuck, who is due to go in retirement after sixteen years' service, was high in the regard of all who knew him here and is sorely missed in the beer garden line-up.

MISCELLANY The Fleet Marine Force (Continued from page 37)

schedule of the U. S. Fleet and have increased the active interest of the Navy as well as the Marine Corps in the development of all phases of this vitally important mission assigned to the Fleet Marine Force.

OFFICERS' APARTMENTS COMPLETE AT QUANTICO

Fredericksburg, Va., Jan. 8.—Final completion of large apartment buildings on the Marine Post at Quantico has made quarters available for all officer personnel at the station and officers attached to the post will henceforth reside in Quantico under regulations which became effective January 1.

It will mean the evacuation of families of Marine officers who have made their homes here, Alexandria, Washington and at other places where houses were available.

FRANCE HONORS DEAD MARINE

Washington, D. C., Jan. 9.—Mrs. Robert H. Dunlap, widow of the Marine Corps brigadier general who sacrificed his life in France in 1931 to save a French woman trapped in a landslide, today received from the French Ambassador the decoration of commander of the Legion of Honor, which had been conferred posthumously on her husband.

Ambassador Andrew de Laboulaye presented the decoration to Gen. Dunlap's widow at exercises in the French Embassy. Following the ceremony Ambassador and Mme. de Laboulaye entertained Mrs. Dunlap and other guests at luncheon.

At the time of Gen. Dunlap's death at Cinq-Mars-la Pile he was attached to the American Embassy at Paris for instruction at the Ecole de Guerre Supérieure. A Mme. Briant was trapped in a landslide, and Gen. Dunlap went to her rescue accompanied by her husband.

While attempting to extricate the woman both men were buried by a heavier fall of debris. French sappers worked frantically to rescue the entombed persons until the following morning. Mme. Briant was recovered alive, having been protected from the weight of the debris by Gen. Dunlap's body.

Gen. Dunlap was awarded posthumously the Carnegie gold life-saving medal and the Navy Cross by act of Congress.

SPORTS NEWS Navy Department Bowling (Continued from page 39)

nial youngster, "Bus" Prevost, of about fifty summers, who at the present writing is punishing the little wooden bottles to the tune of 117.12 for fifty-one games. His nearest competitor is James Falk of Ordinance with 114.42. Your humble corre-



spondent, who had the honor of leading the league in average last year, finds himself in fourth position with a menial 112.12. As my old friend, "China" Bob Rawlings would say—I just can't get the spare **BREAKS**.

TEAM STANDINGS

Team	Won	Lost
Bureau of Engineering	32	19
Ordnance	31	20
Marine Barracks	28	23
Commandants	28	23
Secretaries	27	24
Lithographers	27	24
Adjutants and Inspectors	25	26
Supplies and Accounts	25	26
Hydrographic	23	28
Yards and Docks	23	28
Engineers	19	32
Aeronautics	18	33

Season records: High team game, Hydrographic 618, Ordnance 610, Bureau of Engineering 601. High team set—Bureau of Engineering 1,735, Yards and Docks 1,713, Hydrographic and Ordnance 1,700 each. High ind. game, Pepin 169, Douse 159, Bragg and R. Prevost 154 each. High ind. set, Kapanke 401, Phillips and Sutphin 400 each. High ind. spares: R. Prevost 136, Falek 135, and Martin 126. High ind. strikes: McElroy 33, Kuttner 30, and Small 29. High ind. average: R. Prevost, 117.12, Falek 114.42, Phillips 112.17, McElroy 112.12, Douse 112.3, and Martin 112.2.

RESERVE NEWS

9th Battalion

(Continued from page 43)

Coy" and when finished will quicken the pulse of anyone who looks upon them. In addition to that, the barracks are being redecorated and refurnished, with the non-coms getting a corner of their own. This has been a dream of the C. O.'s for some time as well as the members of the company, but, one thing or another has held back the realization of this dream. Now that it has been realized, it will be enjoyed, with all the ease and comforts of home, because that is its primary purpose.

What's the matter with Co. D of the 9th? Do they belong to the Secret Service or the Foreign Legion? They've been organized for five months now and we still hear nothing about them or from them.

A Xmas party was held in the barracks of Company A the week of Xmas and what a time we had—Rowdy Dow! Pvt. First Class "Green Apples" Bumbaugh has gone in for operas here of late and believe me you, he hits a mean scale in singing such favorites as La Boheme and Madame Butterfly and a few more. He says he goes out at night "as fit as a fiddle and comes home as tight as a drum." Corporal "Waf-fletooth" Dusek is cheery about something lately. He is always smiling, showing all his teeth like a dental salesman. Tell, "Waf-fletooth," what is it that makes you so happy? Pfc. "Question Mark" Yunevitch wants his subcourses redisked, he can't figure out the score on his last four shots.

Privates Downs and Eppersohn, two good leathernecks who have been with the Company two years each, having served tours of active duty at Great Lakes Station twice, have returned to the fold after short absences due to night work.

Private Turrell, a husky lad, joined up 28 December. We hope he will find that old Corps spirit.

Well, will sign off now and hope all the years in the future brings as much happiness and as many grand friends as the past nine years in the Marine Corps has brought to me. Rentfrow, please omit any mention

of liquor in any form until next Yuletide—ugh, not even the Major's lost liquors of 18 years ago.

COMPANY D, 4TH BN., FMCR

Newark, N. J.

Company D is whipping its basketball team into shape and is expecting great things from the men this year, especially with the incentive of the battalion cup donated by Major Otto Lessing. In a practice game with Co. C, Co. D won easily.

A second game with the civilian Maplewood Boyden Club didn't end so successfully for the company. At the first quarter the score was 14 to 2 in favor of the visitors. Then Co. D settled down and, fighting tooth and nail, brought the score up to within two points of tying the game. Just before the last whistle the visitors sank two more goals for a final score of 28 to 22 in their favor.

We have several candidates for the team from recruits recently enlisted. Outstanding is Pvt. Otto Mertz, who promises to be an extremely valuable addition to the team. His brother, Willard, also shows much promise.

Among the old timers showing to best advantage in the practice games are Pfc Hansen, Cpl. Ohlsen, and Pvt. Levenson. Pfc Hedman uncorked some swell new tricks in the last game. One of our stars, Pvt. McConkey, is temporarily out with a dislocated shoulder. His return to the team will make a powerful improvement in its strength.

Company D also rolled a bowling match with Co. C and took 2 out of the 3 games. We are eagerly awaiting the battalion schedule of games to start shooting for those cups to be donated as prizes.

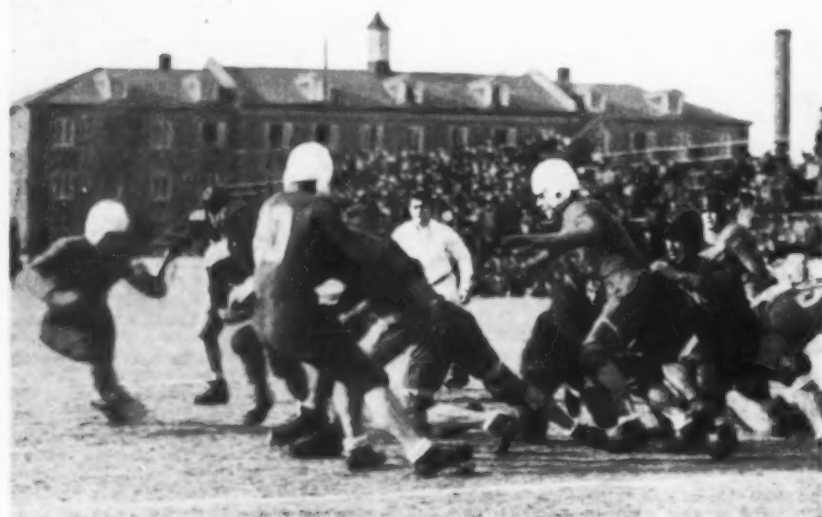
The first period of competition for the award of a supper and show, donated by Major Lessing to the best squad in the battalion, is over. The prize goes to Cpl. Ohlsen's squad, of this company, consisting of the Cpl., PFC Mollenhauer, and Privs. Knof, Kondreck, Maxwell, Proulx, and Douglas Smith. Company D ran away with the contest. It took the first five places, skipped the sixth, and also took seventh place.

With this start, the company is well on its way in its efforts to win the battalion "Efficiency Banner." This banner is to be presented to the company attaining highest scores in attendance, marksmanship, administration, outside activities, lessons to the Marine Corps Schools, showing at camp, etc. The company winning this banner at the end of the year will have something of which to be proud. It will be an indication of all-round competence and efficiency.

Mention should be made of Captain Barton's interesting talk at the last monthly battalion meeting. Speaking before the largest assemblage to attend one of these meetings, he held the attention of his audience, both officers and men, to the very last. The subject of his talk was "Camps—Past and Future."

Captain Barton has seen much service in the regular Marines, has attended almost all the encampments of this battalion, and has a large fund of knowledge concerning camps and camp life.

Captain Barton's talk was especially timely in view of the dissatisfaction of the men with conditions at the last camp. That the talk struck home was evidenced by the lively discussion afterwards and the many suggestions made by those present. Among the interesting comments were those made by Pvt. Sofman, the newest recruit, as to what



Action in a Fourth Marines Football Game.



Do Marines see the world! Here is a shore party investigating the attractive town of Medan, Sumatra.

he expected of his enlistment and of the encampments.

The battalion was honored on Dec. 17 by a visit from Major Krulewich, Coordinator and Instructor for this area, who commended Company D for its large turnout and good attendance record. Major Krulewich presented to our First Sergeant, Frederick Bove, the diploma awarded him by the Marine Corps School for having completed the entire Basic Course.

The Marine Corps School's courses, as well as those offered by the Marine Corps Institute, have received renewed vigor since being taken over by the "professor" for the company, Lt. Kendall. His demand for a choice between action on courses undertaken or disenrollment, and his patient assistance on knotty subjects has resulted in quite a boost in the number of lessons submitted. Lt. Kendall has the necessary qualifications to assist in most of the subjects the men are enrolled in, and welcomes opportunities to aid any of the men in the company.

Certificates of Merit were recently received by First Sergeant Bove and Sergeant Felber of this company for their scores in the Individual State Pistol Match at Madison, N. J., made with the .45 calibre ser-

vice pistol. These cards certify that they are among the hundred best pistol shots in the state and members of "The Governor's Hundred." The match was open to civilians, state and local police, and all military units. Only four of the entrants using .45 calibre weapons were able to qualify in "The Governor's Hundred"; all the others who placed used calibres from .22 to .38, many of them with special sights.

At this time we wish to say a few words of appreciation for the courteous treatment and many considerations shown the members of this company who competed in the match by the Executive Officer, Judge Roy S. Tinney. The many "breaks" and the assistance rendered to this company's team by that sterling sportsman are sincerely appreciated. Efforts will be made this spring to put the men of this company through the small-bore course on his splendidly-equipped outdoor range.

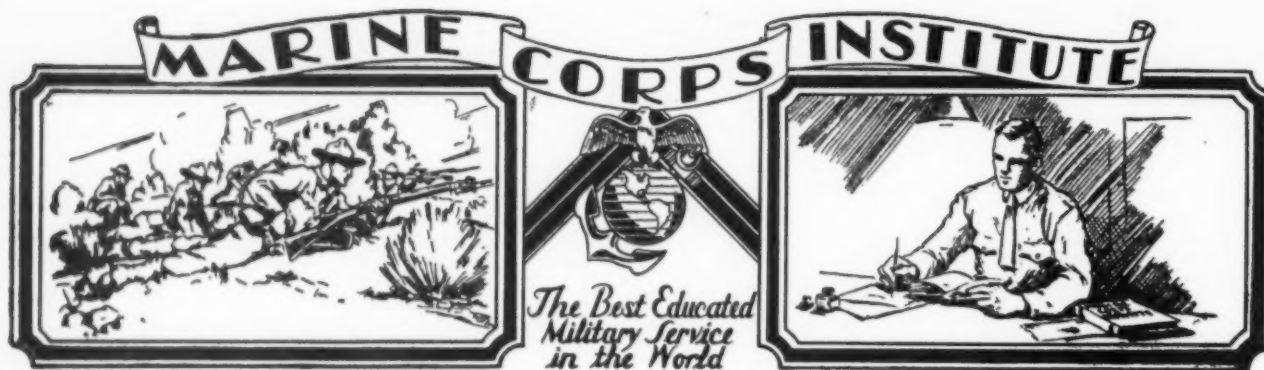
Four recruits were accepted by this company during the past month, bringing the company up to the limit of its strength. Pvt. Frappier, Kondreck, and Kubilis were pleasantly surprised at the rewards they received for their recruiting efforts.

The skipper has donated a large table to the company, and already it is seeing plenty

of service. The desks allotted to us were never sufficient for the many company activities, and this addition to our facilities is indeed welcomed. Aside from its utilitarian purpose, it is ideal for card games. Pvt. Biunno, a painter by trade, did an excellent job in redecorating it.

Another job that merits praise is the stencilling of all company property and equipment by Pvt. Kubilis. This was quite a task, as the stencilling included all the packs, cartridge belts, bayonet scabbards, leggings, ponchos, etc. in the company.

Quite a time was had by this company at Company B's successful supper-dance at the Four Towers. Eight couples from Company D attended, and had a swell time, as they always have at Company B's affairs. Highlights of the affair were: Announcement of Pvt. May's engagement . . . The beautiful girl Pvt. Barta had with him . . . The jolly party of Pvt. Kondreck . . . Sgt. Forrester, incognito in civvies, and the girl he danced with all night . . . Cpl. Hallo's excuse for appearing in civvies—he couldn't find his collar ornaments! . . . First Sgt. Bove, lopsided with medals, and the "big hand" he got from the women at the next table—he was "nervous" for a week afterward.



Learn AVIATION!

THE WORLD'S FASTEST GROWING INDUSTRY

**AVIATION ENGINES
AVIATION MECHANICS
AIRPLANE MAINTENANCE
NAVIGATION FOR AVIATORS
FUNDAMENTALS OF AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING**

ARE you interested in any branch of the great Aviation industry? If you are, and if you have made any attempt to gain a practical knowledge of that division of the subject, you know that courses and instruction in any form whatever are very difficult to obtain, and very expensive.

However, this need concern you no longer, as the Marine Corps Institute offers you the courses listed above free of charge. Take advantage of this opportunity to further your knowledge of your favorite branch of aviation while you are still in the Marine Corps. Just fill out the blank below, indicating the course you desire, and mail it to the Institute.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Caution! Before requesting enrollment, investigate the course in which you are interested, and be sure that it meets your needs. Complete information regarding any course may be obtained from your company or detachment commander, or by writing direct to the Marine Corps Institute. Remember you can enroll in only one course at a time.

☐ I am interested in the subject before which I have marked an X; please send me full information.

☐ Please enroll me in the course. I have carefully investigated the course and believe it is suited to my needs.

☐ Accounting
☐ Agriculture
☐ Poultry
☐ Architecture
☐ Contracting & Bldg.
☐ Automobile
☐ Aviation
☐ Business Management
☐ Service Station Salesmanship

☐ Chemistry & Pharmacy
☐ Civil & Structural Eng.
☐ Plumbing
☐ Heating
☐ Ventilation
☐ Steam Fitting
☐ Air Conditioning
☐ Radio

☐ Refrigeration
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Shop Practice
☐ Telephony & Telegraphy
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Civil Service
☐ Commercial Courses
☐ Good English

☐ Drafting
☐ Electricity
☐ English
☐ Grade School
☐ High School
☐ Naval Academy Prep.
☐ Warrant Officer's Prep.
☐ 2nd Lt.'s Prep.

☐ Mathematics
☐ Gas Engines
☐ Diesel Engines
☐ French
☐ Spanish
☐ Mechanical Eng.
☐ Navigation

Name..... Rank.....

Organisation.....

Station.....

QUANTICO NEWS

Brown Field Bulletins

(Continued from page 31)

us would have been worn to a frazzle, however, Red McKay stuck with it and soon had it completed. The plane represents a P-6-E, an Army type, although the Marine Corps does not use this type of ship, we feel that it is a real good job in workmanship. Congrats, McKay, on your patience and a steady hand. Private McKay has hopes of being a striker in Aerological with the ambition of being a candidate for the Aerological School, but we hope that he still continues to build model airplanes and from the latest dope, it seems that we will soon be watching a gas powered model flying around the field.

We wish to extend congrats to Sergeant Paul J. Rupakus, on the arrival of a brand new son. The parachute department is now bragging about having the youngest parachute man in Aviation. Make a good rigger and jumper out of him, "Rupe."

Now that Steve Toranich has recently been promoted to Staff Sergeant, his fledglings in Headquarters Office are waiting until the time comes when they can write up his requests for commuted rat's, etc. When is that going to be, Steve? Rumor has it that it will be some time after the maneuvers, so here's luck to you, Steve.

There is a rumor floating around that Technical Sergeant William L. Staph has gone back to his old cigar holder again, and the reason is obviously a good one. It so happens that "Billy Boy" was so wrapped up in his work of making out his various reports that in picking up his cigar and without noticing which end was which, stuck it in his mouth and the effects were startling, a shower of sparks flew, and from behind that shower came a yell. All that could be seen was a streak and a lot of wind blowing where Staph was. In the next scene he was standing over the spigot with the water turned on full force, trying in a way to cool off the burned members of his talking apparatus. Needless to say the boys in the Armory didn't have a chance to use those brand new fire extinguishers and are still bemoaning the fact . . . It seems that everyone around camp is going to invest all his spare cash in Metal Polish, Incorporated, for if they continue to build Douglas Transports, it sure will take a lot of metal polish

to keep them shined. Everyone seems to be of the opinion that the stock in that particular product will take a sudden jump upwards; but, boy, those Douglasses sure do shine . . . Technical Sergeant "Nigger" Sleght left here on Xmas liberty in a flurry of wind; asked where he was headed for, oh, just taking a little trip south to enjoy the summer weather. We have the opinion that it isn't just the weather that he is going to enjoy, but those "southern gals." Or should it be South Carolina girls that are so nice? The "Deciding Room" in the SNCO barracks is vacant again and at present is waiting for prospects. Step up, boys, don't be bashful . . . Sergeant Chieh Chambers, our man about town, has extended his enlistment for two years in order to go on the maneuvers to the West Coast.

Technical Sergeant Theodore A. Petras has answered the "call to arms" and will soon take his honeymoon thereafter to the West Indies and will take up residence at St. Thomas for the next couple of years. Congrats, Petras, and happy landings.

ADMIRAL AND MRS. BROWN GUESTS OF THE BRIGADE

On Tuesday afternoon, December 8th, the Commander of the Training Squadron, U. S. Scouting Force, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Wilson Brown, U. S. Navy, arrived on the post as guests of the Commanding General, First Marine Brigade, Brigadier General and Mrs. J. J. Meade. He was accompanied by his Flag Lieutenant, Lieutenant and Mrs. C. C. Wood, who were guests of Colonel E. A. Ostermann, the Brigade Chief of Staff.

In honor of Admiral Brown, the entire Brigade took part in a parade and review, commencing at 4:00 P. M., Tuesday afternoon. He received, after the command was presented, the customary ruffles and flourishes, and the thirteen-gun salute of a Rear Admiral. This was followed by an impressive review of all the squadrons of Aircraft One. The demonstrative maneuvering of the planes overhead gave just the proper accent to make the entire ceremony spectacular.

In the evening, Brigadier General and Mrs. Meade entertained at cocktails and buffet supper in honor of Admiral and Mrs. Brown. Later the party attended the movie at the Post Gymnasium.

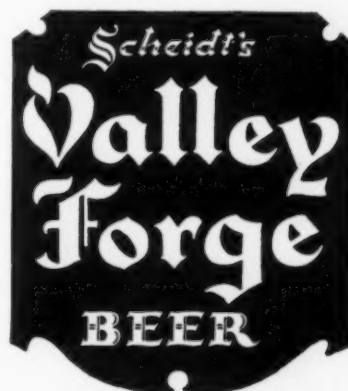
On Wednesday morning, December 9th, Admiral Brown and Lieutenant Wood, accompanied General Meade and his Staff on a tour of inspection of the Brigade activi-



**Here's Looking at
You Mac!**

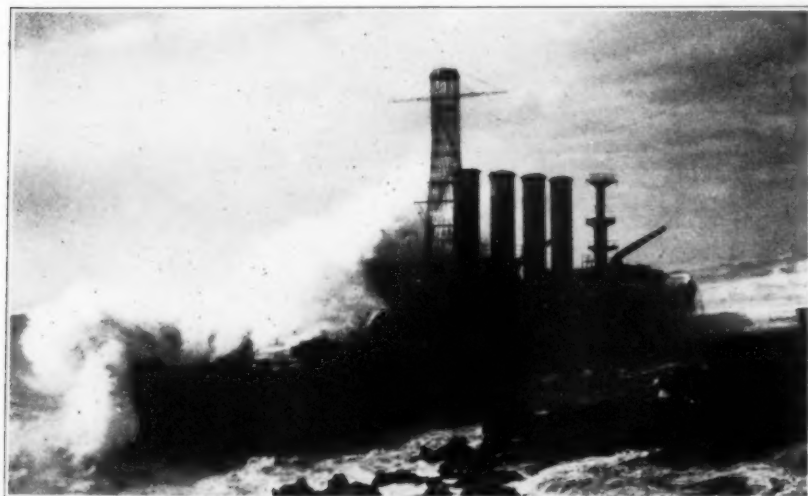


When you line up at the Post Exchange for thirst relief, call for the Pilsener of America—the beer that gives you the fine flavor and smooth drinking quality of the best imported beers—without the extra cost.



Call for it at the
POST EXCHANGE
or Dealers anywhere

ADAM SCHEIDT BREWING COMPANY
Norristown, Pa.



Wreck of the USS. Memphis, Santo Domingo, 1916.

A REAL SCOTCH —FOR REAL MEN

A Favorite at Quantico
Officers Mess

MACGREGOR

Blended Scotch Type
Whisky
86 Proof

Blended and Bottled by
KIENZLER DISTILLING CORP.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Washington Office: Woodward Bldg.,
15th and H Streets

Not intended for sale in states where
alcoholic beverages are prohibited.

Model Lunch
Good Food :: Good Beer
Opposite Marine Barracks
WASHINGTON, D. C.

ties. At midday, Admiral and Mrs. Brown departed for Washington, accompanied by Lieutenant and Mrs. Wood. Before leaving, they expressed extreme pleasure with the hospitality extended to them during the entirety of their visit.

It will be remembered that General Meade and his staff were guests of the Commander of the Training Squadron, Admiral Brown, and his Staff for a brief visit last month. They were treated so royally that they were delighted with this opportunity to repay the courtesy.

PARRIS ISLAND NEWS

(Continued from page 25)

of THE LEATHERNECK, the first of seven deaths during the year, including the tragic death of Lieutenant Benjamin Twitshell, U. S. Navy, caused by an accident sustained in diving at the Post Swimming Pool. THE THOROUGH INSPECTION of the post troops and activities by Brigadier General David D. Porter, Adjutant and Inspector, U.S.M.C., and party. THE ARRIVAL of Brigadier General James T. Buttrick, U.S. M.C., as relief for Brigadier General Randolph C. Berkeley, U.S.M.C., as Commanding General. THE UNSUCCESSFUL attempt to develop a football team on the

post AND THE DEVELOPMENT of a good basketball team. THE CHANGING of the peep-sight for the battle-sight when firing rapid fire at two hundred and three hundred yards. THE CHANGE in administration of the Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club, by which the Sales Room passed from Club control to the Post Exchange. THE ADVANCEMENT of many deserving men in the Mess Branch and THE ESTABLISHMENT of the rank of Platoon Sergeant to reward good line men, ALSO THE WAITING of the Quartermaster clerks. FREDDIE OSBORN'S score of 340 on the Rifle Range. THE CONSISTENT prize winning of the Nichols family—spelling-golf-bridge-waltzing. THE THREAT of the Quartermaster Sergeant to "go out on twenty" (He didn't make good his threat—afraid of ostracism by the other old time Quartermaster Sergeants).

DETACHMENTS

Barracks Brevities

(Continued from page 27)

have such distinguished shots as Heath, McMahon, Stallknecht and Slack shooting for us and we expect to go places this year.

Captain Thompson and Lieutenant Boyd are organizing a basketball team and it is coming along in great shape. I'll give out some scores as soon as the team swings into action.

First Sergeant Hynes has a brand new Plymouth and it surely is a beauty! I think a certain nurse thinks so too.

Our chief carpenter is so stout that he has to back up to a door to rap; now, doesn't that speak well for our meat?

Corporal Adams must be stepping out with the elite; he was seen wearing a tuxedo the other evening—you would have thought he was a senator if he had not forgotten to take off his regulation shirt. I guess he got by all right though, because Pool and Bowen went to a ball at the Shoreham Hotel in tuxedos and they wore regulation shirts and shoes too!

Rasnisk went to the big city the other day, Paintlick, Kentucky, to sell his farm. City slicker.

"Doc" Thomas, our loquacious corpsman, is always trying to make Pvt. Pebley pay for his bowling by having the low man pay, but Pebley is rather consistent with his 70's and is holding his own.

Bowen, our assistant cook, should have a harem; he falls in love with every female he sees; he even hugged all the lamp posts coming down Eighth Street the other A. M.

Cpl. Schmidt came back from New Year's Leave and he was all smiles. Someone said that he had found a hair restorer.

Dmr. Lankow has an option on the phone booth. If someone would serve his meals there he could talk with his lady love for 12 hours instead of only 3 or 4.

Dmr. Francis and Privates Forrer and Flinn have a reserved seat in the Wagon Wheel, a hamburger emporium near the barracks. You'll find them there seven evenings a week.

I suppose Keeton will have to buy his cigarettes since football season ended because QM-Sgt. Dowdle seemed to be able to pick the team that scored the least number of points.

This town is agog preparing for the Inauguration and the sergeant major is becoming irate because I am writing this article on his time, so—a Happy New Year to all.

P. S. I wonder where the sergeant major's overcoat is?

M. C. I. PARBULUM

By Fritz

Well, I'm still here, and Opportunity is a creature with a lock of hair on his forehead and a bald spot in back (i. e., you can catch him when he is coming at you but not when he has passed) so here goes:

Did you ever see:
Caldwell take a shower?
Clark pass up a mirror?
Grafton do, say, or even think of anything worth while?
Ruth squander money?
Tubb or Medik miss a chow?
Ed King when he wasn't picking his mustache?
Carroll when he had his hair combed?
Sadoff do any work?
Handley "take off"?
Cronan when he didn't look pretty?
Bryan shine his shoes?
Boyer when he wasn't chattering?
Wallen when he didn't look half asleep?
Hancock when he wasn't singing? . . .
Neither did we.

We have come to the conclusion that people like to work during the holiday season from the amount of work we have been having here; but I guess you know we can put it out when there is one o'clock liberty . . . Thornton has the hardest time trying to figure out whether he should take a nap or go up to school; or both . . . Sunderland (he will kill me for this) insists that he can read women like a book. He must use the Braille System . . . Were we dreaming, or did we hear that Groves (or was it Higuera) was going to make Master Tech? . . . We know something interesting about Senator Hodgdon, but we won't tell, because he won't buy a LEATHERNECK if we do . . . Dingwall is working (?) for THE LEATHERNECK. C. W. Inglee "stood up" a few of the boys on Christmas Day. We'll pay you back, Charlie . . . Did anyone notice how risqué the Sergeant Major looks in the new overcoat he is wearing? . . .

Some statistician once said that there were four women for every man in Washington. Well, maybe there are, but you can't take out very many of them on twenty dollars a month . . . Here is the score from our viewpoint: Twenty per cent are colored; twenty per cent are over sixty; thirty per cent are married; ten per cent are under sixteen; and the other twenty per cent don't have enough money to make it worth while. So you see that only leaves eighty per cent that are what you might call eligible . . . We thought you might like to know a little more of the powers above around here, so we are submitting (not for your approval) a few would-be thumbnail descriptions of said persons:

Kapanke—He's snapping in for Atlas' job.

Rausch—I'd like to have him take care of my money, if I had any.

Coleman—Don Juan, 1937 edition.

Inglee—A blot on the family escutcheon.

Higuera—A fascist in loyalist costume.

Salguera—The man who tolerates Higuera.

Ahern—The Akron didn't have a thing on him.

Anderson—Overworked, underfed (?), misunderstood.

Moeger—A beneficiary of the Spoils System.

Hyde—I better not. There may be some rates coming out.

McElroy—A bowling book-binder.

Groves—A prospective MT?

Brown—A shiny-pated Romeo.

I guess the above will put me on some-

THE LEATHERNECK

one's list good and proper, but that is how I am—just a martyr to the cause . . . Williamson had a chance to get a Civil Service job here in the District, but he decided that there was no percentage in his working when he already had someone to provide his cigarettes—or does he smoke a pipe? . . . Ed King has taken a room over in Northeast somewhere. While reading over the Post Orders, I noticed that minors are not allowed in the barracks unless they are accompanied by their parents. Fabian note . . . A little lady in Baltimore bought us a subscription to *Esquire*, so you will be getting many second hand stories from now on.

"Pete the Tramp" McNelly says that his face is his fortune. That's all right, "Mac," everyone is broke nowadays. . . . Well, I'll see you again next month, if I don't fall and kill myself.

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD Washington, D. C.

By H. T. Mayes

The first leaves of spring to blossom this year are the significant new golden oak leaves on the shoulders of our Executive Officer and Quartermaster, Major S. W. Freeny. Congratulations, Major, and may the leaves soon turn to silver. It is hoped that Major Freeny, whose acumen, interest, and understanding judgment have benefited the many officers and men ever having served with him, will remain to continue his indoctrinated policies for high standards of morale at this post.

The participants of this year's inaugural parade were distinctly military, a fitting salute to their Commander-in-Chief, President Roosevelt. Representing the real defenses of our coveted democracy, they marched proudly in gloried splendor.

Our basketball and small bore teams, coached by Lieutenant H. G. Walker, have met with even success to date. The small bore team lost a two position match to Boston and won a four position match from Charleston, S. C. Corporal Cannon was our high scorer in one and Corporal Rusk in the following match, while Corporal R. C. Marshall, Team Captain, and Pfc. W. T. Williams placed well up in both matches. By the end of the month we will have shot shoulder to shoulder matches with the D. C. National Guard Team, champions of the District for years, and also the Maryland and George Washington Universities.

The post basketball team, possessing fine spirit and coaching along with enthusiastic support of the command, defeated the Diamond Cab and Second Baptist teams in succession, only to drop the next two to Fort Belvoir and Bolling Field, the latter by two points in the last thirty seconds. The Fort Belvoir team this year appears far better than any service team in this region for quite some time, having acquired three players of last year's All Panama team with Weaver, the blond giant, All Hawaiian guard and former football star of Purdue University. Pictures of our small bore and basketball teams will be ready for the next issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*. The small bore team consists of: Marshall, Rusk, Cannon, Snyder, Williams, McNeese, Chapin, Wolters, Benton, and Camp. While the success of the basketball team lies in the efforts of Walker, Chapin, Poe, Brandon, Brooks, Gilmore, Williams, Rogers, Miller, Thackeray, McKean, Rigg, and Coleman.

Temporarily attached under instruction this month at the Fire Control School are: Gunnery Sergeant Dominick Peschi from Parris Island, Gunnery Sergeant R. F. Mc-

You start at the Bottom and go to the Top!



Man! what a thrill you get!

IT TAKES "next to no time" to open those 2 jackets of moisture-proof Cellophane on Double-Mellow Old Golds. You zip off the *outer* jacket from the *bottom*; you zip open the *inner* jacket at the *top*!

It's certainly worth while . . . that quick flick of the fingers from the bottom of the package to the top. For when you've reached the top you've reached the *very top* . . . in *double-mellow* cigarette quality and enjoyment.

And what a PREMIUM this extra jacket of Cellophane gives you! *Prize Crop Tobaccos* . . . in the very pink of smoking condition! Cigarettes as *fresh* as though you picked them right off the machines at the factory!

**Enter OLD GOLD'S
\$200,000.00 Contest!**
**Get FREE entry form
at your
Ship's Store!**

Copyright, 1937, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

**PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS
+ 2 JACKETS DOUBLE "CELLOPHANE"
= DOUBLE-MELLOW OLD GOLDS**


ELECTRIC SERVICE

More and more comforts and conveniences are being added daily to thousands of homes within reach of our lines by this economical servant.

VIRGINIA ELECTRIC AND POWER COMPANY

FREDERICKSBURG DISTRICT

Motor Coach Trips

 IF YOU are thinking of taking a motor coach trip anywhere with a party of friends, you will want to consider the service we offer you:

Finest equipment,
Well-trained operators,
Moderate prices.

For further information write or telephone:
National 1075

SPECIAL BUS OFFICE: 1416 F STREET, N. W.

CAPITAL TRANSIT COMPANY

Coy from Philadelphia, and Sergeant R. M. Hendrickson, Corporal J. B. Broadus with Pfc. M. B. Evans, from the USS. *Vincennes* Detachment.

Corporal Leo R. Sonnenberg has replaced Corporal Stephen Hutsko as number one man at Alexandria Torpedo Station, in keeping with Major Freeny's policy of relieving men on detached duty at regular intervals thereby affording availability for more thorough school and drill instruction. Louis W. Camp was promoted to Assistant Cook and replaced B. A. Freeman, who is sick in USNH.

Upon recommendation of the NCO Committee, with the approval of the Post Exchange Council and our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel F. T. Evans, our

command is giving a dance at the Sail Loft on January 30th. Naturally, the Marine Barracks and Receiving Station will be given an open invitation in appreciation of their previous kindnesses.

ADRIPT: Don't challenge Cpl. J. B. Broadus to a round of golf, he's Amateur Open Champ of Shanghai and possesses numerous other cups in recognition of his skill—"Stars may fall on Alabama, but not as far as Florida," quotes Junior Jones, who has sheepishly returned at his own expense to what he declares is the Home Sweet Home of the Corps; thanks, Jones, we already know it—"Say, Carollo, Nuts Romuld wants you on the phone," "O. K., from what precinct?"—

First Sergeant E. C. Hughes bets Steele

can snap in for two years and still not make 40 out of 100 off-hand and Marshall's wager with Andy looks like a cinch as Captain E. H. Phillips had his eight year old son, Bob, beat Steele to a frazzle on the same course.

Cpl. J. V. "Nibs" Snyder claims between inventory in the Post Exchange and shooting off-hand he's rapidly losing the remainder of his scalp adornment—Calhoun, former mayor of Southwest, has moved his bunk card to Fort Mifflin—A lad in the Fire Department seeking advice from the writer of lovelorn columns—"Butch" McKean dribbling in for a close shot at Bolling Field—Gilmore saving the night by sinking six rapid shots in the final quarter against Second Baptist—"Pennies from Heaven" theme of the study room, ceased as J. P. (not Morgan) Godlewski ran short at the bill table—My dough on Sergeant Major C. O. Hanford in his endurance contest with Chief Turret Captain Le Veque, USN, at the Bacas arena—Tager, HQMC Photographer, sets are worth it, see Wm. Frisch for confirmation samples—McNeese warning Durmer, Heubeck, Camp, and Cannon to refrain from playing volley ball on our ping pong table—A serious handicap to our small bore team was overcome by using the dirt scooped out to insure comfort for Marshall's prone position to build a platform for "Philbert" Cannon's off-hand shooting—The brief expression of gratitude by "Tony" in last month's Broadcast is appreciated, please accept our apologies; but, had Receiving Station New York's "Lightning" rods been functioning, Frederick may never have struck.

PHILADELPHIA NAVY YARD RECEIVING STATION MARINES

By H. M. Wheeler

We hope that you all enjoyed a very Merry Christmas and are now well started along the road to another New Year. Our holiday season here was most enjoyable. All our watch-standers who desired, were able to obtain a 72-hour leave over Christmas or New Years, by properly arranging our duty roster for the detachment. The Marine Barracks Post Exchange generously presented each of us with a Christmas package, consisting of enough toilet gear to last us until Easter, at least. And the Ship's Service Store sponsored a Christmas tree with all the trimmings for our Receiving Station mess hall. We even had a Christmas tree in our Fire Department quarters, thanks to the effort of our civilian fire chief, Mr. J. J. Weiss, and the necessary donation from the Ship's Service Store. The families of all Receiving Station personnel, including us, were invited to a Christmas Party on Christmas Day. It included two reels of movies and Christmas gifts for each child who attended. These gifts were both practical and enjoyable, including articles of wearing apparel, toys and candy. The families of Sergeant Paul Rowan, Field Cook Wayne C. Bish and Privates James W. Proctor, Herbert N. Whyte and Melvin A. Zembower, duly represented this detachment and report a most successful party. We are glad to report that the entire holiday season has passed without any black eyes, cracked heads or absence over leave for any of our shipmates of this detachment.

We continue to maintain a strong hospital representation from this detachment, headed by our First Sergeant, Clifford Cheshire, and including Privates Boyd B. Brant, Ernest H. Cadieu, John E. Farrell and Vincent E. Williams. We understand that Cheshire has finally been survived, and is now making plans for his debut on the good ship USS "Outside," within the next six months.

He says he is going to have to limit his cruises in the future to warmer climates and higher altitudes. He is a candidate for any good job where his sixteen years of Marine training will be of value. He certainly would be an excellent Captain of any bank or industrial guard of Ex-Marines anywhere. Private Williams' "Flat Tire" is nearly inflated again and we hope to have him back for duty this week. His foot was badly burned, which was complicated by infection. We don't know whether Private Cadieu's tonsils were similarly burned, but he certainly has had a siege with them, finally resulting in their removal as a Christmas present. We hope to have him, Brant and Farrell back with us soon.

Private "Cowboy" William R. Overfield has finally succumbed to the lure of the Orient and is anxiously awaiting his orders to duty on Asiatic Station. Fair warning is given all you Marine Corps shicks on China Station that Overfield is preparing to enter the lists as soon as possible, so take the necessary steps to guard your own private Russky. Private Wayne E. Hoover is likewise chafing at the bit to join the Fleet Marine Force at Quantico in order to get an opportunity to show the boys down there how to soldier. Private Dumbrovsky is anxious to get back home to help his brother operate his father's bakery. Since Dumbrovsky has nine brothers and sisters, five of whom are still in school, we sympathize with him, and hope he gets his dependency discharge. We have also just had three privates join for duty from Quantico, namely, Privates Robert F. Lemons, Elbert R. West and John A. Kowalko. We are sure this new bunch will be high class and up to date soldiers, since they come from Quantico, and we welcome them to this outfit.

On Friday, the 8th, Captain Frank C. Martin, U. S. Navy, Commanding Officer of the Receiving Station, pinned a Treasury Department Life Saving Medal on the manly chest of our Private George Barker, at a very impressive formation in front of our barracks. There were about five times as many "Blue Jackets" in formation as there were Marines and we are proud to have Barker's citation read to so many of the Navy. Barker was awarded this medal in addition to a letter of commendation from the Secretary of the Navy for saving an Army private from drowning off Puuloa Point in Hawaii, as we told you last month. Major S. N. Raynor, U. S. Marine Corps, was kind enough to send a photographer down from 1100 South Broad Street to make pictures of the presentation ceremonies. Congratulations, Barker! We are proud of you.

We promised last month some good reports from our Detachment basketball team, but are only able to report one victory to date, namely over the Annapolis School Ship, by the score of 56-17. The local Naval Hospital team trimmed us by 7 points, and the 5th Street Community Center by a margin of 5 points. We are still optimistic in believing that our team is a slow starter, and will give a good account of itself before the season is over. Now that our center, Private Jacob Fisher, has gone into the mess hall this month, he will have more time for practice.

In spite of all our good cheer at Christmas time, Santa Claus more than overlooked some of our shipmates who had been good boys all year long. Below is a partial list of some of the Christmas presents that they did NOT get.

Corporal Russell D. Honeywell—A bouncing baby boy.

Private Paul E. Snisky—A marriage license.

Private William R. Overfield—Another black eye.

Sergeant Paul Rowan—A new basketball squad.

Private Robert P. Weller—A perpetual haircut.

Private Branislave Dumbrovsky—A dependency discharge.

Sergeant Stanley Hoffman—A permanent pass to the Chester Brewery.

Private Primo Armandi has successfully passed a Pennsylvania State examination for a motion picture operator's license, and is now installed, in addition to his other duties, as our bonafide motion picture operator at the Recreation Center. We are looking forward to an improved running of our motion pictures, Armandi, and are relying on you not to let us down.

Private Gettis "G" Harris, our Detachment troubadour, had his first opportunity to appear on the local radio with his guitar last month. We listened in practically all evening to hear some of Harris's melody, which we know is good. And were finally rewarded by hearing his melodious voice extend greetings to the Detachment! Too bad there wasn't time on that program for Harris to do his stuff, for we are sure he would have been a hit. Better luck next time, Harris, you will be a Joe Penner yet.

And here's where we sign off until next month.

WEST COAST NEWS Company A, 1st Battalion (Continued from page 16)

Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va. Pvts. P. T. Black and M. A. Amoroso work out daily at 1500, they are members of the Base boxing stable. A letter arrived addressed to Sgt. & Mrs. W. R. Peterman. Now we know the reason why he doesn't wear that far-away look any more. Santa arrived at Lindbergh Field by plane for the children of San Diego four days ahead of schedule. Fifteen A men volunteered to help distribute the thousands of gifts and keep order. A total of 200 from the Base were acting Santa, Jr. Speaking of Christmas, the majority in the leave status selected Los Angeles. There must be a reason. San Diego was next with Long Beach and San Pedro in third and fourth place, respectively. Pfc. G. W. Robinson to Orange, Pvt. G. O. Branch to Rosemaid, W. J. Baranski to Montrose, W. A. Smith to Richmond, Gy-Sgt. R. Kohs to Oakdale and B. A. Anderson to Alhambra.

Brigade sunset parade in honor of Maj. Gen. Pendleton, USMC Ret. Weather forecast: Cooler with occasional showers. 0800 sunshine; 0900 showers; 0920 sunshine, battalion forming for drill; 0940 showers, battalion retreats to barracks; clearing but cloudy at 1015, sun aol; 1200 showers with thunder and miniature hail; sun reports at 1400; clouds and threatening rain at 1500; band falls out and courageously marches the length of the parade ground playing "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More." Brigade falls out, parades; thanks to the band, no more rain that day. Moral: When in doubt, call out the band.

The call of the Orient and Shanghai in particular is losing its appeal... something radically wrong when even former Hai-Ho'ers shrug their shoulders when the subject is brought up. The FMP is pretty good place with all night liberty, and the privilege of wearing civilian clothes seems to be of paramount importance to the ma-

Keep this
**UNDER YOUR
CAMPAIGN HAT**



YOU may be shaved, showered and shined, Pal, but the dames still won't go for you if your hair isn't neat and handsome. Bring your hair good looks and good health both, with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

Vitalis, rubbed deep into the scalp, helps guard hair against beating sun and soaking water. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis help reinforce natural oils—help dissolve loose dandruff.

And, boy, does Vitalis "neaten" your hair. Makes it easy to comb and brush. Keeps it smooth, lustrous—without a trace of that not-so-hot "patent-leather" look. Get a bottle of Vitalis today and start the "60-Second Workouts."

VITALIS
and the
"60-SECOND WORKOUT"

jority. Some of us take these privileges for granted and do not realize their importance until they are taken away.

Pvt. P. E. Wilhelm is performing duty as headwaiter in the Staff N. C. O. mess. Pvt. H. Haase temporarily detached and a big help in the Base building boom as expert carpenter. Pvts. R. R. Harris and G. R. Miller intend to desert us for bigger guns in the 10th Marines. The following were transferred to the 2nd battalion: Pfc. W. W. Baker, R. Carlsen, F. L. Groshong, Pvts. L. A. Bryan, J. C. Salency, E. J. Dahlstrom, H. W. Ballard, and J. W. Early. The outside beckons so Pvt. R. Samuels changed his mind about extension. From C Company joined: Pvt. O. U. Gullledge, F. J. Misisis, and W. L. Wamscott. Cpl. R. L. Minkler had enough and went home to Point Loma via an Excellent discharge and GCMed. Bar. By joining the Reserve he remains partly with us, besides the view of the barracks from his home is really a humdinger and with a pair of glasses he can "attend" our weekly parades. In point of service our oldest N. C. O. is Cpl. E. H. Weiss, discharged with Excellent mark, awarded GCMed Bar, reenlisted and now on thirty days leave, but will return to us upon expiration of same. Weiss will be due for retirement before long; he enlisted when most of the present Marines' fathers were still single. There is a very persistent odor of Orange Blossoms in the vicinity of Rose, now ain't this climate wonderful in southern California?

The 3rd platoon leader was on the spot. There was the whole platoon and only two tickets to the Marine vs. Navy Amateur Boxing show at the Coliseum. Winners were Pvts. G. R. Taylor and F. J. Misisis for best uniform and equipment appearance for the Battalion Commander's inspection. For the heavy marching order inspection the winners were: for the best roll, Pvt. R. R. Harris; for the best display, Pvts. J. H. O. Griffin and L. B. Burkey. The latter two were selected by the Company Commander, Capt. R. D. McAfee. Award for their efforts were complete miniature heavy-marching order toilet sets. Congratulations.

Aircraft 2, FMF, from North Island participated in our anti-aircraft defense drills. After several hours of indoor school it was a relief to practice out-doors bringing down (constructively) "enemy" planes. Actual firing on the .22 caliber range (when completed) will be a welcome addition to this type of training.

What some of the A men wish for: All hands wish for a recreation room of their own where they could read in peace, write, play games, and relax to the melodies from the radio. The property sergeant wants some paint for the 6-W main door. Lt. Herbert Amey, Jr., would appreciate about thirty days' leave. Pvt. W. H. Brogan wants a horse for hiking purposes. Cpl. J. A. P. Williams, Pvts. R. Cohen, and W. A. Smith want more outlets for their electric razors. Pvt. P. T. Black a bicycle, the present car upkeep is beyond his means. Another bicycle is wanted by Pfc. J. L. McCusker, he's the company runner officially. Mess Sgt. T. W. Wallace, Jr., wants five dozen salt and pepper tops. Plat. Sgt. C. C. Agee is praying for more sunset parades while Andrew Bertko, Jr., will take a dream book. Pvt. C. G. Flowers nothing but a hair clipper. Sgt. R. W. Wilkins very badly needs a spare tire with a rim to replace the one recently "borrowed" by persons unknown. Pvt. M. G. Beckner won't refuse a can of shoe polish. Police Sgt. Pfc. Nelms wants better work performed by the window cleaning details, and frowns on persons with Sears Roebuck catalogs. Pvt. L. L.

Longino could use a book on how to play Rugby. 1st Sgt. W. R. Hooper will appreciate a gross of thumb tacks. Of all things to ask for—a bouncing ball for Pvt. J. C. Parrish. Cpl. G. F. Lesovsky (clerk) feels a mail box in the company lobby would satisfy him, McCusker seconds the motion. All are cautioned to padlock their socks to the foot of their bunks and hope for the best.

By the time this appears in print, the East will meet the West. We take this opportunity to welcome the First Brigade to the sunny coast of California.

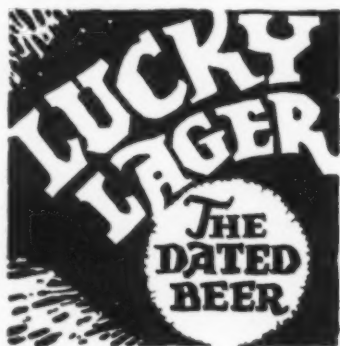
ANTIAIRCRAFT ARTILLERY

(Continued from page 18)

white pajamas. He made the statement that no one would be able to borrow them. Buck Allen rides again.

It takes four players and sixteen kibitzers to struggle through a game of 500, anyway there are not as many arguments to 500 as Hearts or Set-back. Long live the 500 game.

NICK NAMES AND THEIR ORIGINS:
"Bull" Landrith. His bulky figure. Mount a machine gun on his back and he



would be more effective than a midget tank.

"DAD" Loden. His age, and also the fact that he is a constant consumer of Dad Wrangel's Pills.

"HONEST ABE" Tucker. His winning ability in the games of chance. He was named wrong, however.

"ARMY MULE" McCleef. Years of service in the army were responsible for him.

"WOP" West. The map of his fatherland is a dominating feature about him.

"SQUARE HEAD" Lyshan. The name speaks for itself.

"RED" Hudson. The pretty tresses of red hair.

"COFFEE NERVES" Gilbert. His appearance and he is always getting foiled again.

"HORSE" Berto. Eats like a horse, big as a horse, strong as a horse, therefore his friends call him "HORSE."

"PUG" Skelton. Being an artist of the squared circle.

"PHILBERT" Deck. With apologies to Frank Owen.

"CHICK" Jenkins. Received his trade mark by passing out quarters to fellows that called him "CHICK."

"BUTCH" Burgess. Nom de guerre.
"PLOW POINT" Smith. Just an old Georgia farm lad.

December 27, 1936, was a cold, rainy day. Some Marines were huddled against the radiators we have in our squadroom, others less fortunate had sweat shirts and blankets around them trying to keep warm. Many turned in early this particular night so they could keep warm. A few of the boys from a "Golden Clime" opened the doors and

windows and jumped into bed and went to sleep. It seems as if there is always someone waking someone else up in the middle of the night and receives growls for doing it. On this night mother nature woke us up and it was rather amusing. The tempest broke at 1:30. Private Skoedopole made the distance from his bunk to the door in nothing flat, he was met at the finish of the race with a driving rain beating him in the face. Tucker (dressed in pretty pajamas) leaped from the top side of the double decker and proceeded to shove his bunk against Dagwood's. The roof was leaking. He didn't benefit by the move because the rain came dribbling through the roof over Dagwood's bunk. Several men put on their slippers and went to the conference room at the end of the hallway. While on the way they noticed that the first platoon slept through the entire outburst and water was one half inch deep on the deck. How they sleep in that first platoon. Be around at reveille and find out for yourself.

Perry Fillingim, Alabama songbird, was heard singing the following works to Hudson the other day, "You do the darndest things, baby."

Sergeant Baricau, one of the flashiest backs on the Marine Eleven, has joined the battery lately. Which enhances out athletic prowess notably.

Cpl. Coleman, former champ hog caller of Extor County, Arkansas, became serious about his bridge game and invested a few of his ill earned bucks in a book—"with all the dope" by Culbertson. The book is listed among the missing and Coleman is intently observing his opponents to find the one that is using the Culbertson system.

Sergeant Ruona relieved Sergeant Rice as Battery Police Sergeant last week.

It is nearly time for taps, have writer's cramp, am very sleepy so this will conclude the low down of Battery F.

RIFLE RANGE, M.C.B.

(Continued from page 19)

A number of the boys went on leave during the Christmas holiday period. Among these were Master Tech-Sgt. (Mess) Homer L. Ferguson, Cpl. James W. Dorsey, Taylor P. Mason, Pfc. Arnold W. Sargent and William C. French.

Major Emmett W. Skinner is commanding officer of the Rifle Range Detachment and Captain Harry E. Leland executive office and AAQM. Captain Leland has taken a short leave period. Second Lieutenants W. B. Kyle and H. U. Mustain, of the Range detachment, have gone to Philadelphia, Pa., to attend officers' school. Second Lieutenant L. H. McCulley, who was a member of the San Diego Marines football squad during the recent season, has returned to the range for duty. Captain William K. Snyder and First Lieutenant G. K. Frisbie are assistant range officers.

1st Sergeant Hartle C. Calvery and Cpl. Leonard A. Oderman have held up their hands for another four years and are enjoying a well earned furlough. Platoon Sergeant O'Neil is now fulfilling the duties as first sergeant.

FLYING CASTLES

By Meredith H. Baker

Your reporter would like to say that the arrival of our mother company from Quantico is going to afford us much pleasure. There are few things better than being able to renew old friendships and having the outlook of working shoulder to shoulder once more with such a splendid outfit of

men. Arrangements have been made to accommodate them in our barracks.

Work in this company is a pleasant disease, and I might add, has as permanent adherence as one's leg. A new float for landing at the dock is almost completed and certainly is a most welcome addition. The topographers have given the hospital corpsmen their final examination in Military Topography. We understand that all passed with excellent marks.

The company has been fortunate in receiving a sum of money for amusement purposes. With this we established a recreation room containing a radio, couch, tables, chairs and a number of games. Some of this money was used to obtain subscriptions for current literature of both an educational and entertaining nature. A number of the men have utilized their talents by building tables, lamps and so forth for the recreation room. Together with the fund, we appreciate your work. Thank you!

Your reporter has discovered that one of us is contemplating a permanent tie-up upon expiration of his enlistment. Even more startling, is a beautiful engagement ring that was seen mailed to a lucky girl in Georgia. Congratulations, "Rosy" (but, "Rosy," isn't three years a "turrible" long time to wait?).

RECRUIT DEPOT, MARINE CORPS BASE

By Cpl. John A. Walters

The personnel of the Depot is fretting at the harness, anxiously awaiting the day the new barracks will be completed. Tent city has been taking it on the chin—with the cold mid-winter nights and the unwelcome visit of a whole family of Florida's best gales.

But in spite of cold weather, gales, and a surplus of rain the Depot has been no place of rest: With the holidays come and gone three platoons have been outfitted and sent off to the Far East for Asiatic assignment, not to speak of the 104 men transferred to sea, and the many others assigned to other organizations. Also the December quota was an even 200 recruits, and the new year starts off with a quota of 240 allotted to January.

Officers recently detached from the Depot were: Second Lieutenants Edwin L. Hamilton and Ormond R. Simpson, and Captain Oliver A. Dow. Officers who have joined the Depot are: Captain John F. Blanton and First Lieutenant Hames H. Brower.

Members of the permanent detachment to leave the Depot for Asiatic assignment were: Corporal Mathias W. Marty, and Pfc. Maurice "C" Beal. NCOs to join the Depot recently are: Sergeant John F. Travis, joined from the USS *Nevada*; Corporal William J. Shaw from the USS *New York*; Cpl. Walter W. Alford from Cas. Co., post; Gy-Sgt. Anton F. Wolf; Cpl. Alfred J. Brengle from the USS *West Virginia*.

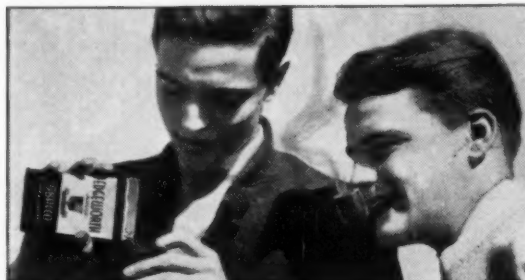
At the Post's dance, held the 30th of December at the Broadway pier, the Depot was well represented; everyone had a good time; either on the dance floor or in the refreshment hall. A cold rain failed to discourage the Marines and their guests and the hall was well filled.

THE MARINES AT MARE ISLAND

A brief resume of what Mare Island has to offer the many hundred transient Marines who join this post from other stations in the line of recreation and diversion from duties is a fine nine hole golf course where the Marines are permitted to show their

Smoke all the tobacco you put in your pipe

1 "You say Edgeworth Junior gives you more smoke for your money?...How's that?"



2 "Smoke it all the way down. Then you'll get the economy angle."



3 "Say!...I get it! ... So mild you can smoke it ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEEL!"



15¢
A TIN

"CELLOPHANE" WRAPPED

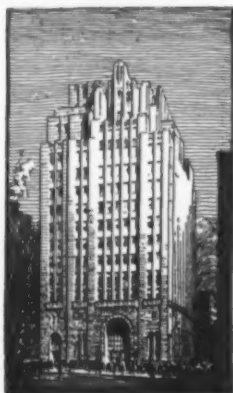
MAKE your tobacco money buy all the smoke you pay for. Smoke EDGEWORTH JUNIOR, the new, mild, free-burning pipe and cigarette tobacco.

MARINES! If you're a steady pipe smoker, stick by your old pals, Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth Plug Slice for a mild, cool, long-burning smoke. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

GOOD ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEEL

YOU CAN SAVE FROM WHEREVER YOU ARE

Send For
Leaflet
"Banking
By Mail"
Allotments
Accepted



Interest
Begins
As Soon As
Your
Deposit
Reaches Us

THE SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS

74 Wall Street, New York

Chartered 1829 - - - Resources Over \$160,000,000.00

ability on the links free of charge with the clubs being furnished by the Post Exchange. The large library boasts of having many interesting books that appeal to the Marine's choice with an adjoining six (6) table pool-room that is always in use. The Post Exchange Theatre has two performances each night, and the pictures shown are all very late releases. The outdoor swimming pool is closed at the present time, but will reopen again this summer. We also have our own baseball diamond, tennis courts and handball courts that are constantly in use. The Lunch Room is solely operated by Marines now and offers excellent short-orders and many popular brands of bottle and Tapacan beers. This proves that everyone can enjoy himself during his stay at this post.

A Rifle and Pistol match was held here recently and in order to equalize the opportunities, the rifle shooters were divided into three classes:

CLASS "A" Men who made 315 or more last record firing.

CLASS "B" Men who made 300 to 314 last record firing.

CLASS "C" Men who made 275 to 299 last record firing.

The course fired was the regular National Match Course, less 1,000 yds.—i. e., 200-Yds. slow, 200 Yds-rapid (A Target), 300-Yds rapid (A Target), and 600-Yds-slow. Ten rounds at each range. There were three prizes at each range for each class winners, \$2 for first place, \$1 second, and \$.50 third—\$10.50 prize money being awarded at each range. For the high total scores over the course there were three prizes for each class, \$5.00 for first, \$3.00 second and \$2.00 for third. Entries for the Rifle Match were limited to thirty-nine for all classes and were distributed as follows:

Marine Barracks (Incl NAD)—29

Naval Prison Detachment —10

There were no classes in the pistol match, prizes awarded were \$3, \$2, and \$1 at each range and \$5 for high aggregate. A cup suitably engraved, was awarded to Sgt.

George S. Taylor who made the high aggregate score for the Rifle and Pistol.

On Tuesday evening, November 10, 1936, the Marines of Mare Island were afforded an excellent opportunity to celebrate in true traditional style the 161st anniversary of the United States Marine Corps by giving a dance to honor the occasion here at the Marine Barracks.

The spacious mess hall was gayly decorated for the occasion, being trimmed with assorted crepe colored paper bearing the Marine Corps colors of Maroon and Gold. Large and small Marine Corps emblems adorned the walls, and many inflated colored balloons added to the fine appearance of the room.

Shortly after 9:00 p. m., with an attendance of approximately three hundred members and guests, the Marine Barracks became alive with much laughter and gaiety. Young ladies in the latest fashions from Hollywood accompanied by their well groomed Marines were gracefully dancing happily to the strains of "swing music" played by Keith Kimball's 11 piece Casa De Vallejo Orchestra from Vallejo, California.

Shortly before midnight refreshments were served to all consisting of many different tasty sandwiches, vanilla cup cakes, ice cream, orangeade and coffee. Continuing with the dance gaiety still reigned everywhere until 1:00 a. m., when the dance was brought to a close. The many happy faces and complimentary remarks of the evening proved beyond doubts that the affair was indeed a most successful one. Our sincere thanks goes to our Commanding Officer, Colonel David M. Randall, for making this dance possible, also the term, "a job well done," can be applied to the committee consisting of PM-Sgt. Steimer, QM-Sgt.

SUBSCRIBE TO
THE LEATHERNECK
AND GET ALL THE NEWS OF
ALL THE DETACHMENTS

Williams, 1st Sgt. Case, Sgt. Childers, Sgt. Cheuvront and Sgt. "Dusty" Miller for their untiring efforts in making this dance the best of the year.

Wednesday afternoon, 25 November, 1936, on the parade ground of this post with competing teams from the Naval Prison Detachment and the Naval Ammunition Depot the Barracks Detachment staged an organized athletic and equipment Field Day supervised by the Officers of this Post. Some of the many events such as shelter tent pitching, equipment race from a standing start with full field equipment laid out, automatic rifle race starting with a field stripped BAR wearing a gas mask, assemble piece and advance 25 yds., machine gun race with field stripped gun, assemble and advance 25 yds., grenade throw, and many more events too numerous to mention. All events witnessed very close competition by the participants. Prizes were awarded to the winners on the field.

Monday, 28 November, 1936, at a Battalion Parade and Review Private Frank E. Deyhle, U. S. Marine Corps, was awarded a Navy Cross with citation. His citation read as follows: "For extraordinary heroism on 1 April, 1936, at the Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Hawthorne, Nevada, when a man temporarily crazed, viciously attacked, without provocation or warning, a fellow comrade with a bolo and struck him down. Private Deyhle sprang at the assailant, warding off the second slash upon his comrade with his hand and in so doing sustained lacerations which resulted in the loss of two fingers and the major portion of his left hand. In spite of his injuries he continued to struggle with the maniac until he was subdued and disarmed, thereby preventing fatal injury to other comrades."

CHINA STATION NEWS

Radio Peiping

(Continued from page 23)

Corporal William H. Meadors, another one of "them there" supervisors. He fixes typewriters, too.

Corporal Carl I. (What does the "I" signify?) Nelson, another communication clerk, is going home on the next boat. Thought a little warning wouldn't be amiss.

Corporal Alan E. Opine, between doing a small amount of draughting and standing an occasional watch, speaks of his "little lotus flowers."

Private First Class Felix L. Ferranto makes the weather observations and does what little repair and upkeep of batteries and things he can't get out of.

Pfc. Francis G. Knight, team shot, has only recently returned from the rifle range, whence he spent six months taking life comparatively easy.

Pfc. John Marshall Kern, of Illinois, dreams of returning to the farm, when and if he ever gets back to the good old USA. Where is Louise?

Pfc. Joseph A. Pitner, Jr., is probably the "newest" Pfc. in radio. He made it just in time to make this edition (if that means anything).

The rest of the gang, Privates, spend their watch time in either radio central or the transmitter room, or as noted.

Ralph W. Butler, twice denied transfer to Shanghai, has made up his mind to become the best operator in Peiping.

Hinman E. Bostrom, counterpart of Ferranto in that he observes weather and makes few repairs.

"J" "K" Corbin, operator, and an entry in the International Guards track meet

held here recently, between the guards of the several embassies.

Eldy E. Crowell, from Missouri to China by way of San Diego, San Francisco (two months), *Los Banos* (two months), *USS Augusta* (one month).

Minnesota's gift to Marine Corps radio—Charles Waldemar Gilson. Pretty good, too, they say.

Elson Z. McCubbin has had many different jobs since his arrival at the station: weatherman, painter, operator, etc., and is now a transmitter turn-er on and off-er.

John W. Moon, another transmitter room operator. He didn't do so good in the international guards track meet. Still, he was up against Olympic material.

Paul G. Pohan loves to copy press. Ask him about "Lili."

Norman F. Robertson, alias "Fuzzy," one time weather intercept operator, operates. He is returning to the US on the next boat.

Rudolph K. Schaefer is one of the best materiel men in Marine Corps radio. He really is good. Still, he sometimes changes batteries on the receivers, causing a loud crash in the fones; whereupon he dashes out to say that he is about to change the batteries. Are you still there?

Thomas O. Sessions, another transmitter room operator, is as capable as any in his line of work.

Raymond E. Shire, operator, amateur photographer, tourist at heart, etc., will give you an illustrated lecture of Peiping on request.

Daniel M. Stokely, number one transmitter room operator, is probably the best transmitter room shifter ever to shift for *Radio Peiping*. He also likes to take snapshots. Has he a collection? You-all should take con-ee-con.

Rudolph E. Svoboda, operator, in communication with the Army Radio Station at Tientsin, told the army operator "no savee" in plain language. Was his face red upon receipt of discrepancy report.

Robert P. Watson, painter First Class, transmitter operator, radio operator, and able to do most anything asked of him, built himself a two-tube battery operated radio set. Wonder of that is, being his first attempt in radio construction, the darn thing worked, actually. My, my.

Sergeant Julius N. Hinton is commander-in-chief of the telephone section and rules with an iron hand over the lads.

Corporal Rayburn B. Harper is second in command of the telephone section. He is also captain of headquarters detachment basketball team.

Private Ferdinand E. Cioei, telephone operator, ambassador-at-large to the Italian Legation, does well by himself.

John P. Prior returned to the telephone section after giving radio a fling. What is the attraction?

Richard M. Reed, telephone operator, won't talk. So what's to do about it?

Remember, this is only the beginning, only the beginning. The future promises many things and so you must get set for all of the dope on the Far East situation, illustrated.

STORMING THE FORTS OF CANTON

(Continued from page 5)

punitive, if necessary, to enforce respect for the American flag. Since his flagship, the *San Jacinto*, drew too much water to go up the Canton River, all of its crew, except those absolutely necessary to care for the

ship, were transferred to the *Portsmouth* and *Levant*. While these preliminary preparations were being made the garrison of one of the Barrier Forts made a fatal blunder.

Commander Andrew H. Foote of the *Portsmouth*, one of the hardest fighting officers that our navy has ever produced, was proceeding up the river in his gig and the Chinese, with no thought of the consequences, made the terrible mistake of firing upon the boat carrying this highly temperamental officer. But perhaps the Chinese never learned the real reason why they were so violently attacked at every turn during the subsequent events. The Commodore, nevertheless, proceeded to carry out his plan for an intensive bombardment of the forts and apparently intended to let the affair go at that unless the Chinese offered further insult. The *Portsmouth* and *Levant* were towed up the river by two small steamers. The *Portsmouth* began a vigorous bombardment of the forts with shell and grape which it kept up until seven hundred rounds were expended and darkness put an end to its activity, after one Marine had been killed and the vessel hulled a number of times by heavy shots from the fort. The *Levant*, unfortunately, ran aground and was not able to take part in the affair. The night was spent in getting her afloat and the squadron commander, feeling somewhat satisfied by the damage he had inflicted upon the Chinese, suspended operations and attempted to adjust matters by negotiation. The Commodore being ill and unable to carry on any more such vigorous affairs withdrew to his flagship leaving the more impetuous and daring Foote in command of the exciting situation at Canton. Armstrong's attempts to negotiate not having progressed satisfactorily, he authorized Foote to proceed as he deemed necessary, even to the extent of landing and destroying the forts. That this authority was entirely to the liking of the daring and impetuous Foote is quite evident from the exploits of the Marines and sailors under his command which occurred in rapid succession during the ensuing days.

In the early morning of November 20 operations were begun with great determination with both the *Portsmouth* and *Levant* in suitable firing positions covering two of the forts while a landing force of 287 officers, sailors and Marines supported by four howitzers pulled away in three columns for storming operations under cover of the bombardment by the two vessels. The Chinese forts at first vigorously returned the naval gunfire but were soon silenced. The sailors of the landing force and the squadron Marines under Captain Simms advanced on the nearest fort passing through a village in the rear of the fort where they brushed aside some resistance and continued their attack. The storming party took up a destructive musketry fire which soon had its effect. The Chinese garrison fled and the Marines shot down some forty or fifty of their fleeing adversaries. They occupied the fort and raised the American flag. Some of the fort's fifty-three guns were manned by the American landing force and the nearest fort opened fire on them.

Simms with the Marines then returned to the village which had been reoccupied by the Chinese soldiers and again drove them away, this time into the rice fields where the muddy ground made further pursuit impossible. Simms ordered his men to retire and the Chinese mistaking this movement for a retreat followed them with two thousand or more soldiers. The leathernecks turned on the advancing enemy with a deadly fire that soon caused them to break and flee. The Marines then returned to the fort.



OFFICERS DRESS INSIGNIA



Now available in a special economy grade—retaining all the appearance of H-H quality insignia. Eagle and globe of sterling silver, tarnishproof rhodium finish, globe hand chased. Anchor and applied continents extra fine gold filled.


Cap Device, each.....\$4.50
Collar Devices, pair..... 6.00

At Your Post Exchange or Dealers Everywhere
ANOTHER **H-H** QUALITY PRODUCT

Hilborn-Hamburger, Inc.
15 East 26th St.
New York, N. Y.

LUCKY LAGER

THE DATED BEER



ONE OF THE WORLD'S REALLY FINE BEERS

SUBSCRIBE

to the

LEATHERNECK

and get all the News of Marine Activities

\$2.50 PER YEAR

Enclosed find \$2.50. Send me THE LEATHERNECK for 12 months.

Name

Address

BANK HERE BY MAIL
 COMPOUNDED INTEREST
 PAID ON YOUR SAVINGS *Write for Booklet*
Bushwick
 SAVINGS BANK
 GRAND ST. AT SHAMAN AVE. BROOKLYN

Be Sure It's—

 Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
 GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

JOSIAH ODENCE
 Full Line of Canteen
 Stores for
 Army, Navy and Marine
 Corps
 Agents for
 YELLOW BOWL PIPES
 KAYWOODIE PIPES
 LONGINE WATCHES
 PACKARD RAZORS
 WALTHAM WATCHES
 Shipments to Any Port in
 the World
 215 Fourth Avenue
 New York City
 Established Over 20 Years

POTOMAC JEWELRY SHOP
 R. SINGER, Prop.
WATCH REPAIRING
 Quantico Virginia

SUBSCRIBERS ARE URGED
 TO SEND THEIR CHANGES OF ADDRESS GIVING BOTH
 THE OLD AND NEW ADDRESS
 When you move or are transferred let us know AT ONCE. This
 will insure your getting each number of The Leatherneck promptly.
 NAME _____ NEW ADDRESS _____
 OLD ADDRESS _____

A force of between four and five thousand Chinese troops then came out from Canton which was only four miles away and made three assaults on the Americans but were each time repulsed by the deadly musketry fire of the Marines and the fire from the howitzers. The final repulse led to a complete rout. The fort was held without difficulty during the night with part of the landing force under Captain Simms while the remainder returned to the vessels.

At three o'clock the following morning the next Barrier Fort up the river began firing on the Portsmouth. Simms with his landing force embarked in boats and lay off preparatory to another landing. Three hours later both vessels opened a vigorous fire on the three remaining forts which was for a short time briskly returned. In the meantime the landing force was being towed into position by a small steamer for storming operations against the next fort which was called the Fiddlers Fort. One of the boats was raked by a shot from a 64-pounder and most of the occupants killed or wounded. The landing force proceeded ashore without serious difficulty, advanced across ditches waist-deep in the face of artillery fire and successfully stormed the Fiddlers Fort with the additional loss only of Private Thompson, who was severely wounded by a rocket. Corporal McDougal planted the American Flag on the walls of the fort in the face of more than a thousand Chinese soldiers. A number of the guns of the captured fort were promptly turned on the next fort called the Center Fort, which returned a vigorous fire. The remaining guns were spiked and their carriages burned and other equipment of the fort was systematically destroyed. In the meantime preparations went on for an assault on the other forts.

Simms, with the Marine detachments, now took up the advance in the direction of Canton to storm the Center Fort. He moved along the river bank for a time under cover of an embankment in an effort to draw the Chinese from their guns in the fort. While carrying out this maneuver he encountered a breastwork mounting seven guns which he attacked and captured and then turned its guns on the enemy. The Chinese promptly counter-attacked but the Marines repulsed them with little difficulty. Simms left Lieutenant William W. Kirkland with part of the Marines to hold the breastworks and to withdraw later after destroying the battery while he took the remainder of his men to join a navy landing force in further offensive operations.

An island fort next stood in the way of Foote's destructive advance towards Canton. The ships bombarded it while the boats embarked the Marines and sailors from their position near the Fiddler's Fort. Under cover of the fire of the Portsmouth and Levant the landing force successfully made a landing on the island and with little difficulty captured its fort. The Marines'

standard bearer, Corporal McDougal, again was the first to raise the American flag over this fort, which proved to be a formidable structure with thirty-eight guns. The landing force immediately set about to a systematic destruction of military materiel including the usual spiking of the guns. The eventful day ended in an artillery duel between the remaining Chinese fort and the ships supported by the fire of the howitzers of the landing force and the captured Fiddlers Fort. The enemy fire was silenced as darkness approached, but Foote was not yet ready, however, to give the Chinese any respite.

Early the following morning preparations were underway for the storming of the last of the Barrier Forts. The landing force was again in its boats and advanced towards that fort under the fire of the ship's guns and the fire from the Fiddlers Fort. The boats were unable to get close to the shore and the assaulting parties were forced to wade a considerable distance, but they successfully stormed and captured the fort which proved to be armed with twenty-eight guns. The Chinese again counter-attacked but were promptly repulsed with heavy losses. Foote then set about to complete a systematic destruction of all of the forts which took until December 6. The outer granite walls, which were several feet in thickness, were systematically mined and demolished. Most of the guns were rolled into the river and other equipment burned or otherwise destroyed. A spark knocked from a stone by a crowbar accidentally set off a charge of fifty pounds of powder which had been placed for demolition purposes and killed and wounded several of the mining party.

In the series of operations the few hundred men of the East India Squadron had defeated on every turn a force of approximately five thousand Chinese and lost only seven killed and twenty-two wounded during the actual fighting. The Chinese losses were at least ten times that number. The four forts contained approximately 168 cannon, the larger of which was 8½ caliber. The expenditure of ammunition by Foote's vessels ran into thousands of rounds. When the work of demolition was finally completed the Levant and Portsmouth with the squadron landing force returned to the regular squadron anchorage, a short distance down the river at Whampoa. The retaliatory measures were entirely successful in that they induced the Imperial Commissioner Yeh to apologize for the firing on the American flag and no further hostile acts against Americans were committed for the time being in that vicinity. Simms modestly commented in his report to the Commandant on the series of eventful fights "It gives me great pleasure to bring to your favorable notice the soldierlike conduct and gallant bearing of the non-commissioned officers, Musicians & privates under my command, whilst under fire."

NUTS ABOUT SOMETHING
 (Continued from page 7)

I went on and told him my secret because I felt sorry for him and figured it would take his mind off Emily.
 My idea, you see, was to design a boat that'd have speed and be able to hold more of it in a sea than most can. When builders gave up the fan-tail for the square stern, understand, they got speed, all right, but they quit building boats that could go their best in weather.
 A square stern won't let the bow rise to

a sea when you're heading into it fast, and when you're running with it in the seas 'll pick that stern up like a cork and bury her nose if you don't look out. So they're great for flat water but when she starts to kick up and you're in a hurry it's just bad news. There's a demand up here on Lake Michigan for speed in all weather. I'd figured and figured and worked out that little run in the stern on models; and now I had my boat ready after all that thinking and working and here it was the third day and I hadn't even warmed her up!

And what 'd Red say to that? He said it was too bad. Just too bad! Like a guy will who's just trying to be polite! It got my goat.

"But you don't know what trouble is, Alec," he said, and that's when I said I was glad it was boats with me and he said what a sympathetic soul I am. . . .

Well, anyhow, I'd made up my mind that McCann's trouble was in the timing and if Red wouldn't be sensible it was no funeral of mine, and the sooner I got that job out of the way the sooner I could take my boat out.

But I told him to stick around when I shut off for the dock. "When I get this junk going we'll take my baby outside. It's freshening and there'll be a nice sea."

"Thanks," he said, kind of nasty.

A man and his wife were waiting to price outboards and it took a long time to sell 'em, and then I had a lot more trouble with McCann's motor than I'd thought, so it was late in the afternoon before I got ready.

Then the darned 'phone rang and it was this bird at Missionary Lake whose boat 'd caught fire that afternoon. He wanted me to come right over and figure on getting her out so's I could repair her.

I just couldn't do it but he begged so hard that I hung up on him and fixed the flat on my flivver and started over and that shot Wednesday, see.

I heard about the hold-up when I stopped for supper. Somebody with a mask on 'd put a gun on old man Murray between the hotel and his cottage and took him plenty. There'd been a big chase and the town had the jitters bad.

But I didn't pay much attention. I drank my coffee and took another sandwich along and figured I'd take my boat out for a while even if it was dark and raining some.

I ducked into the shop for my slicker and walked down the dock. I was right on top of 'em before I saw 'em in my boat and heard somebody say:

"Steady, Alec. It's Emil." Emil's the sheriff, see. "Keep still," he said. "Go back and I'll come and explain."

"Hell's bells," I said. "I want my boat." But he shushed me down and I went back to the shop and he came in. "Hell's bells," I told him again, "what's the big idea keepin' a guy out of his boat?"

"It's all okay," he says. "Those boys are state police and we're going to stop these robberies and what do you know about the Sea Maid, and the bird who runs her?"

I told him nothing except that she was a cuckoo except for the vibration in the cabin, and that the guy in her sure kept her up but I'd never miss him much.

"Well, Emil says, 'the boys think they've got him pegged, but they can't be sure until they get pictures from headquarters. They think he's a hard and bad egg."

So much more
ENJOYMENT WHEN
YOU SAY-PABST

"And another thing," he says, "the number of that boat's phoney."

Now that, being about boats, surprised me.

The dope was this: the Sea Maid had come in two weeks before and this Blackman—whose name we didn't know then—had gone to the hotel asking for a party named Billings. They'd just had a letter from Mr. Billings, they told him, and he'd been delayed. But he'd made reservations two weeks later and asked the hotel to tell his boat to wait.

"See?" says Emil. "All sounded regular until these cops sort of recollected this guy's face and pried into the customs register of motor boats. They found that number don't go with that boat and that it wasn't issued to any Billings and that there's no Billings at the Chicago address he wrote the hotel from. Then it all looks goofy and ties up with the fact that these

dam' robberies commence right after the Sea Maid pulls in.

"Now, Alec," he said, "How fast will your boat go?" I told him something like forty and he said that was fine and that they'd charter her.

"Not a chance!" I told him. "I worked two years on that boat."

But he won't even listen. "If I don't clean up these dam' robberies and get the stuff back how 'm I going to stand at election time?" he says. "I'm up ag'in smart crooks," he says, "and the bet is that the Sea Maid's mixed up in it."

"We may have to work fast when she breaks. Your boat's got the speed and she's been tied up here for days and nobody'd get suspicious of her like they would if we brought another in and kept it here. We can put a man in your loft day times and some of us'll stay here at night, and Red Larabee's helpin' us now



We invite all Marines, their families and friends, to stop here when in New York.

44th STREET HOTEL

120 WEST 44TH STREET

Located just around the corner from Times Square, convenient to all shopping and business districts, and within a few minutes walk to over seventy-five theatres and night clubs.

300 light airy rooms all modern-ly and comfortably furnished with showers or baths.

Single \$2.00 and up.

Double \$3.00 and up.

Dining Room, Cocktail Lounge and Bar serving unusual well-cooked food both Table d'Hote and A la Carte together with complete choice of Wines and Liquors at popular prices.

Whether your stay in New York is alone or with your family; for a day, week or month, stop here and make it economical as well as comfortable and convenient.

H. H. CUMMINGS, Manager.

and he could drive your boat if we needed it in a hurry."

I wasn't stuck on the idea but Emil commenced to talk about the hole he was in and how he might not be reelected. He's just nuts about bein' sheriff, Emilis.

"Couldn't I even take her out for a trial?" I asked him.

"It might spoil the whole thing," he said. "I'd have to hire another boat and that'd make a chance for a leak."

Well, what are you going to do, ease like that?

So for three days and nights my shop's all cluttered up with peeking detectives and Red hangs around a lot, glum and cold to me. I saw Emily and this Devine in her car and playing tennis and in a canoe. If I hadn't been feeling so down about not having my boat to use I'd have felt sorrier for Red, maybe.

This Devine's a fast worker, all right. I look him over because of the way he's stolen Red's wind and I can see where a girl'd fall for him; that is, if girls are like folks say they are. He looks like a guy in a movie and wears swell clothes and can talk about what's being talked about as easy . . . well, as easy as I can talk about boats, for instance, so there wasn't much I could've said to Red for comfort if I'd wanted to. I didn't want to much; there's limits.

For two days there's nothing stirring by way of robberies. One dick sits in my loft all during daylight watching the Sea Maid and at night two or three of 'em lay out in my boat. When I'm not there, Red is.

Second night they think they hear somebody swim out to the Sea Maid and one detective and Emil wanted to make a break and see who it was, but the other one talked 'em out of it. There'd been nothing doing since Wednesday, he said, and if they tipped their hand it might scare the mob off before they had anything on 'em.

But in the morning he felt pretty sick, that guy, because the Swaney cottage had been busted into and a lot of stuff taken. Anybody 'd bet it was on the Sea Maid. But Blackman, who they knew by then was a crook with a bad record, hadn't been ashore that night so whoever they heard swimming was delivering the stolen stuff to him, likely. But it wouldn't do to catch just part of 'em.

By Saturday I was pretty sore. My boat'd been in the water a whole week and what good 'd it done me? Not a dime's worth! I was sick and tired of the whole thing, what with a nice, fresh breeze blowing and a sea making outside. Just the conditions I needed to try what I'd spent three years figuring and working and all the money I could scrape on.

And could I do it? I couldn't. I had jobs all day, and at night I just had to sit down and make out bills to keep from sounding off.

It was about eleven when a car comes down hellatylarrup and squeals to a stop, and Red and the other dick busted in.

"Scram!" the detective said to me, running out for the dock on tip-toe. "They just pulled one at the hotel. We'll be ready if they try to get aboard."

So I ducked out and got in behind the wheel, Red beside me, the two cops on the back seat, and wait. Emil was up town with his deputies seeing what they could see there.

Now, we never noticed that rowboat at all. It came across from the other side of the harbor and the Sea Maid screened it. I'd just about made up my mind

nobody'd try to get the loot aboard when *whem!* and the yacht's motor commenced to talk. They'd cut the mooring line below, see.

Well, now! The cops snap at me to step on it and tell me not to turn on the running lights, and throw off the lines and pull their guns. Red, he commences to shake like somebody sick. My motor catches on the first spin, but the Sea Maid was under way and we saw this row boat drifting near her mooring buoy. Somebody'd made it aboard and was getting away, all right.

They headed right for the piers and the cabin lights went on and then off.

"Two of 'em!" said one of the cops and Red let out a groan which I thought about afterwards but not then. The only thing in my mind right then was the way that baby of mine picked up!

How she picked up! And I'm telling the pop-eyed world she needed to because the Urchin people get sixteen thousand berries for that sedan and she's worth every dime! Speed? Boy, howdy, she's got it!

"Open her up!" one of the cops yelled. "Is this all this tub can do?"

But even that didn't make me sore. We were doing better than he thought, but I just told him to wait. The Sea Maid was going outside and I was so sure I was right that I didn't care a hoot about the way she pulled away from us in the harbor.

She was through the piers and into the surf before we got fairly into the channel, but that didn't worry me. I've handled those Urchin sedans. I checked for the breakers and loafed through 'em so's not to take a lot of spray.

When I commenced to open her again the cops were arguing what to do. If we went alongside, they figured, the stolen stuff would be dumped overboard and then we wouldn't have a case. If the Sea Maid didn't head for some other port and make it before daylight we'd be out of luck again.

But I didn't pay much attention to all that. Who would, after he'd planned and worked and spent and waited like I had, and when I finally knew for dead certain that I had something in design that was going to make 'em all sit up! I hadn't gone a quarter of a mile, I tell you, before I knew it!

There was just enough light so I could see the crests ahead. I opened her up slow because it seemed too good to be true. I kept giving it to her. I know I'm doing twenty-five, and then thirty. She rides easy; she don't bounce us around like most fast boats will at half that speed in that much sea. I'm running the Sea Maid ragged!

Does that baby behave? I'm telling you, she behaved! I'd catch the breaking crests just under the bluff of the bows and pop it to her. She'd go over 'em like a dory! She'd cut 'em like cheese! Why? because that modified stern of mine's doing the business, see. She didn't bury her nose once and in almost half a gale, and on ahead I could see the spray fly every now and then where the Sea Maid was busting 'em wide open. I could hear him keep checking his motor and at no time did he have her wide open.

Red was just quivering. He didn't say a word while the two dicks were haying it hot and heavy, but when they told me to lay back and trail for a while he groaned again.

We were pretty close, then; close enough to see inside the cabin when they switched the lights on again. When we rode up on a big roller just right you could look right

THE LEATHERNECK

through the companionway which was open. I caught a good view of it and knew why Red groaned, all right.

Emily was aboard. Yes, sir, believe it or not, Emily and this Devine. They were sitting on lockers holding hands across a table and he sure was handing her a line, the way she looked. She looked just as excited and happy as I felt about my boat, see. Oh, you can be wrong and still get an awful kick out of being goofy about something.

"So that's it, eh?" one of the coppers said. "Smart bird, him! If anybody should suspect him of tonight's job because he beats it, it'd look like just another elopement!"

Red jerks half way around.

"What's you mean, just another?" he squawked, and sounded like he was ready to sock the detective.

Then he looked at me and I could feel him just begging me to do something before it was too late so I did a lot of thinking in a few minutes.

"You birds," I said to the cops. "Are you any good on the jump?" They wanted to know what I meant. "You want those guys," I said, "and you want their loot, too. You better pick 'em while the picking's good."

How? they want to know, and I tell 'em to lift the cushion under them and put on kopak jackets stowed there and get ready to jump.

"You goin' up close in these waves?" one of 'em asks. "You'll smash into 'em sure!"

I wanted to know was he telling me about my boat. "I'm about fed plenty with this business," I say. "You do as I tell you and I'll put you where you can do your stuff, if any."

"But they'll hear you!" this bird says.

"You tellin' me about boats?" I come back. "I know that with the windows closed they're yellin' at each other in there, now. Do like I tell you."

Well, there was some more gabble but they put on the jackets just the same. I slid the throttle further open and, baby, do we boil along! We boil along and I don't mean kind of! I eased her down when I got close to feel out the Sea Maid's wash. You've got to be sure about how a boat 'll handle under new conditions.

We hit the suction and did that honey behave? I'll tell the boat-building world she did! Just a touch and she minded like a trained dog in a circus! I could feel that suction tryin' to get her in against the Sea Maid's quarter, sayin' "Come along over here; come along, now," and that honey just shakes her head and says, "The old man's got the wheel and I couldn't if I wanted to," and she don't go! She just don't go! Boy!

A big comber shows ahead and I yelled that there'd be three of 'em and then soft water. "When I sing out," I told 'em, "you be ready to go aboard!"

I counted those rollers, one, two and three as we went over 'em. On top of the third I popped it to her. I slid the throttle clear down the quadrant and did she close? You should 've seen her close!

"Ready!" I sung out and they got their feet under 'em as we boiled up alongside with not three feet between us and the Sea Maid. "Jump!" I yelled and kind of held my breath.

"It's a wonder Devine didn't hear or feel 'em board. They sure did a bad job of jumping and both of 'em piled up in the cockpit. But it didn't hurt 'em

and they upped and rushed for the companionway.

You should 've seen the look on Devine's face when that dick went down the steps behind his gat. His hands went up and his jaw went down. The other cop went right on past, through the little galley and jerked open the door and put his gun in Blackman's back and it was all over. That part of it, I mean.

Well, when we turned around and headed for the piers I had a chance to see what she'd do in a following sea, understand. Most of these square sterned boats are just no account with a sea dead astern. You've got to have it on the quarter to get any speed at all and then they want to keep swinging up into it. But that baby! Zowie! She lifted to it like an old shoe, I tell you, and you should 've seen her walk away from that seventeen-thousand-dollar job!

"What'd you think of your old pal as a boat designer, now?" I asked Red, but he didn't even answer. He just sat there like he'd been shot at or something.

Well, I cut down and we loafed along and let them go into the piers first and head for my dock where Emil was waiting.

"You missed it," I says to him.

"My gosh," he says, "wasn't they aboard?"

"I mean, my boat," I said, and he just said, Oh. No interest, see.

The dicks brought Devine and Blackman out of the cabin and slipped handcuffs on 'em. Emily stood in the companionway with a handkerchief against her mouth looking up at Red as if she thought he was going to sock her.

"Where's the junk?" a cop asked Devine, and Devine come across. It was in a kettle in the galley. They brought it out, rings and money and watches.

"Well, we've got you cold, Devine," one of 'em said. "And you, too, Blackman."

I felt kind of sorry for Blackman, then. He's a good man around a boat but he wasn't going to be around 'em for a while.

"How'd you like the way that baby of mine handled?" I asked him, but he just gives me a sour look.

That didn't matter so much. And I couldn't blame Emil for not bein' interested, but Red, now. . . .

Emily had come up on deck. She stood in front of Red looking kind of little. She's sure a pretty girl, if your ideas run to girls.

"Red," she says, and her voice sounds kind of thin. "Red, the best way to start over is to admit how wrong you've been."

Red lifted his hands and she sort of swayed against him.

Emil said they'd better get Devine and Blackman out of the night air, and they all went away leaving me there with Red, who was telling Emily she mustn't blame herself too much because Devine certainly had fooled everybody.

"Anybody's apt to make mistakes," he said.

"And anybody's apt to be right if they try hard enough," I said, thinking he'd had enough time to get that over with. "What'd you think of how this honey behaved?"

And, will you believe it? he just looked at me as if I wasn't there. Yeah. He just looked my way but not at me, and grinned as if he was thinking about something else or hadn't even heard what I said. . . . Oh, well. He was nuts about Emily. I suppose when you're nuts that way nothing else counts much.



ARMY NAVY
MARINE CORPS

INSIGNIA

AND

UNIFORM EQUIPMENT

Manufacturers
for over
half a century.

At your post exchange or dealer
N. S. MEYER, INC.
NEW YORK

LUCKY LAGER

has a
natural
sparkle

Remember

Wherever you are, our F.T.D. representatives throughout the world guarantee delivery of flowers within 2 or 3 hours of your order.

Gude's

 **Florists**
Since 1889

Main Store, 1212 F St. N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Phone: National 4276

Member Florists' Telegraph Delivery Asso.
Flowers by Wire

To re-enlist you must either be a citizen, or in possession of a valid declaration of intention.

Are You A Citizen?

All Matters Relating to Naturalization of Aliens.

Legalization of Previous Illegal Entries.

H. ELY GOLDSMITH

Consultant, Immigration Matters

60 East 42nd St., N. Y.

Murray Hill 6-2539

Correspondence solicited—no obligation.

When Your Buddy...Is Transferred!

It's almost a tradition . . . just when you have found a FRIEND that you really like . . . a buddy that you can trust . . . along comes an order . . . and your buddy . . . is TRANSFERRED!

They all promise to write . . . few, if any . . . ever do . . . it is not that they have forgotten you . . . on the contrary they would like to hear from you . . . New Duties, New Faces, New Scenes . . . cause them to neglect to write! THERE IS A WAY . . . to keep constantly in touch with your buddy . . . and with the happenings of THE CORPS all over the WORLD . . . *THE LEATHERNECK* . . . YOUR MAGAZINE . . . your buddy's . . . MAGAZINE . . . carries the NEWS of your Post, the NEWS of your buddy's Post! Photos . . . Stories . . . Cartoons . . . Jokes . . . of the people, places and things that you like.

SUBSCRIBE FOR *THE LEATHERNECK* TODAY . . . AND HEAR FROM YOUR BUDDY!



Editor,
THE LEATHERNECK:

Enclosed is \$2.50, payment for one year's subscription to *THE LEATHERNECK*. Send it to the following address:

Name

Address

My name is

THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on Nov. 30	17,547
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —Nov. 30	1,322
Separations during December	5
Appointments during December	1,317
	0
Total Strength on December 31	1,317
ENLISTED —Total Strength on Nov. 30	16,227
Separations during December	292
Joinings during December	15,935
	392
Total Strength on December 31	16,327
Total Strength Marine Corps on December 31	17,644



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, The Major General Commandant.
Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little, Assistant to the Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. David D. Porter, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brig. Gen. Harold C. Reisinger, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.
Col. Roy S. Geiger.
Lt. Col. James F. Moriarty.
Maj. Samuel W. Freeny.
Capt. Raymond F. Crist, Jr.
1st Lt. Donald W. Fuller.

Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.
Col. Roy S. Geiger.
Lt. Col. James F. Moriarty.
Maj. Samuel W. Freeny.
Capt. Raymond F. Crist, Jr.
1st Lt. Donald W. Fuller.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

DECEMBER 16, 1936.

Lt. Col. Keller E. Rockey, on 1 Jan., 1937, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., and ordered to duty as Force Marine Officer, Battle Force, USS "California."

Lt. Col. Charles D. Barrett, when directed by Commander, Battle Force, detached from duty as Force Marine Officer, that Force, to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Lt. Col. John B. Sebree, orders to MB, NYd., New York, N. Y., modified; ordered to MB, NYd., Portsmouth, N. H.

Capt. John S. Letcher, about 28 Dec., 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, AE, Peiping, China, via USS "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 14 Jan., 1937.

1st Lt. Robert H. Williams, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

1st Lt. Austin R. Brunelli, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Chester E. Bennett, resignation accepted, to take effect on 31 Dec., 1936.

2nd Lt. John A. Butler, about 30 Dec., 1936, detached MD, USS "Omaha," to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Ch. Pay Ck. Charles W. Eaton, on 15 Dec., 1936, detached Office of Assistant Paymaster, Marine Corps, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NS, Guam, via USS "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 14 Jan., 1937.

DECEMBER 22, 1936.

Major Floyd W. Bennett, promoted to Major, subject to confirmation, on 12 Dec., 1936, with rank from 1 Dec., 1936.

Capt. James E. Kerr, about 1 January, 1937, detached 1st Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Donald W. Fuller, orders to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, modified to MB, NYd., Cavite, P. I.

1st Lt. George H. Cloud, about 8 Jan., (Continued on page 69)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

DECEMBER 1 1936.

Cpl. Donald P. Rytter, Norfolk to MB, Washington.

DECEMBER 2, 1936.

QM Sgt. Garlin J. Price, Guam to Philadelphia.

QM Sgt. John F. Pearce, West Coast to Guam.

Stf. Sgt. Theo. A. Petras, Quantico to St. Thomas.

Cpl. Robert C. Lincoln, Philadelphia to Dover.

DECEMBER 3, 1936.

Cpl. Leo J. Werner, NBG Headquarters to FMF, Quantico.

DECEMBER 4, 1936.

Gy. Sgt. Edward J. Kaminski, Quantico to Philadelphia.

Stf. Sgt. (Mess) Joseph A. Newland, FMF, Quantico, to NOB, Norfolk.

DECEMBER 5, 1936.

Sgt. Henry E. Fitzgerald, Hingham to FMF, Quantico.

Sgt. James H. Darwell, USS "Arkansas" to San Diego.

Cpl. Allen W. Bulay, USS "Arkansas" to St. Juliens Creek.

Cpl. Edwin M. Clements, USS "Arkansas" to Norfolk.

Cpl. Edward L. Kucharzyk, USS "Arkansas" to Boston.

DECEMBER 7, 1936.

Mess Sgt. Frederick E. Miller, FMF, Quantico, to NOB, Norfolk.

DECEMBER 8, 1936.

Stf. Sgt. Joseph P. Collins, Shanghai to East Coast.

Sgt. Henry W. Bierrum, Quantico to Headquarters.

DECEMBER 10, 1936.

Cpl. Ralph Sherwin, St. Thomas to Aviation, Quantico.

DECEMBER 11, 1936.

1st Sgt. Harmon C. Knight, Parris Island to West Coast.

Sgt. John R. Wilson, RS New York to Mare Island.

Cpl. Angelo B. Cail, Jr., Quantico to Shanghai.

DECEMBER 14, 1936.

Cpl. John C. Godwin, Quantico to FMF, San Diego.

DECEMBER 15, 1936.

Sgt. Maj. Gordon L. Shadbolt, FMF, San Diego to Bremerton.

Cpl. Proctor A. Scott, West Coast to Parris Island.

Cpl. Barney A. Cogsdell, West Coast to Quantico.

DECEMBER 16, 1936.

Stf. Sgt. Henry L. Knopes, VO 9-M, St. Thomas to FMF, San Diego.

Cpl. Herman A. Brazke, San Diego to VO 9-M, St. Thomas.

DECEMBER 17, 1936.

Stf. Sgt. Charles D. Curtin, 2nd Signal Company to FMF, San Diego.

Cpl. Walter F. Chandler, Parris Island to Motor Transport School.

Cpl. Henry F. Kuhns, NOB, Norfolk to Guantanamo.

DECEMBER 18, 1936.

Sgt. Hascal LeR. Ewton, NYd., Washington, D. C., to Sea School.

DECEMBER 19, 1936.

Sgt. Floyd D. Hudson, Recruiting, Washington, to Indian Head.

(Continued on page 69)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

ADY, Lewis J., 12-10-36, Wash., D. C., for Navy Bldg., Gd., Wash., D. C.

CARAKER, Franklin M., 12-9-36, MB, Phila., Pa., for MB, Phila., Pa.

NIXON, Ivey, 12-7-36, NAS, Pensacola, for NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

SUTTON, Bynum W., 12-6-36, NAS, Pensacola, for NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

ALLISON, Frederick, 12-9-36, MB, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

BENZ, James F., Jr., 12-9-36, MB, Quantico, for MCS Det., Quantico.

BRYANT, Willis Y., 12-5-36, MB, Mare Island, for MB, Mare Island, Cal.

EWTON, Hascal L., 12-10-36, MB, Quantico, for BD, PSBN, Quantico.

SCRUGGS, Eugene C., 12-10-36, MB, Phila., Pa., for MB, Phila., Pa.

KING, Albert V., 12-11-36, Wash., D. C., for Aviation, Quantico.

MACKEY, Charles M., 12-12-36, Wash., D. C., for Hdqrs., MC, Wash., D. C.

LINDSTROM, John H., 12-8-36, San Fran., Cal., for MB, Mare Island.

COLEMAN, Jesse W., 12-12-36, Wash., D. C. (MB), for MCI, MB, Wash., D. C.

HAMILTON, Marion C., 12-12-36, MB, Quantico, for PSBN, Quantico.

KILDOW, Hopwood C., 12-5-36, NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego.

LEININGER, Paul W., 12-8-36, MB, Mare Island, for NAD, Hawthorne, Nev.

SEGAL, Nathan, 12-4-36, NCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego, Cal.

STEVENS, Harold S., 12-7-36, Bremerton, Wash., for PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.

WEHRLY, Hugh L., 12-12-36, NTS, Newport, for NOB, Norfolk, Va.

ARMSTRONG, George, 12-13-36, MB, Phila., Pa., for MB, Phila., Pa.

BOWERS, Orville S., 12-12-36, NAD, Iona Island, for MB, NYd., Portsmouth, Va.

COLLINS, William H., 12-13-36, MB, Quantico, for 1st Sig. Co., Quantico.

RIZER, John F., 12-14-36, NMD, Yorktown, Va., for NMD, Yorktown, Va.

CALVERY, Hartle C., 12-5-36, MCB, San Diego, for RRD, San Diego, Cal.

WILSON, Raymond G., 12-13-36, MB, Quantico, for 5th Marines, Quantico.

GORE, Frank R., 12-15-36, Kansas City, Mo., for MB, Mare Island, Cal.

BATES, Warren, 12-16-36, MB, Portsmouth, Va., for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

CAFARELLA, Joseph G., 12-14-36, MB, Parris Island, for MB, Parris Island.

HOFFMANN, Johannes K. F., 12-15-36, NAS, Lakehurst, for NAS, Lakehurst.

LANSING, Lester D., 12-15-36, NAS, Lakehurst, for NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

McGLADE, John, 12-17-36, MBNY, Wash., D. C., for MB NYd., Wash., D. C.

MOWBRAY, Hermon R., 12-16-36, MB, Quantico, for Aviation, Quantico.

REYNOLDS, Howard E., 12-12-36, USS "Chicago" for MD, USS "Chicago."

MURRAY, Albert F., 12-11-36, San Fran., Cal., for DofS, San Fran., Cal.

CARVER, Paul C., 12-10-36, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.

CEMERIS, John, 12-13-36, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.

DITTON, Joseph, 12-14-36, Bremerton, Wash., for PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.

GOBLE, Albert J., 12-12-36, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.

(Continued on page 69)



Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30°-60°

Name	Date of Rank
120. Colsky, Robert	Sept. 17, 1930
121. Slesak, John	Oct. 10, 1930
122. Uhlman, Alban H.	Oct. 22, 1930
123. Burnham, Bunah L.	Nov. 10, 1930
124. Cato, John F.	Dec. 16, 1930
125. Hooper, Walter R.	Dec. 24, 1930
126. Wilck, Carl	Jan. 6, 1931
127. Waldrop, William L.	Feb. 18, 1931
128. Inferrera, Joseph A.	Feb. 21, 1931
129. White, John T.	March 3, 1931
130. O'Neal, Lawrence E.	March 16, 1931
131. Vitek, Joseph	March 30, 1931
132. Quinn, Raymond B.	May 20, 1931
133. Smith, Roland F.	June 27, 1931
134. Gruntowicz, Adam	July 8, 1931
135. Seider, Glenn O.	Aug. 4, 1931
136. Bond, Harland W.	Aug. 8, 1931
137. Hill, Harry D.	Oct. 14, 1931
138. Stuart, Charles E.	Oct. 29, 1931
139. Stone, Barton W.	Nov. 10, 1931
140. Kerns, Paul	Dec. 1, 1931
141. Goode, Morris F.	Jan. 20, 1932
142. Thomas, Whipple D.	Jan. 21, 1932
143. Ducey, James A.	Jan. 28, 1932
144. Aylward, James T.	Feb. 17, 1932
145. Wright, John C.	Feb. 23, 1932
146. Belton, Frederick	April 19, 1932
147. Farrar, Dalton D.	June 14, 1932
148. Dowd, Thomas F.	June 21, 1932
149. White, William	Aug. 10, 1932
150. Black, Malcolm C.	Aug. 15, 1932
151. Davis, Jack	Aug. 17, 1932
152. Huey, James W.	Aug. 24, 1932
153. Cox, Lester D.	Sept. 13, 1932
154. Schubert, Mathew E.	Sept. 13, 1932
155. Martin, Carl C.	Oct. 13, 1932
156. Ward, John E.	Nov. 2, 1932
157. Atkins, Leonard K.	Nov. 8, 1932
158. Schoneberger, Russell	March 11, 1933
159. Marshall, Lloyd	March 14, 1933
160. Hardy, Earl B.	March 29, 1933
161. Buckley, John J.	April 6, 1933
162. Cohen, Harry	April 6, 1933
163. Tyson, Hoke S.	April 6, 1933
164. Kelley, Fred H.	July 19, 1934
165. Bates, Cecil R.	July 21, 1934
166. Montgomery, Carl	July 21, 1934
167. Osborne, Clarence R.	July 24, 1934
168. Henderson, Harry McC.	Aug. 30, 1934
169. Wheeler, Glen A.	Aug. 30, 1934
170. Calvery, Hartle C.	Sept. 5, 1934
171. Stoops, Joseph L.	Sept. 7, 1934
172. Jackson, Harold K.	Oct. 3, 1934
173. Bissinger, Frederick M.	Oct. 17, 1934
174. Jackson, Charles R.	Oct. 17, 1934
175. White, Francis L.	Nov. 2, 1934
176. Lear, Warren F.	Nov. 3, 1934
177. Miller, John A.	Nov. 3, 1934
178. Acker, George K.	Dec. 28, 1934
179. Washington, George	Feb. 5, 1935
180. Taylor, Don	Feb. 9, 1935
181. Henry, David B.	March 1, 1935
182. Rowell, Thomas R.	July 31, 1935
183. Gaines, Arthur G.	Sept. 7, 1935
184. Sundhausen, Theo. H.	Sept. 16, 1935
185. Malone, Frank R.	Oct. 14, 1935
186. Rowold, Bernard M.	Nov. 16, 1935
187. Perry, Emerson D.	Nov. 21, 1935
188. Reese, William H.	Dec. 27, 1935
189. Harris, Edward E.	Jan. 8, 1936
190. Donahoe, Daniel J.	Jan. 27, 1936
191. Carbaugh, Newton E.	Feb. 1, 1936
192. Vogel, Roy E.	Feb. 7, 1936
193. Levesque, Joseph A.	Feb. 19, 1936
194. Catchim, Douglas S.	Feb. 21, 1936
195. Grant, Walter C.	Feb. 23, 1936
196. Vinson, Burney L.	Feb. 24, 1936
197. Inglish, Joe A.	March 18, 1936
198. Joy, John	March 19, 1936
199. Athenour, Aime P.	March 30, 1936
200. Bassett, Wilfred E.	April 27, 1936
201. Crouch, Harry P.	May 21, 1936
202. Chaney, Winfree	May 25, 1936
203. Cheshire, Clifford	June 1, 1936
204. Case, George B.	June 5, 1936
205. Hogan, Burk A.	June 5, 1936
206. Butler, Ovid	July 1, 1936
207. Kessler, Arthur W.	July 13, 1936
208. Osborn, Frederick V.	July 30, 1936
209. Hudson, Lucien N.	Aug. 1, 1936
210. Nelder, Frank	Sept. 12, 1936
211. Roberts, Austin J. V.	Sept. 23, 1936
212. Curry, Edwin D.	Sept. 24, 1936
213. Glover, Paul	Sept. 24, 1936
214. Skinner, Abe L.	Sept. 24, 1936
215. Smith, Merl S.	Sept. 24, 1936
216. Sorenson, Charles	Sept. 24, 1936
217. Clark, Cecil H.	Sept. 25, 1936
218. James, Nick	Sept. 25, 1936
219. Fields, Wilford D.	Oct. 27, 1936
220. Gordon, Albert	Oct. 29, 1936
221. Flippo, Walter A.	Oct. 30, 1936
222. Burns, John A.	Oct. 31, 1936
223. Mattie, Joseph C.	Oct. 31, 1936
224. Klein, Charles	Nov. 2, 1936
225. Mudd, Claud A.	Nov. 4, 1936
226. Knight, Harmon	Nov. 28, 1936
227. Weber, James H.	Nov. 28, 1936
228. Hynes, George E.	Dec. 16, 1936
229. Barnes, Wilbur R.	January 7, 1937

SENIORITY LIST, FIRST SERGEANTS

AS OF 11 JANUARY, 1937

Name	Date of Rank	Name	Date of Rank
1. Stroud, Homer C.	June 19, 1919	61. Halsey, William	Sept. 14, 1927
2. Tillman, Nolan	July 24, 1919	62. Bernica, Joseph A.	Sept. 19, 1927
3. Green, Dennis W.	Nov. 17, 1919	63. Riewe, Fred	Sept. 23, 1927
4. Kindig, Boyd B.	Dec. 1, 1919	64. Carlson, Earl O.	Dec. 1, 1927
5. Goble, Albert J.	Dec. 9, 1919	65. Wilson, Robert L.	Dec. 1, 1927
6. Bailey, Robert	Jan. 6, 1920	66. Beck, Ernest W.	Feb. 11, 1928
7. Stepanof, Charles A.	Jan. 16, 1920	67. Farley, William T.	Feb. 13, 1928
8. Coleman, Joseph LaH.	Jan. 27, 1920	68. Cain, Ambrose J.	March 29, 1928
9. Bald, Edward	Feb. 18, 1920	69. Carrie, Ralph	March 29, 1928
10. Saffley, William E.	March 9, 1920	70. Miller, Frank	March 30, 1928
11. Mullen, Edward A.	April 6, 1920	71. McClay, Irvin F.	July 2, 1928
12. Marts, Frank	April 24, 1920	72. Richardson, Morris C.	July 3, 1928
13. Cooke, Walter M.	June 11, 1920	73. Ward, Ira M.	July 3, 1928
14. Banta, Sheffield M.	July 23, 1920	74. Kelly, John B.	July 10, 1928
15. Williams, Donald E.	July 29, 1920	75. Chamberland, Van Lender	Aug. 20, 1928
16. Arnold, John G.	Aug. 17, 1920	76. Hamilton, Douglas	Sept. 19, 1928
17. Hughes, Barnett	Sept. 1, 1920	77. Paquette, Cecil C.	Oct. 17, 1928
18. Mack, George F.	Oct. 11, 1920	78. Olson, Oscar P.	Oct. 31, 1928
19. Wood, Samuel H.	Jan. 16, 1921	79. Dirkes, John F.	Nov. 1, 1928
20. Curcey, Leonard	March 17, 1921	80. Burrows, Leslie J.	Nov. 14, 1928
21. Welshhans, Nathan I.	March 18, 1921	81. Robinson, George L.	Nov. 20, 1928
22. Goldberg, Max M.	May 1, 1921	82. Snell, Eward J.	Nov. 28, 1928
23. Smith, Robert A.	May 2, 1921	83. Christian, Wilbourn O.	Jan. 8, 1929
24. Jordan, James J.	June 18, 1921	84. Richards, Edward	March 2, 1929
25. Woltring, Leo T.	Nov. 1, 1922	85. Jordan, William A.	April 1, 1929
26. Smith, George O.	Dec. 7, 1922	86. McBee, John A.	April 1, 1929
27. Hanrahan, Frank M.	April 19, 1923	87. Booker, Dorsie H.	April 19, 1929
28. Romer, John P. Jr.	May 1, 1923	88. Parker, John C.	April 29, 1929
29. Hartkopf, Albert C.	Aug. 8, 1923	89. Barron, William L.	May 1, 1929
30. Donaghy, Allen R.	Aug. 14, 1923	90. Kelly, Thomas O.	July 3, 1929
31. Case, Charles W.	Aug. 18, 1923	91. Gorman, Edwin M.	July 16, 1929
32. Dudley, Russell H.	Dec. 14, 1923	92. Mosier, Melvin	July 16, 1929
33. Melbos, Lynn	Jan. 2, 1924	93. Hennrich, Charles	July 20, 1929
34. Betke, Bernard G.	April 12, 1924	94. Green, George T.	July 31, 1929
35. Johnson, Josiah D.	April 24, 1924	95. Larsen, Charles	Sept. 20, 1929
36. Whitney, Curtis O.	May 19, 1924	96. Crawford, Robert G.	Sept. 26, 1929
37. Pyne, Henry M.	Jan. 21, 1925	97. Sartorius, Claude X.	Sept. 26, 1929
38. Fitzgerald-Brown, J. F.	Nov. 16, 1925	98. Knapp, Theodore	Sept. 27, 1929
39. Teorey, Robert W.	Dec. 1, 1925	99. Fine, Irving	Sept. 28, 1929
40. Hyde, Donald M.	Dec. 11, 1925	100. Russell, Warren S.	Oct. 1, 1929
41. Rasmussen, Hans O.	Jan. 8, 1926	101. King, Harvey R.	Oct. 8, 1929
42. Moberly, Lee	June 5, 1926	102. Borek, Albert S.	Oct. 9, 1929
43. Coyle, Joseph G.	June 15, 1926	103. Fitzgerald, Glendell L.	Oct. 9, 1929
44. Cruikshank, David E.	June 26, 1926	104. Nall, Russell E.	Oct. 23, 1929
45. Barton, Edward J. Jr.	June 30, 1926	105. Benjamin, Allen S.	Feb. 19, 1930
46. Schuler, Carl G.	July 28, 1926	106. Germer, Carl F. A.	Feb. 26, 1930
47. Stinson, Fred	Sept. 24, 1926	107. Grieco, N. M.	March 1, 1930
48. Salesky, Jack	April 12, 1927	108. Board, Russell C.	March 20, 1930
49. York, Joseph	April 12, 1927	109. Hudson, Howard D.	April 11, 1930
50. Killen, Dewey	April 25, 1927	110. Bogart, Lloyd A.	May 3, 1930
51. Owens, Gilbert L.	April 25, 1927	111. Cameron, Elbert E.	June 3, 1930
52. Sylvester, Alfred	May 18, 1927	112. Frey, Wendell L.	June 3, 1930
53. Hughes, Edgar C.	July 1, 1927	113. Davenport, Floyd T.	July 1, 1930
54. Reynolds, Howard E.	July 1, 1927	114. Ross, Austin J.	July 23, 1930
55. Costello, Phillip J.	July 15, 1927	115. Jenkins, John W.	July 28, 1930
56. Reitmeyer, Nicholas	July 15, 1927	116. Clarke, Edwin C.	Aug. 10, 1930
57. Wells, Mike	July 19, 1927	117. Buckner, Arthur E.	Aug. 21, 1930
58. Durr, Bernard J.	Aug. 11, 1927	118. Hill, Johnson B.	Aug. 21, 1930
59. Marts, Albert C.	Sept. 10, 1927	119. Brannon, Clyde T.	Sept. 4, 1930
60. Yalowitz, Emanuel	Sept. 12, 1927		

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 67)

Sgt. Joshua Kelly, Norfolk to Baltimore Recruiting.

DECEMBER 21, 1936.

Gy-Sgt. Dominick Peschi, Parris Island to NYd., Washington, D. C.

Gy-Sgt. Carl Raines, Norfolk to Parris Island.

Tech. Sgt. Louis A. Cortright, Aviation, Quantico, to Aviation, San Diego.

DECEMBER 22, 1936.

Sgt. William E. Quarter, NYd., Washington, to FMF, Quantico.

DECEMBER 24, 1936.

Cpl. Thomas M. Emmons, FMF, Quantico, to MB, Washington, D. C.

DECEMBER 28, 1936.

1st Sgt. Emanuel Yalowitz, New York to USMCR, New York.

Tech. Sgt. George W. Cannom, FMF, Quantico, to San Diego.

DECEMBER 29, 1936.

Sgt. Joe A. Tillas, Cuba to San Diego.

Cpl. Ernest C. McVittie, Cuba to San Diego.

DECEMBER 30, 1936.

1st Sgt. Fred Stinson, Parris Island to New York.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 67)

MARTINEZ, Carlos, 12-10-36, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.

ODERMAN, Leonard A., 12-12-36, MCB, San Diego, for RRD, MCB, San Diego.

YOUNG, Robert A., 12-19-36, MB, Portsmouth, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

SMALL, Frank J., 12-21-36, Boston for MB, New York, N. Y.

SILVERMAN, Mervin M., 12-15-36, Seattle, Wash., for PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.

GOSNEY, Colon J., 12-19-36, MB, Quantico, for Aviation, Quantico.

ANDERSON, Frank, 12-16-36, Portland, Ore., for PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.

DUNCAN, Albert S., 12-16-36, Portland, Ore., for PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.

HYNES, George E., 12-23-36, MB, Wash., D. C., for MB, Wash., D. C.

JONES, Idwal, 12-22-36, MB, Quantico, for Aviation, Quantico.

LUMLEY, Claude W., 12-12-36, USS "Astoria," for MB, USS "Astoria."

CARLTON, Edwin T., 12-21-36, Dallas, Texas, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.

POSEY, John C., 12-21-36, New Orleans for NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

SHOEMAKER, Gall L., 12-18-36, San Fran. for MCB, San Diego, Cal.

BARR, James C., 12-19-36, NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego, Cal.

SAGES, Martin, 12-24-36, MB, Phila., Pa., for MB, NYd., Phila., Pa.

SCOFIELD, Ernest M., 12-19-36, NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego, Cal.

THOMPSON, Remer W., 12-24-36, NP, Portsmouth, for NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

WALSTON, Willie M., 12-19-36, MB, Mare Island, for MB, Parris Island.

WEISS, Elmer H., 12-20-36, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego, Cal.

WEISS, Carl J., 12-23-36, MB, Mare Island, for FMF, San Diego, Cal.

ANDERSON, Victor, 12-26-36, MB, Phila., Pa., for MB, NYd., Phila., Pa.

DETTENBACH, Charles A., 12-28-36, MB, Portsmouth, for SS Det., Portsmouth, Va.

FITZGERALD, Henry E., 12-28-36, NAD, Hingham, for NAD, Hingham, Mass.

SMITH, Ellis C., 12-25-36, MB, Quantico, for PSBN, Quantico, Va.

Why Take a Chance? Pasteurized Milk Is Safe Milk!

Delivery in Quantico, Virginia

by

FARMERS CREAMERY CO., INC.

Fredericksburg, Va.

HOLZWORTH, Walter, 12-29-36, MB, Quantico, for FMF, Quantico, Va.

WILSON, James, Jr., 12-30-36, Philadelphia, Pa., for MB, NYd., Phila., Pa.

AYRES, Joseph J., 12-30-36, MB, Quantico, for FMF, Quantico, Va.

SMITH, James F., 12-30-36, MB, Quantico, for Aviation, Quantico.

STEWART, Lorrence C., 12-30-36, Chicago, Ill., for MB, Mare Island, Cal.

BESECKER, Joseph S., 12-5-36, Peiping, China, for MD, AE, Peiping, China.

STAPLETON, Jack N., 12-24-36, San Fran., Cal., for MCB, San Diego, Cal.

BULLOCK, Joseph, 12-24-36, Mare Island for MB, Mare Island, Cal.

GAMBLE, James T., Jr., 12-31-36, Portsmouth, Va., for SS Det., Portsmouth.

RUSSELL, Milton S., 1-3-37, MB, Wash., D. C., for MB, Wash., D. C.

WATKINS, Homer L., 1-3-37, MB, Quantico, for MCS, Det., Quantico, Va.

Island, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 25 Jan., 1937.

2nd Lt. John P. Condon, about 25 Jan., 1937, relieved from duty at MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., and assigned to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., for flight training.

1st Lt. Gerald R. Wright, retired as of 1 Jan., 1937.

2nd Lt. Kermit M. Pennington, resignation accepted, effective 31 Dec., 1936.

JANUARY 6, 1937.

Major James L. Denham, on 4 Jan., 1937, relieved from duty in Div. of Operations and Training, this Hdqrs., and assigned to duty in Office of Paymaster, this Headquarters.

Major Walter G. Farrell, on 1 March, 1937, detached Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to Staff, Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Peter C. Geyer, died 2 January, 1937.

Ch. QM. Clk. Frederick I. VanAnden, on 15 Jan., 1937, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Basic School, MB, NYd., Phila., Pa.

PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT MAJOR:

Clyde R. Darrah

TO FIRST SERGEANT:

James H. Webber

Harmon LeF. Knight

TO SUPPLY SERGEANT:

Fred H. Hanson

TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT:

Leslie D. Justus (PMD)

Theodore A. Petras

Andrew A. Denburger

TO STAFF SERGEANT:

Stephen J. Toranich

Ivy L. Crownover

James A. Miller

Claud Vanhoorebeke

Henry L. Knopes

TO PLATOON SERGEANT:

Philip McGuire

Wayne K. Miller

George A. Crapser

TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:

Charles W. Dean

Abraham Olken

Charles L. Disney

Ford G. Brabon

Carl Ulrich

Ray E. Wester

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND SPECIAL

WARRANT:

John W. Matchett

Edward Bourwuin

Paul L. Barr

George R. Kuykendall

Joseph P. Hemm

Earnest S. Bowker

William J. Lane

George F. Morrison

William M. Whitteker

Harry Goldmintz

Melbourne C. Peterson

Roy H. Crawford

Kenneth E. Hodo

Ralph E. LeClair

James W. Edmondson

James E. Brown

TO CHIEF COOK:

Alfred E. Mitchell

TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT:

Gracie Naulding

James B. Elzey

Arlen W. Maynor

Harold S. Morris

Harvey W. Griffin

Fred A. Brown

John O. Allen

Max B. Atwood

Ralph R. Amburn

Milton H. Egger

Gordon W. Rowand

Carl A. Few

Frank Smith

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 67)

1937, detached MB, NYd., Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NS, Guam, via USS "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 14 Jan., 1937.

1st Lt. Mortimer S. Crawford, on 1 Jan., 1937, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered to his home to retire 1 March, 1937.

DECEMBER 29, 1936.

Lt. Col. Harry Schmidt, APM, detail as Assistant Paymaster extended to include 27 June, 1937.

Capt. Howard B. Enyart, on 1 January, 1937, detached MB, Wash., D. C., and ordered to his home to retire on 1 March, 1937.

1st Lt. Harold I. Larson, orders 23 Oct., 1936, modified, about 15 Jan., 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 25 Jan., 1937.

2nd Lt. Kenneth D. Kerby, about 20 Jan., 1937, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 25 Jan., 1937.

2nd Lt. Bernard E. Dunkle, about 20 Jan., 1937, detached MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 25 Jan., 1937.

2nd Lt. Lawrence H. McCulley, about 15 Jan., 1937, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 25 Jan., 1937.

2nd Lt. Robert D. Moser, about 15 Jan., 1937, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 25 Jan., 1937.

2nd Lt. Alexander B. Swenceski, about 15 Jan., 1937, detached MB, NYd., Mare



SUNSHINE LAUNDRY

LAUNDERERS & DRY CLEANERS
FREDERICKSBURG - VIRGINIA

Office in
Marine Pharmacy Building
Telephone 6
Daily Service

Picture Albums

You have always wanted pictures of your travels and the places you have seen to show to the folks at home, or for your best girl, or perhaps for your own enjoyment, but somehow you just never got around to it.

NOW

You can get very easily and very cheaply a complete album, chuck full, mounted and written up authentically with genuine photographs of China, Philippine Islands, Hawaii, Chinese executions, cartoons, service poems, Marine oddities and many other items of interest to Marines. If you are interested in one of these complete albums, send a card for prices and particulars.

Representatives Wanted

TAGER PHOTOS

412 First St., S. E., Washington, D. C.

Guy, Curran & Co., Inc.

313-319 NINTH ST., N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves,
Towels, Sheets and Pillowcases,
Blankets and other Post Exchange
Merchandise.

Wholesale Only

Glen E. Burnham
Jack L. Crawford, Jr.
John J. Griffin
Carol E. Van Ginkel
Leo H. Richardson
Leslie R. Gebhart
David J. MacKnight
Franklin Pearce
Jack E. Winterton
Eugene R. Utter
Clifford D. Price
Charles Z. Davenport
Leonard D. Hicks
Ray P. Donovan
Bernard C. Groth
Donald C. Gibson
Albert W. Faby
Spurgeon C. Keisler
Raymond D. Atchley
John H. Tomlinson
Douglas J. Hance
Malcom W. Powell
Marvin G. Myers
John C. Hayes
William M. Brown, Jr.
Floyd W. Lowrance

TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT:

James A. Parson
Stanley J. Bozowski
Wat Holland
Frank V. Quillan
John H. Wolcott
William H. Abbott
Chester R. Land
John J. Honodel
Raymond E. Henson
William J. Pietrak
Forest A. Dobbins
Harry C. Webb
Elgin W. Coe
Bert B. Kazin
Clyde J. Rush
Sam Palmer
Robert H. Wampler
John L. Hull
Devere F. Buckland
John G. Redmond
Lester E. Pierce
Edward G. Chaves
Arthur L. Avilla
Jack R. Hayes
Frank E. Cowan
William J. Elliott

TO FIELD COOK:

James A. Boyle
William C. Faulkner
Birch A. Butler
Carl W. Elliott
Paul J. Prenger
Nicholas Nazaretian

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVE

Sgt. Harold I. Crowell, Class II (b), January 15, 1937. Future address: Box 193, Route 2, Poulsbo, Washington.

First Sgt. Russell C. Board, Class II (b), January 16, 1937. Future address: 66 Morton St., New York, N. Y.

Sgt. Solomon Davis, Class II (b), December 31, 1936. Future address: 49 West 87th St., New York, N. Y.

Sgt. Lonnie P. Duke, Class II (b), December 31, 1936. Future address: 9 Alexandria St., Charleston, S. C.

Pfc. Frank O. Soncarty, Class II (b), December 31, 1936. Future address: Undetermined.

Gy-Sgt. Harry "H" Burke, Class II (b), December 18, 1936. Future address: 2325 Chickashaw Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Cpl. Ernest D. Marchman, Class II (b), December 15, 1936. Future address: care of C. O., ERA, 2d and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.

Sgt. Major Ernest S. Conn, Class II (b), December 31, 1936. Future address, General Delivery, Beaufort, S. C.

RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the date set opposite each name:

QM-Sgt. Albert Young, USMC, January 1, 1937.

QM-Sgt. Robert M. McLuckie, USMC, January 1, 1937.

Cpl. Edgar L. Hughes, USMC, January 1, 1937.

TENTATIVE SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave Shanghai 5 January; arrive Hongkong 8 January, leave 9 January; arrive Manila 11 January, leave 13 January; arrive Guam 18 January, leave 19 January; arrive Honolulu 28 January, leave 30 January; arrive San Francisco Area 6 February, leave 23 February; arrive San Pedro 25 February, leave 27 February; arrive San Diego, 27 February, leave 2 March; arrive Canal Zone 13 March, leave 16 March; arrive Guantanamo 19 March, leave 19 March; arrive NOB, Norfolk 23 March.

HENDERSON—Leave San Francisco Area 14 January; arrive Honolulu 22 January, leave 25 January; arrive Guam 7 February, leave 8 February; arrive Manila 14 February, leave 18 March; arrive Guam 24 March, leave 25 March; arrive Honolulu 7 April, leave 16 April; arrive San Francisco Area 18 April.

NITRO—Leave Norfolk 11 January; arrive Guantanamo 15 January, leave 15 January; arrive Canal Zone 18 January, leave 22 January; arrive San Diego 1 February, leave 3 February; arrive San Diego 3 February, leave 5 February; arrive Mare Island 7 February, leave 20 February; arrive Puget Sound 23 February, leave 5 March; arrive Mare Island 9 March.

RAMAPO—Under overhaul Navy Yard, Mare Island 9 February-30 March, 1937.

Leave Manila 2 January; arrive San Pedro-San Diego 2 February.

SALINAS—Orders for the "Salinas" will be issued at a later date.

SIRIUS—Leave Puget Sound 6 January; arrive Mare Island 9 January, leave 18 January; arrive San Pedro 20 January, leave 22 January; arrive San Diego 22 January, leave 26 January; arrive Canal Zone 7 February, leave 10 February; arrive Pensacola 16 February, leave 23 February; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 1 March.

VEGA—Leave NOB, Norfolk, 13 January; arrive Guantanamo 18 January, leave 18 January; arrive Canal Zone 21 January, leave 23 January; arrive San Diego 4 February, leave 10 February; arrive San Pedro 10 February, leave 13 February; arrive San Francisco Area 15 February.

ENLISTED CANDIDATES FOR COMMISSION

It is provided by law that vacancies in the grade of second lieutenant in the Marine Corps may be filled by appointment of applicants from three sources: The U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.; from civil life, and from the enlisted ranks of the Marine Corps. We are publishing the following information for the guidance of enlisted candidates for commission:

A general officer, a field officer or a commanding officer of a company or detachment, may recommend through official channels a worthy noncommissioned officer who, in his opinion, has the moral, mental, and physical qualifications required of an officer in the Marine Corps, and fulfills the following requirements:

(a) He must be of such an age that he will be more than 21 but less than 27 when commissioned.

(b) He must be single, a citizen of the United States, and a noncommissioned officer, corporal or higher.

(c) He must have completed at least two years of enlisted service in the military or naval force by 1 July of the year in which examined for commission, one year of which must have been in the regular Marine Corps. Not more than one year of time spent on active duty with pay as an enlisted man in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps Reserve will be credited in computation.

Bound Volumes Ready

Due to an unprecedented increase in circulation during 1936, there will be less than 20 bound volumes of THE LEATHERNECK for distribution this year. The covers will be faced with a most attractive and durable blue buckram, with lettering in gold. At \$2.50 each, the bound volume costs less than twelve individual copies. You are urged to order early.

THE LEATHERNECK,

Eighth and Eye Streets, S. E., Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs:

Please send me one of your 1936 bound volumes of THE LEATHERNECK, \$2.50.

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please Print)

THE LEATHERNECK

ing the length of service. Time spent at the Military or Naval Academy is not credited in computing service.

(d) The candidate must be in the Marine Corps at the time the recommendation is submitted.

(e) He must qualify in preliminary and final examinations to include the following subjects:

- United States history,
- English grammar and composition,
- General history,
- Geography,
- Algebra, higher (quadratics and beyond),
- Geometry, plane and solid,
- Trigonometry, plane and spherical,
- Physics, elementary.

Also TWO (2) subjects to be chosen by the candidate from:

- Calculus, differential and integral,
- Electricity,
- English and American literature.

The following papers are required from candidates:

(a) A letter from the candidate to the Major General Commandant in his own handwriting, requesting consideration for commission and outlining briefly his life prior to enlistment. He should name the schools attended and the time spent as a student in each instance. If he worked prior to enlisting he should give the name and address of firm, individual, or corporation by whom he may have been employed. He should state that he is single, and specify the two subjects in which he elects to be examined from among the three listed in paragraph 2 (B) of this letter.

(b) Birth certificate.

(c) Certificate of Naval Medical Officer (BuMed. Form Y).

(d) At least three letters from citizens of the United States who are representative in their community and who are familiar with the formative period of the candidate's life prior to his enlistment.

(e) At least three letters from officers of the Marine Corps or Navy who are personally acquainted with the candidate and who believe he meets the requirements for advancement from the ranks, these to be in addition to the recommendation of the immediate commanding officer.

(f) If the candidate states that he graduated from high school, or college, evidence to that effect should be forwarded. If the candidate attended but did not graduate from high school or college a transcript of record showing credits received and the reasons for leaving before completing the course should be forwarded.

RESERVE CHANGES

Appointments

Captain Jerome E. McGuire, VMCR, Finca Viena, Nuevo Progreso, Departamento de San Marcos, Guatemala, Central America. Rank from 15 December, 1936.

First Lieutenant Jacob G. Goldberg, FMCR, P. O. Box 907, Texas City, Texas. Rank from 5 November, 1936.

First Lieutenant Joseph T. Cain, FMCR, P. O. Box 1011, Texas City, Texas. Rank from 6 November, 1936, No. 1.

First Lieutenant Claude W. Stahl, VMCR, 4941 York Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Rank from 15 December, 1936, No. 2.

Second Lieutenant Mark K. Neville, FMCR, 239 80th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Rank from 15 December, 1936, No. 2.

The following promotions have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve:

Captain Richard C. Mangrum, FMCR, Rank from 23 December, 1936, No. 3.

Captain Charles J. Schlapkohl, FMCR, Rank from 23 December, 1936, No. 41.

Captain Ferry Reynolds, FMCR, Rank from 23 December, 1936, No. 57.

Captain John T. Salmon, FMCR, Rank from 23 December, 1936, No. 81.

Captain George D. Omer, FMCR, Rank from 23 December, 1936, No. 92.

Captain Elliott E. Bard, FMCR, Rank from 23 December, 1936, No. 93.

First Lieutenant Alfred C. Nestle, VMCR, Rank from 24 July, 1935, No. 8½.

First Lieutenant Elliott N. Park, VMCR, Rank from 22 May, 1936, No. 27.

First Lieutenant Edwin D. Partridge re-commissioned to correct date of rank from 25 November, 1936, to 19 November, 1936.

The following have been appointed Naval Aviation Cadets, Marine Corps Reserve, on 9 December, 1936, and assigned to duty at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida:

Thomas E. Mobley, Jr.,

Robert P. Regan.

The following separation has occurred from the Marine Corps Reserve:

DISCHARGED:

Captain George C. Munce, VMCR, effective 8 December, 1936.

HIGH SCORE (Rifle)

330 or better over the rifle qualification course for the target year 1936 since publication of the November Bulletin:

Sgt. Milton B. Rogers	342
Pfc. James M. Mullen	333
Pvt. Rollin M. Shaw	333
Pvt. Roy F. Rice	332
Pfc. Dennis M. Cantrell	331

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Sgt. Milton B. Rogers 342

HIGH SCORE (Pistol)

95 or better over the pistol qualification course for the target year 1936 since publication of the November Bulletin:

Gy-Sgt. Roy M. Fowel	99
2nd Lt. Russell E. Honsowetz	98
Captain George H. Potter	97
Gy-Sgt. Dominick Peschi	97
Captain Harold D. Harris	96
1st Lt. Robert H. Williams	96
Major James A. Mixson	95
Captain James Snedeker	95
2nd Lt. Ronald K. Miller	95
Mgy-Sgt. Leo Peters	95
Pvt. Luther "E" Hyder	95

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Major William P. Richards 100

FLORISTS FOR
HEADQUARTERS, MARINE CORPS

Dupont Circle Flower Shop

TELEPHONES
DECATUR 0070 AND 0071

1364 CONNECTICUT AVENUE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TARGET PRACTICE RIFLE QUALIFICATION FIRING AT THE PRINCIPAL RANGES SO FAR RECORDED FOR THE TARGET YEAR 1936

Ranges	Experts	Sharpshooters	Marksman	Unqualified	Date last Report
Camp W. Harris	149-21%	294-43%	207-30%	40-6%	November 6
Cape May	89-13%	230-33%	273-40%	97-14%	September 25
International	58-12%	157-33%	199-42%	60-13%	October 17
Hongkew	107-10%	329-32%	454-43%	158-15%	October 21
Maquinaya	43-14%	88-29%	131-42%	47-15%	July 11
Mare Island	66-13%	177-34%	224-42%	59-11%	November 19
Parris Island	111-29.5%	128-34%	105-28%	32-8.5%	November 14
Puuloa Point	73-14%	183-36%	194-38%	62-12%	October 23
Quantico	431-13%	1,117-33%	1,374-41%	430-13%	November 6
San Diego	545-21%	969-38%	888-34.6%	164-6.4%	November 18
Wakefield	77-19%	124-32%	149-38%	44-11%	September 21
Other Ranges	205-14%	419-29%	559-39%	255-18%	
	1,954-15.8%	4,215-34.1%	4,757-38.4%	1,448-11.7%	
RECRUITS					
Parris Island	75-5.2%	445-31.2%	742-52%	160-11.6%	
San Diego	62-5.8%	286-26.6%	579-53.8%	149-13.8%	
Marine Corps	2,091-14%	4,916-33%	6,078-41%	1,763-12%	

There can only be one
best!

In regulation uniforms, Marines all over the world know that "best" means

HANOVER

Whether it's Regulation Khaki Uniform Shirts, Slacks, Breeches, Caps or Ties, HANOVER is deservedly the Leatherneck's favorite. Ask your Post Exchange.

HANOVER UNIFORM CO.

A Division of Hanover Shirt Co., Inc.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Mellowed
"NATURE'S WAY"
-the expensive way-
LUCKY LAGER
THE DATED BEER

"SAVINGS"

A Savings Account is the Foundation of
SECURITY

Whether you stay in the service or return to civil life a need for ready cash is inevitable. Open an account so that when that need arises you will know what it means to—

"Have money in the bank."

The First National Bank

of Quantico, Va.

Member of
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

MARINES!

Take advantage of this special offer
Complete Clothing Outfits
as low as \$33.95

SUIT SHOES TIE
HAT SHIRT SOCKS
BELT or SUSPENDERS
GARTERS

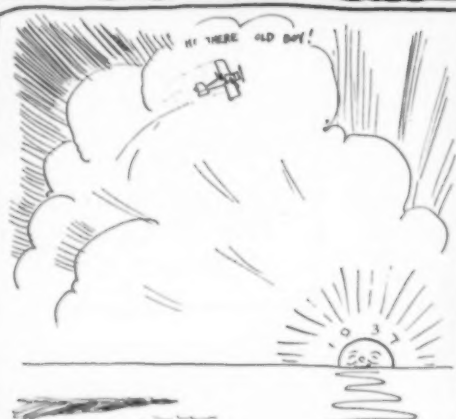
Terms as low as \$3.50 monthly

PENTER COMPANY, INC.

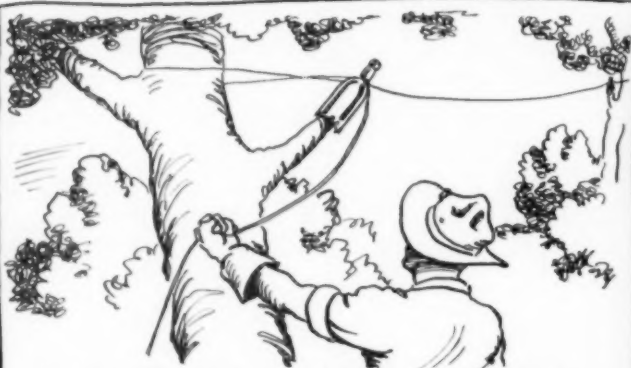
Credit Clothiers for Men and Women

724 BROADWAY
SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

MARINE ODDITIES



MAJOR AL WILLIAMS, USMCR, CLAIMS TO BE THE FIRST PERSON ON EITHER AMERICAN CONTINENT TO GREET THE NEW YEAR'S SUN. MAJOR WILLIAMS TOOK OFF FROM ROOSEVELT FIELD, N.Y. AT 6.05 AM, JAN. 1, CLIMBED 22,000 FEET AND SPED TO MONTAUK POINT. THERE AT 6.40 AM HE SAW THE 1937 SUN COME UP OUT OF THE ATLANTIC. THE MAJOR DID THIS SAME STUNT A YEAR AGO.



IN 1916 MARINES WERE ORDERED TO STRING A TELEPHONE LINE FROM TERRE HAUTE TO PONT BUEDET, HAITI. IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT THERE WERE NO INSULATORS AVAILABLE. UNDISMAYED THE INGENIOUS GYRENS OBTAINED A QUANTITY OF BEER BOTTLES (EMPTY) AND PROVED THAT EVEN A "DEAD MARINE" IS OF USE.



DURING THE OCCUPATION OF WASHINGTON IN 1814, BRITISH MARINES STOOD GUARD OVER AMERICAN PRISONERS IN THE CELLAR OF THE PRESENT MAJOR GENERAL COMMANDANT'S QUARTERS AND ON THE SECOND DECK OF THE OLD CENTER HOUSE (WHERE THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS NOW STAND).

IN 600 B.C., ALL SEA FIGHTING WAS DONE BY A FORCE OF MARINES KNOWN TO THE GREEKS AS "EPIBATI". SAILORS OR SEAMEN IN THOSE DAYS WERE UTILIZED ONLY TO HANDLE THE SHIP. THESE SAILORS WERE MAINLY SLAVES.



GREEK MARINE
600 B.C.

Lickson

LE'S SEE, WHAT DO I CARRY NOW — RIFLE, BATON, CHEESE KNIFE, PX KEYS OR TIN WHISTLE? THANK GOODNESS THERE'S NO MCO 41 YET!



IF YOU THINK YOU'RE CATCHING TOO MANY DETAILS, READ THIS —

ORDERS,

DRUM MAJOR VENERANDO PULIZZI WILL BE CONSIDERED ONE OF THE SERGEANTS OF THE CORPS, TO RANK AS SUCH FROM THE DATE OF HIS APPOINTMENT AS FIVE MAJOR. HE IS HEREBY APPOINTED SUTLER OF THE GUARD OF MARINES AT THE NAVY YARD IN THIS CITY, AND IS ALSO HEREBY ATTACHED TO THAT GUARD AS ORDERLY SERGEANT AND WILL REPORT HIMSELF ACCORDINGLY TO LT. BARTON.

(SIGNED) ARCH. HENDERSON
LT. COL. COMMANDANT

HEADQUARTERS OF THE MARINE CORPS)
WASHINGTON 3d SEPT. 1827)

"HERE'S THE FIRST BONUS FROM THAT COUPON!"



"WELL, here it is — the first raise I've had since we were married! And I give you the credit, just as I am going to give you the extra cash. The boss called me in and said, 'Bob, your work has been improving steadily for months, and I don't want you to think we haven't noticed it, so we're putting our appreciation in your envelope today.'"

"That was a great idea you had, Mildred, when you clipped that International Correspondence

Schools' coupon and suggested in your own dear way it might be a good thing for me to mail it to Scranton. Now every month that rolls around we get a bonus from that coupon."

Is lack of training your problem? Do you wonder about the next raise? Is it necessary for you to borrow money for the things you need? Snap out of it — the first step is taken when you mark and mail this coupon!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 5277X, SCRANTON, PENNA.

★ Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," ★
and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- ☐ Architect
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Building Estimating
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Structural Draftsman
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ Electrical Engineer
- ☐ Electric Lighting ☐ Wiring
- ☐ Telegraph Engineer
- ☐ Telephone Work ☐ Radio
- ☐ Refrigeration

- ☐ Welding, Electric and Gas
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Machinist ☐ Toolmaker
- ☐ Patternmaker ☐ Boilermaker
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Plumbing ☐ Steam Fitting
- ☐ Heating ☐ Ventilation
- ☐ Pipelitter ☐ Tinsmith
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Automobile Mechanic
- ☐ Coal Mining ☐ Navigation

- ☐ Bridge Engineer
- ☐ Bridge and Building Foreman
- ☐ Highway Engineer
- ☐ Civil Engineer
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ R. R. Locomotives
- ☐ R. R. Section Foreman
- ☐ R. R. Signalmen
- ☐ Air Brakes ☐ Train Operation
- ☐ Diesel Engines
- ☐ Aviation Engines

- ☐ Mechanical Engineer
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Steam Engineer
- ☐ Steam Electric Engineer
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
- ☐ Cotton Manufacturing
- ☐ Woolen Manufacturing
- ☐ Agriculture
- ☐ Fruit Growing
- ☐ Poultry Farming

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Office Management
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Accountancy

- ☐ Cost Accountant
- ☐ C. P. Accountant
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Secretarial Work
- ☐ Advertising ☐ French
- ☐ Salesmanship ☐ Spanish

- ☐ Complete Commercial
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Stenography and Typing
- ☐ Civil Service
- ☐ Mail Carrier
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk

- ☐ Grade School Subjects
- ☐ High School Subjects
- ☐ College Preparatory
- ☐ Illustrating
- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ Lettering Show Cards ☐ Signs

Name.....Age.....Address.....

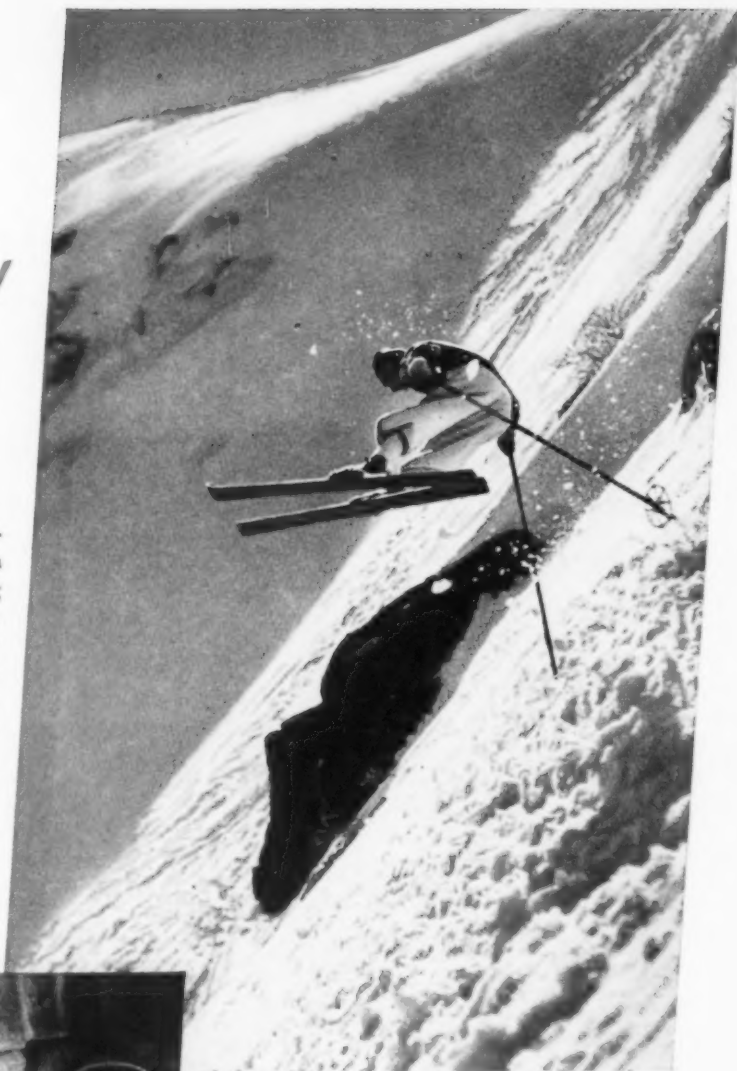
City.....State.....Present Position.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS!

"That tells one big reason why I smoke Camels," says SIG BUCHMAYR, skiing wizard

"THERE are many hazards in skiing," continues Buchmayr, shown executing a difficult jump turn (*right*) and enjoying Camels "for digestion's sake" during a hearty meal (*below*). "Skiing takes a healthy set of nerves and good digestion. I smoke Camels a lot. I know they don't get on my nerves. And they help my digestion. I wouldn't enjoy eating as much if I couldn't smoke Camels at my meals and afterwards. Camels set me right! A Camel gives me new 'zip.'" Vigorous, active people count on healthy nerves and proper nutrition to see them through. Take your cue from them and make Camel *your* cigarette.



WHEN YOU SMOKE CAMELS at your meals and enjoy more Camels afterwards, digestion gets a welcome "lift." The flow of digestive fluids—the alkaline digestive fluids so vital to proper nutrition—speeds up. Strain and tension are lessened. And you have a delightful sense of digestive well-being. Camels are better for steady smoking. They don't get on your nerves—tire your taste—or irritate sensitive throats.

GIRL BRONC BUSTER.

Alice Greenough's digestion must stand up under terrific pounding and jolting. "Camels are one of the big pleasures in my life," says this attractive rodeo star. "For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' is my rule at mealtimes."



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

